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JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the Author of Newton Foster.

"Bonnd 'prentice to a waterman,
I learnt a bit to row;
And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

In a few days, the lighter returned. Her arrival was announced to me, one fine, sunny morning, as I lay in bed, by a voice, whose well-known notes poured into my ear, as I was half-dozing on my pillow.

'Bright are the beams of the morning sky,
And sweet dew the red blossoms sip,
But brighter the glances of dear woman's eye—

'Tom, you monkey, belay the warp, and throw the fenders over the side. Be smart, or old Fuzzle will be growling about his red paint.

'And sweet is the dew on her lip.'

I jumped out of my little crib, threw open the window, the panes of which were crystallized with the frost in the form of little trees, and beheld the lighter just made fast to the wharf, the sun shining brightly, old Tom's face as cheerful as the morn, and young Tom laughing, jumping about, and blowing his fingers. I was soon dressed and shaking hands with my barge-mates.

'Well, Jacob, how do you like the Old Bailey? Never was in it but once in my life, and never mean to go again if I can help it; that was, when Sam Bowles was tried for his life, but my evidence saved him. I'll tell you how it was. Tom, look after the breakfast; a bowl of tea this cold morning will be worth having. Come, jump about.'

'But I never heard the story of Sam Bowles,' answered Tom.

'What's that to you? I'm telling it to Jacob?'

'But I want to hear it—so go on, father, I'll start you. Well, d'ye see, Sam Bowles—

'Master Tom, them as play with *bowles* may meet with *rubbers*. Take care I don't rub down your hide. Off, you thief, and get breakfast.'

'No, I won't; if I don't have your *Bowles*, you shall have no *bowls* of tea. I've made my mind up to that.'

'I tell you what, Tom, I shall never get any good out of you, until I have both your legs amputated. I've a great mind to send for the farrier.'

'Thanky, father; but I find them very useful.'

'Well,' said I, 'suppose we put off the story till breakfast time, and I'll go and help Tom to get it ready.'

'Be it so, Jacob. I suppose Tom must have his way, as I spoilt him myself. I made him so fond of yarns, so I was a fool to be vexed.

Oh! life is a river and man is the boat,
That over its surface is destined to float,
And joy is a cargo so easily stored
That he is a fool who takes sorrow on board.

'Now I'll go on shore to master, and find out what's to be done next. Give me my stick, boy, and I shall crawl over the planks a little safer. A safe stool must have three legs, you know.'

Old Tom then stumped away on shore. In about a quarter of an hour he returned, bringing half-a-dozen red herrings. 'Here, Tom, grill these sodgers. Jacob, who is that tall old chap, with such a devil of a cut-water, that I met just now with master? We are bound for Sheerness this trip, and I'm to land him at Greenwich.'

'What, the Domine?' replied I, from old Tom's description.

'His name did begin with a D, but that wasn't it.'

'Dobbs?'

'Yes, that's nearer; he's to be a passenger on board of us, going down to see a friend who's very ill. Now, Tom, my hearty, bring out the crockery, for I want a little inside lining.'

We all sat down to our breakfast, and as soon as old Tom had finished, his son called for the history of Sam Bowles. [The story is omitted, as not worth the room it would occupy.]

2 S

*Continued from p. 376.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 144.

'Well, that's a good yarn, father,' said Tom, as soon as it was finished. 'I was right in saying I would hear it. Wasn't I?'

'No,' replied old Tom, putting out his large hand, and seizing his son by the collar; 'and now you've put me in mind of it, I'll pay you off for old scores.'

'Lord love you, father, you don't owe me anything,' said Tom.

'Yes, I do; and now I'll give you a receipt in full.'

'O Lord! they'll be drowned,' screamed Tom, holding up both his hands with every symptom of terror.

Old Tom turned short round to look in the direction, letting go his hold. Tom made his escape, and burst out laughing. I laughed also, and so at last did his father.

I went on shore, and found that old Tom's report was correct—the Domine was at breakfast with Mr. Drummond. The new usher had charge of the boys, and the governors had allowed him a fortnight's holiday to visit an old friend at Greenwich. To save expense, as well as to indulge his curiosity, the old man had obtained a passage down in the lighter. 'Never yet, Jacob, have I put my feet into that which floateth on the watery element,' observed he to me; 'nor would I now, but that it saveth money, which thou knowest well is with me not plentiful. Many dangers I expect, many perils shall I encounter, such have I read of in books, and well might Horace exclaim—*Ille robur et æs triplex*, with reference to the first man who ventured afloat. Still doth Mr. Drummond assure me that the lighter is of that strength as to be able to resist the force of the winds and waves; and confiding in Providence, I intend to venture, Jacob, *te duce*.

'Nay, sir,' replied I, laughing at the idea which the Domine appeared to have formed of the dangers of river navigation, 'old Tom is the *Dux*.'

'Old Tom, where have I seen that name? Now I do recall to mind that I have seen the same painted in large letters upon a cask at the tavern bar of the inn at Brentford; but what it did intend to signify, I did not inquire. What connexion is there?'

'None,' replied I; 'but I rather think they are very good friends. The tide turns in half an hour, sir are you ready to go on board?'

'Truly am I, and well prepared, having my habiliments in a bundle, my umbrella and my great coat, as well as my spencer for general wear. But where I am to sleep hath not yet been made known to me? Peradventure one sleepeth not—*tantum in periculo*.'

'Yes, sir, we do. You shall have my berth, and I'll turn in with young Tom.'

'Hast thou then a young Tom as well as an old Tom on board?'

'Yes, sir, and a dog also of the name of Tommy.'

'Well, then, we will embark, and thou shalt make me known to this triad of Thomases. *Inde Tomos dictus locus est*, (cluck, cluck.) Ovid, I thank thee.'

The old Domine's bundle and other paraphernalia being sent on board, he took farewell of Mr. Drummond and his family in so serious a manner, that I was convinced that he considered he was about to enter upon a dangerous adventure, and then I led him down to the wharf where the lighter laid alongside. It was with some trepidation that he crossed the plank, and got on board, when he recovered himself and looked round.

'My sarvice to you, old gentleman,' said a voice behind the Domine. It was that of old Tom, who had just come up from the cabin. The Domine turned round and perceived old Tom.

'This is old Tom, sir,' said I to the Domine, who stared with astonishment.

'Art thou indeed? Jacob, thou didst not tell me that he had been curtailed of his fair proportions, and I was surprised. Art thou then, Dux?' continued the Domine, addressing old Tom.

'Yes,' interrupted young Tom, who had come forward, 'he is *ducks*, because he waddles on his short stumps; and I wont say who be goose. Eh, father?'

'Take care you don't *buy* goose, for your imperance,' sir, cried old Tom.

'A forward boy,' exclaimed the Domine.

'Yes,' replied Tom, 'I'm generally forward.'

'Art thou forward in thy learning? Canst thou tell me Latin for goose?'

'To be sure,' replied Tom; 'Brandy.'

'Brandy?' exclaimed the Domine. 'Nay, child, it is *anser*.'

'Then I was all right,' replied Tom.

'You had your *answer*!'

'The boy is apt,' (Cluck, cluck.)

'He is apt to be devilish saucy, old gentleman; but never mind that, there's no harm in him.'

'This, then, is young Tom, I presume, Jacob,' said the Domine, referring to me.

'Yes, sir,' replied I. 'You have seen old Tom, and young Tom, and you have only to see Tommy.'

'Want to see Tommy, sir?' cried Tom. 'Here, Tommy, Tommy!'

But Tommy, who was rather busy with a bone forward, did not immediately answer to his call, and the Domine turned round to survey the river. The scene was busy, barges and boats passing in every direction, others lying on shore, with wagons taking out the coals and other cargoes, men at work, shouting or laughing with each other. '*Populus in fluvio*,' as Virgil hath it. Grand indeed is the vast river. '*Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum*,' as the generations of men are swept into eternity,' said the Domine, musing aloud. But Tommy had now made his appearance, and Tom, in his mischief, had laid hold of the tail of the Domine's coat, and shown it to the dog. The dog, accustomed to seize a rope when it was shown to him, immediately seized the Domine's coat, making three desperate tugs at it. The Domine, who was in one of his reveries, and probably thought it was I, who wished to direct

his attention elsewhere, each time waving his hand, without turning round, as much as to say—'I am busy now.'

'Haul and hold,' cried Tom to the dog, splitting his sides, and the tears running down his cheeks with laughing. Tommy made one more desperate tug, carrying away one tail of the Domine's coat; but the Domine perceived it not, he was still *'in nubibus,'* while the dog galloped forward with the fragment, and Tom chased him to recover it. The Domine continued in his reverie, when old Tom burst out—

'O England, dear England, bright gem of the ocean,

Thy valleys and meads look fertile and gay,
The heart clings to thee with a sacred devotion,
And memory adores when in far lands away.'

The song gradually called the Domine to his recollection; indeed, the strain was so beautiful, that it would have vibrated in the ears of a dying man. The Domine gradually turned round, and, when old Tom had finished, exclaimed, 'Truly it did delight mine ear, and from such—and,' continued the Domine, looking down upon old Tom, 'without legs too!'

'Why, old gentleman, I don't sing with my legs,' answered old Tom.

'Nay, good *Dur,* I am not so deficient as not to be aware that a man singeth from the mouth, yet is thy voice mellifluous, sweet as the honey of Hybla, strong—'

'As the Latin for goose,' finished Tom. 'Come, father, old *Dictionary* is in the doldrums; rouse him up with another stave.'

'I'll rouse you up with the stave of a cask over your shoulders, Mr. Tom. What have you done with the old gentleman's swallow tail?'

'Leave me to settle that affair, father; I know how to get out of a scrape.'

'So you ought, you scamp, considering how many you get into; but the craft are swinging and heaving up. Forward there, Jacob, and sway up the mast; there's Tom and Tommy to help you.'

The mast was hoisted up, the sail set, and the lighter in the stream, before the Domine was out of his reverie.

'Are there whirlpools here?' said the Domine, talking more to himself than to those about him.

'Whirlpools,' replied Tom, who was watching and mocking him, 'yes, that there are, under the bridges. I've watched a dozen *chips* go down one after the other.'

'A dozen *ships*!' exclaimed the Domine, turning to Tom; 'and every soul lost?'

'Never saw them afterwards,' replied Tom in a mournful voice.

'How little did I dream of the dangers of those so near me,' said the Domine, turning away, communing with himself. 'Those who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in great waters.' *'Et vastas aperit Syrtes.'* 'These men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the

deep.' *'Alternante vorans vasta Charybdis aqua.'* 'For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which listeth the waves thereof.'

'Surgens a puppi ventus. Ubi tempestas et cæli mobilis humor.' 'They are carried up to the heavens, and down again to the deep.' *'Gurgitibus miris et lactis vertice torrens.'* 'Their soul melteth away because of their trouble.' *'Stant pavidæ. Omnibus ignota mortis timor, omnibus hostem.'* 'They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man.'

'So they do, father, don't they, sometimes?' observed Tom, leering his eye at his father. 'That's all I've understood of his speech.'

'They are at their wit's end,' continued the Domine.

'Mind the end of your wit, master Tom,' answered his father, wrath at the insinuation.

'So when they call upon the Lord in their trouble'—*'Cujus jure timent et fallere nomen'*—'He delivereth them out of their distress, for he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still; yea, still and smooth as the peaceful water which now floweth rapidly by our anchored vessel—yet it appeareth to me that the scene hath changed. These fields met not mine eye before.' *'Riparumque toros et prata recentia rivis.'* Surely we have moved from the wharf!—' and the Domine turned round, and discovered, for the first time, that we were more than a mile from the place at which he had embarked.

'Pray, sir, what's the use of speech, sir?' interrogated Tom, who had been listening to the whole of the Domine's long soliloquy.

'Thou askest a foolish question, boy. We are endowed with the power of speech to enable us to communicate our ideas.'

'That's exactly what I thought, sir. Then pray what's the use of your talking all that gibberish, that none of us could understand.'

'I crave thy pardon, child; I spoke, I presume, in the dead languages.'

'If they're dead, why not let them rest in their graves?'

'Good; thou hast wit. (*Cluck, cluck.*) Yet, child, know that it is pleasant to commune with the dead.'

'Is it; then we'll put you on shore at Battersea churchyard.'

'Silence, Tom. He's full of his sauce, sir—you must forgive it.'

'Nay, it pleaseth me to hear him talk; but it would please me more to hear thee sing.'

'Then here goes, sir, to drown Tom's impudence.'

Glide on, my bark, the morning tide
Is gently flowing by thy side;
Around thy prow the waters bright,
In circling rounds of broken light,
Are glittering, as if ocean gave
Her countless gems into the wave.'

'That's a pretty air, and I first heard it sung by a pretty woman; but that's all I know of the song. She sang another—'

'T'd be a butterfly, born in a bower.'

'You'd be a butterfly,' said the Domine, taking old Tom literally, and looking at his person.

Young Tom roared, 'Yes, sir, he'd be a butterfly, and I don't see why he shouldn't very soon. His legs are gone, and his wings aren't come; so he's a grub now, and that, you know, is the next thing to it. What a funny old beggar it is, father—aren't it?'

'Tom, Tom, go forward, sir; we must shoot the bridge.'

'Shoot?' exclaimed the Domine; 'shoot what?'

'You aren't afraid of fire-arms, are ye, sir?' inquired Tom.

'Nay, I said not that I was afraid of fire-arms; but why should you shoot?'

'We never could get on without it sir; we shall have plenty of shooting by-and-bye. You don't know this river.'

'Indeed, I thought not of such doings; or that there were other dangers besides that of the deep waters.'

'Go forward, Tom, and don't be playing with your betters,' cried old Tom. 'Never mind him, sir, he's only humbugging you.'

'Explain, Jacob. The language of both old Tom and young Tom are to me as incomprehensible as would be that of the dog Tommy.'

'Or as your Latin is to them, sir.'

'True, Jacob, true. I have no right to complain; nay, I do not complain, for I am amused, although at times much puzzled.'

We now shot Putney bridge, and as a wherry passed us, old Tom carolled out—

'Did you never hear tell of a jolly young waterman?'

'No, I never did,' said the Domine, observing old Tom's eyes directed towards him. Tom, amused by this *naïveté* on the part of the Domine, touched him by the sleeve on the other side, and commenced with his treble.

'Did you ne'er hear a tale
Of a maid in the vale?'

'Not that I can recollect, my child,' replied the Domine.

'Then where have you been all your life?'

'My life has been employed, my lad, in teaching the young idea how to shoot.'

'So, you're an old soldier after all, and afraid of fire-arms. Why don't you hold yourself up? I suppose it's that enormous jib of yours that brings you down by the head.'

'Tom, Tom, I'll cut you into pork pieces, if you go on that gait. Go and get dinner under weigh, you scamp, and leave the gentleman alone. Here's more wind coming.'

'A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.'

And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.'

'Jacob,' said the Domine, 'I have heard by the mouth of Rumour, with her hundred tongues, how careless and indifferent are sailors unto danger; but I never could have believed that such lightness of heart could have been shown. Yon man, although certainly not in years, yet, what is he?—a remnant of a man resting upon unnatural and ill-proportioned support. Yon lad, who is yet but a child, appears as blithe and merry as if he were in possession of all this world can afford. I have an affection for that bold child, and would fain teach him the rudiments, at least, of the Latin tongue.'

'I doubt if Tom would ever learn them, sir. He has a will of his own.'

'It grieveth me to hear thee say so, for he lacketh not talent, but instruction; and the Dux he pleaseth me mightily—a second Palinurus. Yet how that a man could venture to embark upon an element, to struggle through the horrors of which must occasionally demand the utmost exertion of every limb, with the want of the two most necessary for his safety, is to me quite incomprehensible.'

'He can keep his legs, sir.'

'Nay, Jacob, how can he keep what are already gone? Even thou speakest strangely upon the water. I see the dangers that surround us, Jacob, yet am I calm; I feel that I have not lived a wicked life—*Integer vixit, scelerisque purus*, as Horace truly saith, may venture, even, as I have done, upon the broad expanse of water. What is it that the boy is providing for us? it hath an inviting smell.'

'Lob's scouse, master,' replied old Tom, 'and not bad lining either.'

'I recollect no such word—*unde derivatur*, friend?'

'What's that, master?' inquired old Tom.

'It's Latin for lob's scouse, depend upon it, father,' cried Tom, who was stirring up the savoury mess with a large wooden spoon. 'He be a *deadly* lively old gentleman, with his dead language. Dinner's all ready. Are we to let go the anchor, or pipe to dinner first?'

'We may as well anchor, boys. We have not a quarter of an hour's more ebb, and the wind is heading us.'

Tom and I went forward, brailled up the mainsail, cleared away and let go the anchor. The lighter swung round rapidly to the stream. The Domine, who had been in a fit of musing, with his eyes cast upon the forests of masts which we had passed below London bridge, and which were now some way astern of us, of a sudden exclaimed in a loud voice, '*Parce precor! Periculosum est!*'

The lighter swinging short round to her anchor, had surprised the Domine with the rapid motion of the panorama, and he thought we had fallen in with one of the whirlpools mentioned by Tom. 'What has

happened, good Dux? tell me," cried the Domine, to old Tom, with alarm in his countenance.

"Why, master, I'll tell you after my own fashion," replied old Tom, smiling; and then, singing, as he held the Domine by the button of his spenser—

'Now to her berth the craft draws nigh,
With slackened sail, she feels the tide—
"Stand clear the cable!" is the cry—
The anchor's gone, we safely ride.

'And now, master, we 'll bail out the lob's scouse. We shan't weigh anchor again until to-morrow morning; the wind 's right in our teeth, and it will blow fresh I'm sartin. Look how the scud's flying; so now we'll have a jolly time of it, and you shall have your allowance of grog on board before you turn in.'

'I have before heard of that potation,' replied the Domine, sitting down on the coombings of the hatchway, 'and fain would taste it.'

We now took our seats on the deck, round the saucepan, for we did not trouble ourselves with dishes, and the Domine appeared to enjoy the lob's scouse very much. In the course of half an hour, all was over; that is to say, we had eaten as much as we wished, and the Newfoundland dog, who, during our repast, laid close by young Tom, flapping the deck with his tail, and snuffing the savoury smell of the compound, had just licked all our plates quite clean, and was now fishing with his head in the saucepan; while Tom was busy carrying the crockery into the cabin, and bringing out the bottle and tin pannikins, ready for the promised carouse.

'There now, master, there's a glass o' grog for you that would float a marling-spike. See if that don't warm the *cockles* of your old heart.'

'Aye,' added Tom, 'and set all your *muscles* as taught as weather backstays.'

'Master Tom, with your leave, I'll mix your grog for you myself. Hand me back that bottle, you rascal.'

'Just as you please, father,' replied Tom, handing the bottle; but recollect, none of your *water bewitched*. Only help me as you love me.'

Old Tom mixed a pannikin of grog for Tom, and another for himself. I hardly need say which was the *stiffer* of the two.

'Well, father, I suppose you think the grog will run short. To be sure, one bottle arn't too much 'mong four of us.'

'One bottle, you scamp! there's another in the cupboard.'

'Then you must see double already, father.'

Old Tom, who was startled at this news, and who imagined that Tom must have gained possession of the other bottle, jumped up and made for the cupboard, to ascertain whether what Tom asserted was correct. This was what Tom wished: he immediately changed pannikins of grog with his father, and remained quiet.'

'There is another bottle, Tom,' said his

father, coming out and taking his seat again.

'I knew there was. You young rascal, you don't know how you frightened me,' and old Tom put the pannikin to his lips. 'Drowned the miller, by heavens!' said he; 'what could I have been about?' ejaculated he, adding more spirits to his mixture.

'I suppose, upon the strength of another bottle in the locker, you are doubling the strength of your grog. Come, father,' and Tom held out his pannikin, 'do put a little drop of stuff in mine—it's seven water grog; and I'm not on the black list.'

'No, no, Tom, your next shall be stronger. Well, master, how do you like liquor?'

'Verily,' replied the Domine, 'it is a pleasant and seducing liquor. Lo and behold! I am at the bottom of my tin utensil.'

'Stop till I fill it up again, old gentleman. I see you are one of the right sort—you know what the song says—

'A plague on those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink.

'Water, indeed! the only use of water I know, is to mix your grog with, and float vessels up and down the world. Why was the sea made salt, but to prevent our drinking too much water? Water, indeed!

'A can of good grog, had they swigged it,
'Twould have set them for pleasure agog,
And in spite of the rules
Of the schools,
The old fools,

Would have all of them swigged it,
And swore there was nothing like grog.'

'I'm exactly of your opinion, father,' said Tom, holding out his empty pannikin.

'Always ready for two things, master Tom—grog and mischief; but, however, you shall have one more *dose*.

'It hath, then, medicinal virtues!' inquired the Domine.

'Aye, that it has, master, more than all the quacking medicines in the world. It cures grief and melancholy, and prevents spirits from becoming low.'

'I doubt that, father,' cried Tom, holding up the bottle; 'for the more grog we drink, the more the *spirits become low*.'

'Cluck, cluck, came from the thorax of the Domine. 'Verily, friend Tom, it appeareth, among other virtues, to sharpen the wits. Proceed, friend Dux, in the medicinal virtues of grog.'

'Well, master, it cures love when it's not returned, and adds to it when it is. I've heard say it will cure jealousy; but that I've my doubts of. Now I think on it, I'll tell you a yarn about a jealous match between a couple of fools. Jacob, ar'n't your pannikin empty, my boy?'

'Yes,' replied I, handing it up to be filled. It was empty, for, not being very fond of it myself, Tom, with my permission, had drank it as well as his own.

'There, Jacob, is a good dose for you—you ar'n't always craving after it, like Tom.'

'He isn't troubled with low spirits as I am, father.'

'How long has that been your complaint, Tom?' inquired I.

'Ever since I heard how to cure it. Come, father, give us the yarn.' ['This yarn is omitted excepting one strand.']

'Ben, you see, what with his jealousy, and what with a whole quartern at a draught, became *somehow* *nowhere*, and he walked down to the jetty with the intention of getting rid of himself, and his wife, and all his troubles, by giving his soul back to his Creator, and his body to the fishes.'

'Bad philosophy,' quoth the Domine.

'I agree with you, master,' replied old Tom.

'Pray what sort of a thing is philosophy?' inquired Tom.

'Philosophy,' replied old Tom, is either hanging, drowning, shooting yourself, or, in short, getting out of the world without help.'

'Nay,' replied the Domine, 'that is *fe lo de se*.'

'Well, I pronounce it quicker than you master, but it's one and the same thing; but to go on. While Ben was standing on the jetty, thinking whether he should take one more quid of backey afore he dived, who should come down but Poll, with her hair all adrift, streaming and coach-whipping astarn of her, with the same intention as Ben—to commit *phillo-zaffy*. Ben, who was standing at the edge of the jetty, his eyes fixed upon the water, as it eddied among the piles, looking as dismal as if he'd swallowed a horse and six, with the funeral feathers hanging out of his mouth—'

'A bold comparison,' murmured the Domine.

'Never sees her; and she was so busy with herself, that although close to him, she never sees him—always remembering that the night was dark. So Poll turns her eyes up, for all the world like a dying jackdaw.'

'Tell me, friend Dux,' interrupted the Domine, 'doth a jackdaw die in any peculiar way?'

'Yes,' replied young Tom; 'he always dies black, master.'

'Then doth he die as he liveth. (*Cluck, cluck.*) Proceed, good Dux.'

'There, I've wound it all off at last, master, and now we'll fill up our pannikins.'

'Before I consent, friend Dux, pr'ythee inform me how much of this pleasant liquor may be taken without inebriating, *vulgice*, getting tipsy.'

'Father can drink enough to float a jolly-boat, master,' replied Tom; 'so you needn't fear. I'll drink pan for pan with you, all night long.'

'Indeed you won't mister Tom,' replied the father; 'but I will, master.'

I perceived that the liquor had already had some affect upon my worthy pedagogue, and was not willing that he should be persuaded into excess. I therefore pulled him by the coat as a hint, but he was again deep in thought, and did not heed me. Tired of sitting so long, I got up, and walked forward to look at the cable.

'Strange, muttered the Domine, that Jacob should thus pull me by the garment. What could he mean?'

'Did he pull you, sir,' inquired Tom.

'Yea, many times; and then he walked away.' It appears that you have been pulled too much, sir, replied Tom, dexterously appearing to pick up the tail of his coat, which had been torn off by the dog, and handing it to him.

'*Eheu Jacobi—fili dilectissime—quid fecisti?*' cried the Domine, holding up the fragment of his coat with a look of despair.

'A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together,' sang out old Tom; and then looking at Tom, 'now ar'n't you a pretty rascal, master Tom?'

'It is done,' exclaimed the Domine, with a sigh, putting the fragment into the remaining pocket; 'and it cannot be undone.'

'Now, I think it is undone, and can be done, master,' replied Tom. 'A needle and thread will soon join the pieces of your old coat again—in *holy* matrimony, I may safely say—'

'True, (*Cluck, cluck.*) My housekeeper will restore it, yet will she be wrath. '*Femine curaque iraque;*' but let us think no more about it,' cried the Domine, drinking deeply from his pannikin, and each minute verging fast to intoxication, '*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus.* I feel as if I were lifted up, and could dance, yea, and could exalt my voice and sing.'

'Could you, my jolly old master? then we'll both dance and sing.'

'Come, let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring,
Mars scrapes the fiddle string,
While Venus plays the lute.
Hymen gay, trips away,
Jocund at the wedding day.'

'Now for chorus.'

'Come let us dance and sing.'

I heard Tom's treble, and a croaking noise, which I recognised to proceed from the Domine, who had joined the chorus; and I went aft, if possible, to prevent further excess; but I found that the grog had mounted into the Domine's head, and all my hints were disregarded. Tom was despatched for the other bottle, and the Domine's pannikin was replenished, old Tom roaring out—

'Come, sling the flowing bowl,
Fond hopes arise,
The girls we prize,
Shall bless each jovial soul;
The can, boys, bring,
We'll dance and sing,
While foaming billows roll.'

'Now for chorus again.'

'Come, sling the flowing bowl, &c.'

'Jacob, why don't you join?' The chorus was given by the whole of us. Domine's voice even louder, though not quite so musical as old Tom's.

'*Eroe!*' cried the Domine; '*eroe! cante-
mus.*'

'*Amo amas*—I loved a lass,

For she was tall and slender;

'*Amas amat*—she laid me flat,

Though of the feminine gender.

'Truly do I forget the songs of my youth,
and of my hilarious days; yet doth the po-
tent spirit work upon me like the god in the
Cumean sybil; and I soon shall prophesy
that which shall come to pass.'

'So can I,' said Tom, giving me a nudge,
and laughing.

'Do thine office of Ganymede, and fill up
my pannikin: put not in too much of the ele-
ment. Once more exalt thy voice, good
Dux.'

'Always ready, master,' cried Tom, who
sung out again in praise of his favourite
liquor.

'Smiling grog is the sailor's best hope, his
sheet anchor,

His compass, his cable, his log,

That gives him a heart that life's cares cannot
canker;

Though dangers around him,

Unite to confound him,

He braves them, and tips off his grog.

'Tis grog, only grog,

Is his rudder, his compass, his cable his log,

The sailor's sheet anchor is grog.'

'Verily, thou art an Apollo—or rather,
referring to thy want of legs, half an Apollo—
that is, a *demi-god*. (*Cluck, cluck.*)
Sweet is thy lyre, friend Dux.'

'Fair words, master; I'm no liar,' cried
old Tom. 'Clap a stopper on your tongue,
or you'll get into disgrace.'

'*Ubi lapsus quid feci*,' exclaimed the
Domine. 'I spoke of thy musical tongue;
and, furthermore, I spoke alle—gori—cal-
ly.'

'I know a man lies with his tongue, as
well as you do, old chap; but as for telling
a *hell of a* (something) *lie*, as you states, I
say, I never did,' rejoined old Tom, who
was getting cross in his cups.

I now interfered, as there was every ap-
pearance of a fray; and in spite of young
Tom, who wished, as he termed it, to *kick
up a shindy*, prevailed upon them to make
friends, which they did, shaking hands for
nearly five minutes. When this was end-
ed, I again entreated the Domine not to
drink any more, but to go to bed.

'*Amicus Jacobus*,' replied the Domine;
'the liquor hath mounted into thy brain,
and thou wouldst rebuke thy master and
preceptor. Betake thee to thy couch, and
sleep off the effects of thy drink. Verily,
Jacob, thou art *plenus Veteris Bacchi*; or,
in plain English, thou art drunk. Canst
thou conjugate, Jacob? I fear not. Canst
thou decline, Jacob? I fear not. Canst
thou scan, Jacob? I fear not. Nay, Jacob,
methinks that thou art unsteady in thy gait,
and not over clear in thy vision. Canst
thou hear, Jacob? if so, I will give thee an
oration against inebriety, with which thou

mayest down on thy pillow. Wilt thou have
it in Latin or in Greek?'

'O d—n your Greek and Latin,' cried old
Tom; 'keep that for to-morrow. Sing us
a song, my old hearty; or shall I sing you
one? here goes.'

'For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger's drowned,
We despise it to a man;
We sing a little—'

'Sing a little,' bawled the Domine.

'And laugh a little—'

'Laugh a little,' chorussed young Tom.

'And work a little—'

'Work a little,' cried the Domine.

'And swear a little—'

'Swear not a little,' echoed Tom.

'And fiddle a little—'

'Fiddle a little,' hiccupped the Domine.

'And foot it a little—'

'Foot it a little,' repeated Tom.

'And swig the flowing can,
And fiddle a little,
'And foot it a little—'
And swig the flowing can—'

Roared old Tom, emptying his pannikin.

'And swig the flowing can—'

Followed the Domine, tossing off his.

'And swig the flowing can—'

Cried young Tom, turning up his panni-
kin empty.

'Hurrah! that's what I call glorious.
Let's have it over again, and then we'll
have another dose. Come, now, all toge-
ther.' Again was the song repeated; and
when they came to 'foot it a little,' old Tom
jumped on his stumps, seizing hold of the
Domine, who immediately rose, and the
three danced round and round for a
minute or two, singing the song and cho-
rus, till old Tom, who was very far
gone, tripped against the coombings of the
hatchway, pitching his head into the Do-
mine's stomach, who fell backwards, clinging
to young Tom's hand; so that they all roll-
ed on the deck together—my worthy pre-
ceptor underneath the other two.

'Foot it rather too much that time, father,'
said young Tom, getting up the first, and
laughing. 'Come Jacob, let's put father on
his pins again; he can't right without a
purchase. With some difficulty we suc-
ceeded. As soon as he was on his legs
again, old Tom put a hand upon each of
our shoulders, and commenced in a drunken
leer—

'What though his timbers they are gone,
And he's a slave to tipple,
No better sailor ere was born,
Than Tom, the jovial cripple.'

'Thanky, my boys, thanky; now rouse up the old gentleman. I suspect we knocked the wind out of him. Hollo, there, are you hard and fast?'

'The bricks are hard; and verily my senses are fast departing,' quoth the Domine, rousing himself, and sitting up, staring around him.

'Senses going, do you say, master?' cried old Tom. 'Don't throw them overboard till we have made a finish. One more pannikin a-piece, one more song, and then to bed. Tom, where's the bottle?'

'Drink no more, sir, I beg; you'll be ill to-morrow,' said I, to the Domine.

'*Deprome quadrimum,*' hiccupped the Domine. '*Carpe diem—quam minimum—credula postero*—Sing, friend Dux—*Quem virum—sumes celebrare—musis amicus*—Where's my pattypan?—We are not Thracians—*Natis in usum—letitia scyphis pugnare*—(hiccup)—*Thracum est*—therefore we—will not fight—but we will drink—*recepto dulce mihi furere est amico*.—Jacob, thou art drunk—sing, friend Dux,—or shall I sing?—

'*Propria quæ maribus* had a little dog,
Quæ genus was his name—

'My memory faileth me—what was the tune?'

'That tune was the one the old cow died of, I'm sure,' replied Tom. 'Come, old nosey, strike up again.'

'Nosey, from *naso*—truly it is a fair epithet; and it remindeth me that my nose—suffered in the fall which I received just now. Yet I cannot sing—having no words—

'Nor tune either, master,' replied old Tom; 'so here goes for you—

'Young Susan had lovers so many, that she
Hardly knew upon which to decide;
They all spoke sincerely and promised to be
All worthy of such a sweet bride.
In the morning she'd gossip with William, and then

The noon would be spent with young Harry.
The evening with Tom; so, amongst all the men,

She never could tell which to marry.

Heigho! I'm afraid

Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.'

'It pleaseth me—it ringeth in mine ears—yea, most pleasantly. Proceed, the girl was the Pyrrha of Horace—

'*Quis multa gracilis—te puer in rosa—*
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus.
Grato, Pyrrha—sub antro?'

'That's all high Dutch to me, master; but I'll go on if I can. My memory box be a little out of order. Let me see—oh!

'Now William grew jealous, and so went away,
Harry got tired of wooing;
And Tom having teased her to fix on the day,
Received but a frown for so doing;
So 'mongst all her lovers, quite left in the lurch,

She pined every night on her pillow;

And meeting one day a pair going to church,
Turned away, and died under a willow.

Heigho! I'm afraid

Too many lovers will puzzle a maid.

'Now, then, old gentleman, tip off your grog. You've got your allowance as I promised you.'

'Come, master, you're a cup too low,' said Tom, who, although in high spirits, was not at all intoxicated; indeed, as I afterwards found, he could carry more than his father. 'Come, shall I give you a song?'

'That's right, Tom; a volunteer's worth two pressed men. Open your mouth wide, and let your whistle fly away with the gale. You whistles in tune, at all events.'

Tom then struck up, the Domine seeing as he sat, and getting very sleepy.

'Luck in life, or good or bad,
Ne'er could make me melancholy;
Seldom, rich, yet never sad,
Sometimes poor, yet always jolly.
Fortune's in my scale, that's poz,
Of mischance put more than half in;
Yet I don't know how it was,
I could never cry for laughing—
Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!
I could never cry for laughing.

'Now for chorus, father.

'Ha! ha! ha! Ha! ha! ha!
I could never cry for laughing.

'That's all I know; and that's enough, for it won't wake up the old gentleman.'

But it did. 'Ha, ha, ha—ha, ha, ha! I could never die for laughing,' bawled out the Domine, feeling for his pannikin; but this was his last effort. He stared round him. 'Verily, verily, we are in a whirlpool—how every thing turneth round! Who cares? Am not I an ancient mariner—*Qui videt mare turgidum—et infamos scopulos.*' Friend Dux, listen to me—*favete linguis.*'

'Well,' hiccupped old Tom, 'so I will—but speak—plain English—as I—do.'

'That I'll be hanged if he does,' said Tom, to me. 'In half an hour more, I shall understand old Nosey's Latin just as well as his—plain English, as he calls it.'

'I will discourse in any language—that is—in any tongue—be it the Greek or the Latin—nay, even—(hiccup)—friend Dux—hast thou not partaken too freely—of—dear me! *Quo me Bacche rapis tui—plenum*—truly I shall be tipsy—and will but finish my pattypan—*dulce periculum est*—Jacob can there be two Jacobs—and two old Toms—nay—*mirabile dictu*—there are two young Toms, and two dog Tommies—each with—two tails. *Bacche, parce—precor—precor*—Jacob, where art thou—*Ego sum—tu es*—thou art—*sumus*—we are—where am I? *Procurbit humi bos*—for Bos—read Dobbs—*amo amas*—I loved a lass. *Tityre tu patula—sub teg—mine*—pay—I quote wrong—then must I be—I do believe that—I'm drunk.'

'And I'm cock sure of it,' cried Tom,

laughing, as the Domine fell back in a state of insensibility.

'And I'm—cock sure,' said old Tom, rolling himself along the deck, to the cabin hatch—that I've as much—as I can stagger—under, at all events—so I'll sing myself to sleep—'cause why—I'm happy. Jacob—mind you keep all the watches to-night—and Tom may keep the rest.' Old Tom then sat up, leaning his back against the cabin-hatch, and commenced one of those doleful ditties which are sometimes heard on the fore-castle of a man-of-war; he had one or two of these songs that he always reserved for such occasions. While Tom and I dragged the Domine to bed, old Tom slowly drawled out his ditty—

'O' we sailed to Virgi-ni-a, and thence to Fy-al,
Where we watered our shipping, and so then
weigh-ed all,
Full in view, on the seas—boys—seven sail we
did—es-py,
O' we mann-ed our cap-ster-n, and weighed speed-ly.

'That's right, my boys, haul and hold
—Stow the old Dictionary away—for he
can't command the parts o' speech.

'The very next morning—the engagement
proved—hot,
And brave Admiral Benbow receiv-ed a chain—
shot.
O when he was wounded, to his merry men—he
did—say,
Take me up in your arms, boys, and car-ry me
a-way.

'Now, boys, come and help me—Tom—
none of your foolery—for your poor old fa-
ther is—drunk—'

We assisted old Tom into the other 'bed-
place' in the cabin. 'Thanky, lads—one
little bit more, and then I'm done—as the
auctioneer says—going, going—'

'O the guns they did rattle, and the bul-lets—
did—fly,

When brave Benbow—for help loud—did—cry,
Carry me down to the cock-pit—there is ease
for my smarts,
If my merry men should see me—'twill sure—
break—their—heart's.

'Going, old swan-hopper—as I am—go-
ing—gone.'

Tom and I were left on deck.

'Now, Jacob, if you've a mind to turn in,
I'm not sleepy—you shall keep the morning
watch.'

'No, Tom, you'd better sleep first. I'll
call you at four o'clock. We can't weigh
till tide serves; and I shall have plenty of
sleep before that.'

Tom went to bed, and I walked the deck
till morning, thinking over the events of
the day, and wondering what the Domine
would say when he came to his senses. At
four o'clock, as agreed, I roused Tom out
and turned into his bed, and was soon as
fast asleep as old Tom and the Domine,
whose responsive snores had rung in my
ears during the whole time that I had walk-
ed the deck.

From the Court Magazine.

SUMMER SONGS BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE FALLEN LIME TREE.

On, joy of the peasant! O stately lime!
Thou art fallen in thy golden honey time.

Thou whose wavy shadows,
Long and long ago,
Screen'd our gray forefathers
From the noontide's glow;
Thou, beneath whose branches,
Touch'd with moonlight gleams,
Lay our early poets
Wrapt in fairy dreams.

O tree of our fathers! O hallowed tree!
A glory is gone from our home with thee.

Where shall now the weary

Rest thro' summer eves!

Or the bee find honey,

As on thy sweet leaves?

Where shall now the ring-dove

Build again her nest!

She so long the inmate

Of thy fragrant breast?

But the sons of the peasant have lost in thee
Far more than the ring-dove, far more than
the bee!

These may yet find coverts,

Leafy and profound,

Full of dewy dimness

Odour and soft sound:

But the gentle memories

Clinging all to thee,

When shall they be gathered

Round another tree?

O pride of our fathers! O, hallowed tree!
The crown of the hamlet is fallen in thee!

From the same.

THE DEATH OF M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.

ON BOARD THE SIR GODFREY WEBSTER.

By a fellow passenger.

As no particulars respecting the last mo-
ments of this highly talented and eccentric
individual have ever yet appeared before
the public eye, the writer of the following
recollections of the event is in hopes that
they may not prove altogether unaccepta-
ble to the literary world; particularly as
even little things relative to the fate of ge-
nius have always been considered worthy
of interest.

It was erroneously asserted, many years
back, that the late Matthew George Lewis
(otherwise known by the title of Monk
Lewis) died of sea-sickness on his passage
to England from the Island of Jamaica,—
but the malady that carried him off was of
a far more awful description. It was the
yellow fever, which had been raging for a
long time at Black River, where he em-
barked the first of May, in the year 1818,
on board the ship Sir Godfrey Webster,
commanded by Captain —, who now
trades to India with the Coromandel. For
some days previous to Mr. Lewis's decease,

the weather had been blowing a strong gale, which subsiding all at once into a dead calm, left the vessel as it were spell-bound in the dog latitudes. Here the heat became intolerable; and this change in the atmosphere visibly affected Mr. Lewis's general health and spirits. He grew restless and impatient, continually pacing up and down the deck, and spouting forth Italian and German poetry in a wild and impassioned tone of voice, accompanied with violent gestures. On the 13th of May, these serious symptoms rapidly increased in him, and becoming every hour worse and worse, at six o'clock the following morning he expired in the greatest bodily and even mental agony; for such was his delirium, that loud and bitter groans and fearful imprecations burst from his lips whilst suffering the last pangs. It seemed as if that same fatal affection for atheistical sentiments which had at an earlier period pervaded his compositions, as it had done those of many other talented men of his day, had again taken hold of his imagination in the form of those delirious ravings; for, previous to this dreadful crisis, his manners and conversations had been utterly free from levity of any description. But the scene before us could not fail to produce in some of even the most unreflecting, a deep conviction of the Almighty's displeasure against the sin of 'forgetting our Maker in the days of our youth!' And though the dying man, forgiven his early transgressions, might be unconscious of the spectres his words conjured up, we in a manner saw them, to tremble and be warned.

It is very much to be regretted that the remains of this accomplished gentleman (and perhaps too celebrated an author) were not preserved and brought home to be buried in the sepulchre of his family; the dust of genius being in some measure sacred to the soil from which it sprung. But, on the contrary, the corpse of the deceased was carried on deck, almost as soon as the last breath had departed; and being rolled up in the ship's colours, it was laid on the stern, where it remained until a slight shell of deal boards was nailed together by one of the carpenters.

Into this humble coffin the body was then carefully fastened down by the lid, and four eighteen-pounders attached to it, in order to sink it; a common white sheet, such as sailors use in their hammocks, was finally wrapped round the whole,—why or wherefore, it is difficult to guess. Captain—then proceeded to read over the burial service, several of the passengers and most of the crew being present; after which, in obedience to his commands, the deceased was committed to the deep. At the first plunge, the coffin disappeared entirely; but rising again, the sheet that had been fastened round it became partially disarranged, and the air introducing itself between its folds, inflated them, and buoyed the coffin up, so that it floated on the surface of the waters, just like a boat with its sails full set. It was first observed by a few of the

passengers, from a window in the front cabin, where suddenly to their surprise and terror, they beheld this novel and spectre-like object borne up by the swell of the sea almost on a level with themselves. Never shall I forget the thrilling sensation caused by so appalling an apparition—imagination can scarcely picture any thing more horrible, coming as it did so unexpectedly. I was at that time a mere child, almost an infant, but such impressions pass not away! Around the vessel that coffin-bark danced like a fearful mockery; then heaving heavily over the surf, as if unwilling still to part from the living world, it bent its course towards the shores of the Havanna; and was soon lost to the straining sight of the awe-struck spectators: whether it arrived at those shores, or was swallowed up in the whelming waves, we have never been able to ascertain.

The impression that Mr. Lewis made on my parents was that of a very reserved yet very kind-hearted man; he appeared to feel for the sufferings of any occasionally indisposed person on board, and particularly for my eldest sister, who almost fell a victim to the same fatal disorder which terminated his career. Before it manifested itself in him, he used to come frequently, and rap at the door of our berth, and ask after her health in the gentlest tones, never forgetting to accompany such inquiries with some little gift for the fevered invalid; such as a shadock or a bottle of soda-water—articles of which he had brought on board a plentiful supply. He also possessed an old-fashioned piano, bound with brass bands for travelling; and often did he while away the dreary hours ever attendant on a long sea-voyage, by his exquisite touch on that instrument.

When we were passing the islands of the Cayman, some of the natives came alongside of our vessel in their boats, with parrots, shells, and live turtles, for sale—he purchased several of the latter, intending to present one to the Prince of Wales, and another to the Dutches of York.

Though his general manner was serious, yet he would sometimes relax; and become animated even to gayety,—on one occasion when sitting down to dinner, he observed (probably owing to some mistake of the steward) that there were four dishes of kid on the table, all, however, dressed differently.—'What?' exclaimed he, without moving a muscle of his face, and drawing his words out in a most ludicrous tone—'Is this all that we're to have? kid at the top, kid at the bottom, kid at the side, and kid in the middle! Why, it's kid all over!' This caused a great deal of laughter, particularly as they were almost the first words some of the persons present had heard him utter; and there was such a comic surprise expressed in his manner of delivering them. During Mr. Lewis's stay in Jamaica he had been made the subject of many a strange anecdote; among others it had been reported that he was in the habit of giving dinner parties to his own black slaves, presiding in person at the head of the table, and con-

versing with them in the most familiar manner (always remembering to place his driver at his right-hand side;) besides which condescension, it was said that he constantly shook hands with the negroes, when visiting them at work in the fields. This may be true, or it may be only a fable; but if true, how far he was right or wrong in so doing, it will be difficult for any one to pronounce; and besides, is not to be gravely considered, since who can account for the freaks of genius?

Before I close this little article I must not forget to mention, that the subject of the preceding anecdote expired in the arms of the same person who was afterwards present at Lord Byron's death; and of whom his lordship speaks in his journal with the highest praise, as forming one of the most faithful servants of his household. His name was Battista or Tita (for short.) He was a Venetian by birth, and certainly his attention and devotion to Mr. Lewis during his fatal illness and in his last moments, fully deserve a similar tribute here; and with pleasure the writer bears witness to the unchangeable character of a dutiful servant, an humble friend, faithful unto death.

J. A. P.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

HYMNS FOR CHILDHOOD.

*By Mrs. Hemans.**

It is a pleasant and a goodly sight—apart from all religious consideration—to see the group that nature has thrown together in the mysterious relation of parent and child, the one bending over the helplessness and innocence of the cherished nursing of its affections, in the attitude of tearful interest, and the other gazing up, with some of the feelings, perhaps, that more mature reason will direct it to reserve for the exclusive worship of the Parent of all things, in the face of that being, which is to its sweet confiding heart all that it has to depend upon, be accountable to, cherish, or love. More than earthly is the glance of the mother's eye, as she looks through the transparent happiness of the child, and sees the delusions of youth, and the cares of manhood, and the sorrows of age, in the long perspective of solitude beyond it. Onward and onward does her tearful vision strain, and catch at the shadows of futurity as they float by, and store their shapeless image in the recesses of her yearning bosom; and ardent is the prayer then breathed forth—the burthen it may be of a sigh that is half a smile—for the protection of a more powerful hand, and a more watchful eye than hers, as well to lift her soul's idol out of the deep waters of affliction, that must go nigh to overwhelm it in the mid-ocean of existence, as to look comfort into those recesses of the fainting and despair-

ing heart, which the earthly vision even of affection is unable to penetrate. If there is a time when the mother turns with pain from that voice within, which so often at other seasons dins into the mental ear the claims of the *world* upon her charge, the expectations entertained by kindred, the necessity of preparing it for, and setting it forward into the great arena of *life*, equipped in a *temporal* panoply; if there is a time, we repeat, when such speculations excite pain rather than pleasure, it is when the young *debutant* is thus in helpless, unconscious, smiling innocence, at the feet of her who seems to have the avenue of life and death in her power, the keys of heaven and hell in her hand,—before the curtain is raised, or the false garb put on, or the hollow shout of a world's applause, have yet sounded in its virgin ears. There, while the happy eye of experience looks laughingly into the gulf of futurity, as the venturesome boy over the dark precipice, the instinct of nature trembles within the breast of her who loveth her own, and leads her to bare to him the bosom of her counsel at once and unrestrainedly, to lure him from the edge, and to fill him with all holy caution for the time to come. Sweet are the minds of both at that hallowed moment, nor can we say which is most to be envied, the saved innocent who rushes back to that sacred fountain—"great nature's Nile"—for refreshment, or her who extends her arms to the regained wanderer, now doubly dear from past danger and deliverance.

Few that have rejoiced in the "*mother-name*," the name of mother, there are, who have not felt at times this yearning after the happiness of their child, divested of, because above all temporal views. Few there are, however, in such a situation, and in such a mood, who know how at once to apply holy counsel in a method applicable to the wants, wishes, and capacities of its object. It is said that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" but this cannot surely be supposed to mean, that eloquence will invariably follow enthusiasm, and that we have but to *intend* the mind to enlist the tongue and taste also on our side. We, for our part, are a little sceptical concerning such occasional inspiration; nor can we by any means subscribe to the truth of a position, which strikes at once at the root of all established systems of mental dynamics. On the contrary, it is well known that earnest anxiety has taken away the powers of the intellect, just as ill-regulated effort has those of the body; and that the tranquil pride of conscious ability is the state best suited for the exertion of physical and mental energy. But we are not going to philosophize. The work before us repels argument—it is beneath it, inasmuch as it is intended and adapted for the circumstances and capacity of unreflecting childhood; it is above it, inasmuch as its sentiments and images are unpretending, beautiful, and holy.

Among the influences of talent—sweet and heavenly as those of the poetic Pleiades—this is not the least remarkable or the

* Dublin, Wm. Curry, jun. & Co. 1834.

least enviable, that it lends an importance to whatever it touches upon, and, like the Alpine sun, gives even to the coldness of snow, the rose-tints caught from the light of its own inspiration. *Nullum tetigit quod non ornavit*, was Johnson's posthumous praise of our countryman; nor was it his least honour to have deserved it. While we make this observation at the outset, however, we would not wish to be considered as presuming to offer an apology to the public either for the production of a work like that before us, or for our coming forward to support it. We are fully aware of the important effects resulting from the tendency of the first books thrown, like flowers, in the path of a child, and whose odours for the most part breathe around the recollection of after life with a charm that all its artificial perfumes cannot overcome. We have ourselves the earliest pages we have ever looked upon, enshrined to this day in the innermost core of our memories, hallowed with all the impressive sanctity that antiquity can lend to worship. But we say this, that when Felicia Hemans ushered a volume into the world, though that volume was but a collection of children's hymns, an importance attached itself to the work, as a literary production, which it would scarcely have possessed, had the fair authoress been less celebrated or less deserving of celebrity. When to this is added the gratifying consideration, that an English literary character of such eminence has made choice of this metropolis for her publication, we feel ourselves imperatively called upon to come forward and hail the little stranger among us, and introduce it wherever we think our introduction will serve as a passport for its admission.

A few lines of modest preface give to the public a disclaimer of any original intention of publication, and the authoress's reason for being at last induced to change her mind. In it we are also told that "the Hymns were intended to associate the first devotional thoughts of childhood with the loveliness and solemnity diffused over the outward creation;" and, surely, a more spirit-stirring task could not be set before genius than this—to present to the opening eyes of the understanding the "loveliness and solemnity" of nature in the garb of sweet and harmonious poetry—to strike the lyre that is to awaken the child, as it were, upon a bed of flowers, each possessing a balm calculated to heal many a wound in its struggle through the wilderness of life—to associate the poetry of the universe with the poetry of the lips, and introduce the lovely sisters to the early acquaintance of the immortal innocent. The task was felt to be a pleasant—a holy one, by our authoress. No one, perhaps, who ever wrote, understood the poetry that dwells in childhood, like Mrs. Hemans. She never speaks of or to early youth throughout her works, without at once enlisting the sympathies of the mature reader, and the affections of the tender thing that is addressed. She possesses in an eminent degree the

dignity of maternity, and yet she is the "friend and associate" of the child; and still as she leads it with the talisman of the "better land" before it, over the fields and through the groves, and past the hum of cities, and along the solitary shore of the sea, it listens eagerly and happily to her heavenly discourse, until when it asks, perchance, as it looks around it at last, and sees nought in the solitude but its feeble self and its unwearied conductress—"where is that land, the land thou hast promised to show me?"—the sweet poetess points her hand upwards, and raising the eye of inspiration after it, exclaims in the enthusiasm of holiness and song—"it is there—it is there!"

With the tearful interest that such an office awakens, it is, that she addresses childhood in these graceful lines:

O blest art thou whose steps may rove,
Through the green paths of vale and grove,
Or, leaving all their charms below,
Climb the wild mountain's airy brow:

And gaze afar o'er cultured plains,
And cities with their stately fane,
And forests, that beneath thee lie,
And ocean mingling with the sky.

For man can shew thee nought so fair,
As Nature's varied marbles there;
And if thy pure and artless breast,
Can feel their grandeur, thou art blest!

For thee the stream in beauty flows,
For thee the gale of summer blows,
And, in deep glen and wood-walk free,
Voices of joy still breathe for thee.

But happier far, if then thy soul
Can soar to Him who made the whole,
If to thine eye the simplest flower
Portray His bounty and His power:

If, in whate'er is bright and grand,
Thy mind can trace His viewless hand,
If Nature's music bid thee raise
Thy song of gratitude and praise;

If heaven and earth, with beauty fraught,
Lead to His throne thy raptured thought;
If there thou lovest His love to read,
Then, wanderer, thou art blest indeed!

The design of the little work, as the preface informs us, is to familiarize the child with the external creation. With such a view, the authoress addresses it as the wanderer, and for its guidance she has given a short poem upon each of the most prominent features of nature, as they are displayed to the eye upon its rambles:—"The Rainbow," "The Sun," "The Rivers," "The Stars," "The Storm," "The Birds," &c. are described and hymned upon. Of these, "The Rivers" is so simple, and yet so sublime, that we cannot forbear transcribing it:—

God trace th' unnumbered streams, o'er earth
That wind their devious course,
That draw from Alpine heights their birth,
Deep vale, or cavern source.

Some by majestic cities glide,
Proud scenes of man's renown,
Some lead their solitary ride,
Where pathless forests frown.

Some calmly roll o'er golden sands,
Where Afric's deserts lie;
Or spread, to clothe rejoicing lands
With rich fertility.

These bear the bark, whose stately sail,
Exulting seems to swell;
While these, scarce rippled by a gale,
Sleep in the lonely dell.

Yet on, alike, though swift or slow
Their various waves may sweep,
Through cities or through shades they go,
To the same boundless deep.

Oh! thus, whate'er our path of life
Through sunshine or through gloom;
Through scenes of quiet or of strife,
Its end is still the tomb.

The chief, whose mighty deeds we hail,
The monarch throned on high,
The peasant in his native vale,
All journey on—to die!

But if *Thy* guardian care, my God!
The pilgrim's course attend,
I will not fear the dark abode,
To which my footsteps bend.

For thence thine all-redeeming Son,
Who died the world to save,
In light, in triumph, rose, and won
The victory from the grave!

But even this is exceeded by "The Night-
ingale"—

When twilight's gray and pensive hour
Brings the low breeze, and shuts the flower,
And bids the solitary star
Shine in pale beauty from afar.

When gathering shades the landscape veil,
And peasants seek their village dale,
And mists from river-wave arise,
And dew in every blossom lies;

When evening's primrose opens, to shed
Soft fragrance round her grassy bed;
When glow-worms in the wood-walk light
Their lamp, to cheer the traveller's sight;

At that calm hour, so still, so pale,
Awakes the lonely Nightingale;
And from a hermitage of shade
Falls with her voice the forest-glade;

And sweeter far that melting voice,
Than all which through the day rejoice;
And still shall hard and wanderer love
The twilight music of the grove.

Father in heaven! oh! thus when day
With all its cares hath passed away,
And silent hours waft peace on earth,
And hush the louder strains of mirth;

Thus may sweet songs of praise and prayer
To Thee my spirit's offering bear;
Yon star, my signal, set on high,
For vesper-hymns of piety.

So may thy mercy and thy power
Protect me through the midnight hour;
And balmy sleep and visions blest
Smile on thy servant's bed of rest.

The "hermitage of shade" is genuine poetry. Lovelace calls his prison "a hermitage;" but here the expression is peculiarly happy, where the child longs for such solitude to pour forth a *devotional* song during the night.

The "Hymns" are followed by some "Miscellaneous Pieces," all however partaking of the same simple and spiritual character, so as to avoid any material variance with the title of the little work.

"A father reading the Bible" presents a scene at all times interesting, but it is rendered touchingly so by the skilful hand of Mrs. Hemans. A light is described as playing on the hoary forehead of the parent, that was glowing, however, with something yet more glorious from within:—

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye,
Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of Immortality!—

We give a specimen of this portion of the work in "The Child's First Grief,"—a sweet little poem, which we fancy we have already seen in print:—

"Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?"

"The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sun-beam's track;
I care not how to chase its flight—
Oh! call my brother back!"

"The flowers run wild—the flowers we sowed
Around our garden tree;
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child!
He may not come to thee;
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

"A rose's brief bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given;
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

"And has he left his birds and flowers;
And must I call in vain?
And thro' the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?"

"And by the brook and in the glade
Are all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me played,
Would I had loved him more!"

We well remember a shelf of children's novels that were our delight in the wonder-loving hours of our infancy, "Cinderella," "Ricquet with the Tuft," "Beauty and the Beast," and a variety of others, most of them, we believe, translated from the

French or Italian, and all wrought up with much strange adventure and horrific incident to please the early palate. We remember them with pleasure, it is true, as we do every thing then read or done, but without advantage; and when we turn from this collection of trash, with its little clumsy morality disguising much that is reprehensible and dangerous, and cast our eyes upon the modest volume before us, enriched with taste and elegance, and glowing with virtue and religion, we are inclined for once to give up our old prejudices, and would even fall into step with the "march of intellect," were we not convinced that the more celestial "march of grace" has been the guide of our fair authoress.

Parents are oftener tardy in the application of useful instruction to their children, than entirely neglectful of it, and unreasonably expect that after the appetite being vitiated with "Puss in Boots," whether in pamphlet or pantomime, it will be in a state to relish the lighter fare of morality and religion. It is easy to *make* early impressions—it is next to impossible to *unmake* them. Parents are required to give direction rather than impetus to the sympathies of their children; and when that is once supplied aright, every subsequent effort of vice is *against the grain*. To all who have the duties of superintending the early education of children intrusted to them, whether it be by the laws of nature or of society, we recommend this little publication with all our heart and with all our judgment. Never was there a safer play-thing for youth; for when it is destroyed, as most play-things are in a short time, it will in all probability be found to have left behind it that which will stand instead of the amusements of more advanced years, and moreover prove a blessed exchange for most of them.

The last poem in the book supplies the young mind with a prayer applicable to that case of greatest trial at such an age, the sickness and death of a parent. Long would it be before the greatest poignancy of grief, or the greatest sublimity of resignation, could point out to the little family kneeling around the failing strength of her who *was* their stay, with hearts trembling in mingled awe and anguish, such a soul-relieving vent for suffering, and such a direction to supplication as that which is here afforded. Like a flood of weeping upon tearless woe does such a strain as this fall upon the speechlessness of filial grief. We all, at every age, have needed, or shall need such consolation—then before all who have been or are to be orphans, would we lay the few following verses, as affording great and solid comfort:—

Father! that in the olive shade
When the dark hour came on,
Didst, with a breath of heavenly aid,
Strengthen thy Son;

Oh! by the anguish of that night,
Send us down blest relief;
Or to the chastened, let Thy might
Hallow this grief!

And Thou, that when the starry sky
Saw the dead strife begun,
Didst teach adoring faith to cry,
"Thy will be done;"

By thy meek spirit, Thou of all
That e'er have mourned the chief—
Thou Saviour! if the stroke *must* fall!
Hallow this grief!

We throw this unpretending little work before the notice of an Irish public. It is a gift to it from one, who, when she gives, confers a benefit as well as a favour; and therefore it is that we, being by this time the organ of literary communication throughout this country, feel doubly anxious for the success of the experiment, so that the amiable and gifted authoress may in this instance add one additional flower to her wreath, the blossom of a plant raised from British seed in the garden of Erin.

From the Court Magazine.

ON READING AN OLD LETTER.

By Mrs. Norton.

Oh what gloomy shadows
Steal across my soul,
As I view thy pages,
Long-forgotten scroll!
All the disappointments
Of a weary life;
All the wild ambition,
All the bitter strife;
All the gleams of pleasure,
Sickening into pain;
All my youth's romances—
Round me rise again.

Now I feel how feeble
Is this nerveless arm,
And how slow thy pulses,
Heart, so wildly warm!
Strength, and hope, and gladness,
All have passed away—
And my soul is darkened,
And my locks are gray.
Young eyes weep for sorrow,
Mine are hot and dry;
But I yield thee, token,
One long weary sigh!

Oh how sad and altered
Seems the world to me,
Since the joyous moment
Which gave birth to thee!
Now alone I wander
Through my father's halls,
Where each silent chamber
Many a dream recalls.
There, no welcome voices
Sound their carols sweet;
There, I hear no echo,
Of quick busy feet.

Many a form lies sleeping,
Loved in days of yore;
Many a face looks coldly,
Cared for now no more;
Cheeks that met thy glances
With a crimson glow
Scarce my love remember,

'Tis so long ago!
And the eyes whose beaming
Like a sunrise burst,
Seem but ghosts of others
Which I knew at first!

Heavier droop those eyelids,
Through succeeding years,
'Till death's silent shadow
Closes on their tears.
Yet to me more welcome
Is each faded face,
Than the joyous brightness
Of a younger race.
With those old companions,
I have wandered on,
And their hearts remember
All my heart hath known.

From among the youthful
We are fading fast;
Theirs is all the future,
Ours is all the past.
Buried *there* are feelings
Kindness cannot wake;
New friends only grieve me
For my old friends' sake;
Ev'n the smile of Beauty
Wakens but a sigh,
For the long remembered
Dreams of days gone by.

I sigh for *thee*, my sister,
Whose sweet and winning voice
Through long hours of sorrow
Taught me to rejoice;
For that voice I listen,
Many a night in vain,
While against my casement
Beats the driven rain;
And sigh for *thee*—the fairest
Of a young happy band,
Long ago departed
To the better land.

Thou art gone, my brother!
Thou, whose earnest heart
Long, and well, and truly,
Did a brother's part.
Thou, whose nature left me
Hope to lean upon,
When some lighter feeling's
Broken spell was gone.
When the loved proved fickle,
Or the friend betrayed:
Who shall heal the sorrow
Which *thy* loss hath made!

O! my heart resembles,
As it wastes away,
Part of some lone ruin
Sinking to decay!
'Tall and stately columns,
Graceful in their pride,
Were my father's children,
Standing side by side.
Scattered round about me,
One by one they fall;
Why should I survive them,
Who was linked with all?

Once again I read *thee*,
Scroll, so lightly penned;
With a fond remembrance
O'er thy leaves I bend.
Jests which *thou* containest,
Still can make me smile,
Though *they* sleep who made them

In the vaulted aisle.
The echo of a reveller's shout
Is faint, and low, and sad;
But this wan lip's smiling
Seems no longer glad.

From the Edinburgh Review.

A History of the Right Honourable William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, containing his Speeches in Parliament, a considerable portion of his Correspondence when Secretary of State, upon French, Spanish, and American Affairs, never before published; and an account of the principal Events and Persons of his time, connected with his Life, Sentiments, and Administration. By the REV. FRANCIS THACKERAY, A.M. Two Volumes. Quarto. London: 1827.

THOUGH several years have elapsed since the publication of this work, it is still, we believe, a new publication to most of our readers. Nor are we surprised at this. The book is large, and the style heavy. The information which Mr. Thackeray has obtained from the State Paper Office is new; but much of it is to us very uninteresting. The rest of his narrative is very little better than Gifford's or Tomline's Life of the Second Pitt, and tells us little or nothing that may not be found quite as well told in the 'Parliamentary History,' the 'Annual Register,' and other works equally common.

Almost every mechanical employment, it is said, has a tendency to injure some one or other of the bodily organs of the artisan. Grinders of cutlery die of consumption; weavers are stunted in their growth; and smiths become bleary-eyed. In the same manner almost every intellectual employment has a tendency to produce some intellectual malady. Biographers, translators, editors,—all in short, who employ themselves in illustrating the lives or the writings of others, are peculiarly exposed to the *Lues Boswellianæ*, or disease of admiration. But we scarcely remember ever to have seen a patient so far gone in this distemper as Mr. Thackeray. He is not satisfied with forcing us to confess that Pitt was a great orator, a vigorous minister, an honourable and high-spirited gentleman. He will have it, that all virtues, and all accomplishments met in his hero. In spite of gods, men, and columns, Pitt must be a poet,—a poet capable of producing an heroic poem of the first order;—and we are assured that we ought to find many charms in such lines as these:—

"Midst all the tumults of the warring sphere,
My light-charged bark may haply glide;
Some gale may waft, some conscious thought
shall cheer,
And the small freight unanxious glide."

Pitt was in the army for a few months in time of peace. Mr. Thackeray accordingly insists on our confessing that, if the young

cornet had remained in the service, he would have been one of the ablest commanders that ever lived. But this is not all. Pitt, it seems, was not merely a great poet *in case*, and a great general *in posse*, but a finished example of moral excellence—the just man made perfect. He was in the right when he attempted to establish an inquisition, and to give bounties for perjury, in order to get Walpole's head. He was in the right when he declared Walpole to have been an excellent minister. He was in the right when, being in Opposition, he maintained that no peace ought to be made with Spain, till she should formally renounce the right to search. He was in the right when being in office, he silently acquiesced in a treaty by which Spain did not renounce the right of search. When he left the Duke of Newcastle—when he coalesced with the Duke of Newcastle—when he thundered against subsidies—when he lavished subsidies with unexampled profusion—when he execrated the Hanoverian connexion—when he declared that Hanover ought to be as dear to us as Hampshire; he was still invariably speaking the language of a virtuous and enlightened statesman.

The truth is, that there scarcely ever lived a person who had so little claim to this sort of praise as Pitt. He was undoubtedly a great man. But his was not a complete and well-proportioned greatness. The public life of Hampden, or of Sommers, resembles a regular drama, which can be criticised as a whole, and every scene of which is to be viewed in connexion with the main action. The public life of Pitt, on the other hand, is a rude though striking piece,—a piece abounding in incongruities,—a piece without any unity of plan, but redeemed by some noble passages, the effect of which is increased by the tameness or extravagance of what precedes, and of what follows. His opinions were unfixed. His conduct at some of the most important conjunctures of his life was evidently determined by pride and resentment. He had one fault, which of all human faults is most rarely found in company with true greatness. He was extremely affected. He was an almost solitary instance of a man of real genius, and of a brave, lofty, and commanding spirit, without simplicity of character. He was an actor in the Closet, an actor at Council, an actor in Parliament; and even in private society he could not lay aside his theatrical tones and attitudes. We know that one of the most distinguished of his partisans often complained that he could never obtain admittance to Lord Chatham's room till every thing was ready for the representation—till the dresses and properties were all correctly disposed—till the light was thrown with Rembrandt-like effect on the head of the illustrious performer—till the flannels had been arranged with the air of a Grecian drapery, and the crutch placed as gracefully as that of Belshazzar or Lear.

Yet, with all his faults and affectations, Pitt had, in a very extraordinary degree,

many of the elements of greatness. He had splendid talents, strong passions, quick sensibility, and vehement enthusiasm for the grand and beautiful. There was something about him which ennobled tergiversation itself. He often went wrong,—very wrong. But, to quote the language of Wordsworth,

"He still retained,
'Mid such abasement, what he had received
From nature, an intense and glowing mind."

In an age of low and dirty prostitution,—in the age of Doddington and Sandys,—it was something to have a man who might perhaps, under some strong excitement, have been tempted to ruin his country, but who never would have stooped to pilfer from her;—a man whose errors arose, not from a sordid desire of gain, but from a fierce thirst for power, for glory, and for vengeance. History owes to him this attestation,—that at a time when any thing short of direct embezzlement of the public money was considered as quite fair in public men, he showed the most scrupulous disinterestedness,—that at a time when it seemed to be generally taken for granted that Government could be upheld only by the basest and most immoral arts, he appealed to the better and nobler parts of human nature,—that he made a brave and splendid attempt to do, by means of public opinion, what no other statesman of his day thought it possible to do, except by means of corruption,—that he looked for support, not, like the Pelhams, to a strong Aristocratical connexion, not, like Bute, to the personal favour of the Sovereign, but to the middle class of Englishmen,—that he inspired that class with a firm confidence in his integrity and ability,—that, backed by them, he forced an unwilling court and an unwilling oligarchy to admit him to an ample share of power,—and that he used his power in such a manner as clearly proved that he had sought it, not for the sake of profit or patronage, but from a wish to establish for himself a great and durable reputation by means of eminent services rendered to the state.

The family of Pitt was wealthy and respectable. His grandfather was Governor of Madras; and brought back from India that celebrated diamond which the Regent Orleans, by the advice of Saint-Simon, purchased for upwards of three millions of livres, and which is still considered as the most precious of the crown jewels of France. Governor Pitt bought estates and rotten boroughs, and sat in the House of Commons for Old Sarum, and at another time for Oakhampton. Robert had two sons. Thomas, the elder, inherited the estates and the Parliamentary interest of his father. The second was the celebrated William Pitt.

He was born in November, 1708. About the early part of his life little more is known than that he was educated at Eton, and that at seventeen he was entered at Trinity College, Oxford. During the second year of his residence at the University,

George the First died; and the event was, after the fashion of that generation, celebrated by the Oxonians in many very middling copies of verses. On this occasion Pitt published some Latin lines, which Mr. Thackeray has preserved. They prove that he had but a very limited knowledge even of the mechanical part of his art. All true Etonians will hear with concern, that their illustrious schoolfellow is guilty of making the first syllable in *labenti* short. The matter of the poem is as worthless as that of any college exercise that was ever written before or since. There is, of course, much about Mars, Themis, Neptune, and Cocytus. The Muses are earnestly entreated to weep for Cæsar; for Cæsar, says the poet, loved the Muses;—Cæsar, who could not read a line of Pope, and who loved nothing but punch and fat women.

Pitt had been, from his school-days, cruelly tormented by the gout, and was at last advised to travel for his health. He accordingly left Oxford without taking a degree, and visited France and Italy. He returned, however, without having received much benefit from his excursion, and continued, till the close of his life, to suffer most severely from his constitutional malady.

His father was now dead, and had left very little to the younger children. It was necessary that William should choose a profession. He decided for the army, and a cornet's commission was procured for him in the Blues.

But, small as his fortune was, his family had both the power and the inclination to serve him. At the general election of 1734, his elder brother Thomas was chosen both for Old Sarum and for Oakhampton. When Parliament met in 1735, Thomas made his election to serve for Oakhampton, and William was returned for Old Sarum.

Walpole had now been, during fourteen years, at the head of affairs. He had risen to power under the most favourable circumstances. The whole of the Whig party,—of that party which professed peculiar attachment to the principles of the revolution, and which exclusively enjoyed the confidence of the reigning house,—had been united in support of his administration. Happily for him, he had been out of office when the South-Sea Act was passed; and, though he does not appear to have foreseen all the consequences of that measure, he had strenuously opposed it, as he opposed almost all the measures, good and bad, of Sunderland's administration. When the South-Sea Company were voting dividends of fifty per cent,—when a hundred pounds of their stock were selling for eleven hundred pounds,—when Threadneedle Street was daily crowded with the caches of dukes and prelates,—when divines and philosophers turned gamblers,—when a thousand kindred bubbles were daily blown into existence,—the periwig company, and the Spanish-jack-ass company, and the quick-silver-fixation company,—Walpole's calm good sense preserved him from the general infatuation. He condemned the prevailing

madness in public, and turned a considerable sum by taking advantage of it in private. When the crash came,—when ten thousand families were reduced to beggary in a day,—when the people, in the frenzy of their rage and despair, clamoured not only against the lower agents in the juggle, but against the Hanoverian favourites, against the English ministers, against the King himself,—when Parliament met, eager for confiscation and blood,—when members of the House of Commons proposed that the directors should be treated like parricides in ancient Rome, tied up in sacks, and thrown into the Thames, Walpole was the man on whom all parties turned their eyes. Four years before he had been driven from power by the intrigues of Sunderland and Stanhope, and the lead in the House of Commons had been intrusted to Craggs and Aislabe. Stanhope was no more. Aislabe was expelled from Parliament on account of his disgraceful conduct regarding the South-Sea scheme. Craggs was saved by a timely death from a similar mark of infamy. A large minority in the House of Commons voted for a severe censure on Sunderland, who, finding it impossible to withstand the force of the prevailing sentiment, retired from office, and outlived his retirement but a very short time. The schism which had divided the Whig party was now completely healed. Walpole had no opposition to encounter except that of the Tories, and the Tories were naturally regarded by the King with the strongest suspicion and dislike.

For a time business went on with a smoothness and a despatch such as had not been known since the days of the Tudors. During the session of 1724, for example, there was only a single division. It is not impossible that, by taking the course which Pelham afterwards took,—by admitting into Government all the rising talents and ambition of the Whig party, and by making room here and there for a Tory not unfriendly to the House of Brunswick,—Walpole might have averted the tremendous conflict in which he was at length vanquished. The Opposition which overthrew him was an Opposition created by his own policy,—by his own insatiable love of power.

In the very act of forming his ministry, he turned one of the ablest and most attached of his supporters into a deadly enemy. Pulteney had strong public and private claims to a high situation in the new arrangement. His fortune was immense. His private character was respectable. He was already a distinguished speaker. He had acquired official experience in an important post. He had been, through all changes of fortune, a consistent Whig. When the Whig party was split into two sections, Pulteney had resigned a valuable place, and had followed the fortunes of Walpole. Yet when Walpole returned to power, Pulteney was not invited to take office. An angry discussion took place between the friends. The minister offered a peerage. It was impossible for Pulteney not to discern the motive of such an offer. He indignantly refused to accept

it. For some time he continued to brood over his wrongs, and to watch for an opportunity of revenge. As soon as a favourable conjuncture arrived, he joined the minority, and became the greatest leader of Opposition that the House of Commons had ever seen.

Of all the Members of the Cabinet, Carteret was the most eloquent and accomplished. His talents for debate were of the first order; his knowledge of foreign affairs superior to that of any living statesman; his attachment to the Protestant succession was undoubted. But there was not room in one Government for him and Walpole. Carteret retired, and was, from that time forward, one of the most persevering and formidable enemies of his old colleague.

If there was any man with whom Walpole could have consented to make a partition of power, that man was Lord Townshend. They were distant kinsmen by birth, near kinsmen by marriage. They had been friends from childhood. They had been school-fellows at Eton. They were country-neighbours in Norfolk. They had been in office together under Godolphin. They had gone into Opposition together when Harley rose to power. They had been persecuted by the same House of Commons. They had, after the death of Anne, been recalled together to office. They had again been driven out together by Sunderland, and had again come back together when the influence of Sunderland had declined. Their opinions on public affairs almost always coincided. They were both men of frank, generous, and compassionate natures; their intercourse had been for many years most affectionate and cordial. But the ties of blood, of marriage, and of friendship, the memory of mutual services and common persecutions were insufficient to restrain that ambition which domineered over all the virtues and vices of Walpole. He was resolved, to use his own metaphor, that the firm of the house should be, not Townshend and Walpole, but Walpole and Townshend. At length the rivals proceeded to personal abuse before witnesses, seized each other by the collar, and grasped their swords. The women squalled. The men parted the combatants.* By friendly intervention the scandal of a duel between cousins, brothers-in-law, old friends, and old colleagues, was prevented. But the disputants could not long continue to act together. Townshend retired, and with rare moderation and public spirit, refused to take any part in politics. He could not, he said, trust his temper. He feared that the recollection of his private wrongs might impel him to follow the example of Pulteney, and to oppose measures which he thought generally beneficial to the country. He, therefore, never visited London after his resignation; but passed the closing years of his life in

*The sense of this extraordinary quarrel was, we believe, a house in Cleveland Square, now occupied by Mr. Ellice, the Secretary at War. It was then the residence of Colonel Selwyn.

dignity and repose among his trees and pictures at Rainham.

Next went Chesterfield. He too was a Whig and a friend of the Protestant succession. He was an orator, a courtier, a wit, and a man of letters. He was at the head of *ton* in days when, in order to be at the head of *ton*, it was not sufficient to be dull and supercilious. It was evident that he submitted impatiently to the ascendancy of Walpole. He murmured against the Excise-bill. His brothers voted against it in the House of Commons. The minister acted with characteristic caution and characteristic energy;—caution in the conduct of public affairs; energy where his own administration was concerned. He withdrew his Bill, and turned out all his hostile or wavering colleagues. Chesterfield was stopped on the great staircase of St. James's, and summoned to deliver up the staff which he bore as Lord Steward of the Household. A crowd of noble and powerful functionaries,—the Dukes of Montrose and Bolton, Lord Burlington, Lord Stair, Lord Cobham, Lord Marchmont, Lord Clinton,—were at the same time dismissed from the service of the Crown.

Not long after these events the Opposition was reinforced by the Duke of Argyle, a man vainglorious indeed and fickle, but brave, eloquent, and popular. It was in a great measure owing to his exertions that the Act of Settlement had been peaceably executed in England immediately after the death of Anne, and that the Jacobite rebellion which, during the following year, broke out in Scotland, was suppressed. He too carried over to the minority the aid of his great name, his talents, and his paramount influence in his native country.

In each of these cases taken separately, a skilful defender of Walpole, might perhaps make out a case for him. But when we see that during a long course of years all the footsteps are turned the same way—that all the most eminent of those public men who agreed with the minister in their general views of policy left him, one after another, with sore and irritated minds, we find it impossible not to believe that the real explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the words of his son, 'Sir Robert Walpole loved power so much that he would not endure a rival.*' Hume has described this famous minister with great felicity in one short sentence,—"moderate in exercising power, not equitable in engrossing it." Kind-hearted, jovial, and placable as Walpole was, he was yet a man with whom no person of high pretensions and high spirit could long continue to act. He had therefore, to stand against an Opposition containing all the most accomplished statesmen of the age, with no better support than that which he received from persons like his brother Horace, or Henry Pelham, whose industrious mediocrity gave him no cause for jealousy; or from clever adventurers, whose situation and character diminished

*Memoirs, Vol. I., p. 201.

the dread which their talents might otherwise have inspired. To this last class belonged Fox, who was too poor to live without office; Sir William Yonge, of whom Walpole himself said, that nothing but such parts could buoy up such a character, and that nothing but such a character could drag down such parts; and Winnington, whose private morals lay, justly or unjustly, under imputations of the worst kind.

The discontented Whigs were, not perhaps in number, but certainly in ability, experience and weight, by far the most important of the Opposition. The Tories furnished little more than rows of ponderous foxhunters, fat with Staffordshire or Devonshire ale,—men who drank to the king over the water, and believed that all the fundholders were Jews,—men whose religion consisted in hating the Dissenters, and whose political researches had led them to fear, like Squire Western, that their land might be sent over to Hanover to be put in the sinking fund. The eloquence of these patriotic squires, the remnant of the once formidable October Club, seldom went beyond a hearty Aye or No. Very few members of this party had distinguished themselves much in Parliament, or could, under any circumstances, have been called to fill any high office; and those few had generally, like Sir William Wyndham, learned in the company of their new associates the doctrines of toleration and political liberty, and might indeed with strict propriety be called Whigs.

It was to the Whigs in Opposition, the patriots, as they were called, that the most distinguished of the English youth who at this season entered into public life, attached themselves. These inexperienced politicians felt all the enthusiasm which the name of liberty naturally excites in young and ardent minds. They conceived that the theory of the Tory Opposition, and the practice of Walpole's Government, were alike inconsistent with the principles of liberty. They accordingly repaired to the standard which Pulteney had set up. While opposing the Whig minister, they professed a firm adherence to the purest doctrines of Whiggism. He was the schismatic, they were the true Catholics, the peculiar people, the depositaries of the orthodox faith of Hampden and Russell; the one sect which, amidst the corruptions generated by time, and by the long possession of power, had preserved inviolate the principles of the Revolution. Of the young men who attached themselves to this portion of the Opposition, the most distinguished were Lyttleton and Pitt.

When Pitt entered Parliament, the whole political world was attentively watching the progress of an event which soon added great strength to the Opposition, and particularly to that section of the Opposition in which the young statesman enrolled himself. The Prince of Wales was gradually becoming more and more estranged from his father and his father's ministers, and more and more friendly to the patriots.

Nothing is more natural than that, in a monarchy, where a constitutional Opposi-

tion exists, the heir-apparent of the throne should put himself at the head of that Opposition. He is impelled to such a course by every feeling of ambition and vanity. He cannot be more than second in the estimation of the party which is in. He is sure to be the first member of the party which is out. The highest favour which the existing administration can expect from him is, that he will not discard them. But, if he joins the Opposition, all his associates expect that he will promote them; and the feelings which men entertain towards one from whom they hope to obtain great advantages which they have not, are far warmer than the feelings with which they regard one who, at the very utmost, can only leave them in possession of what they already had. An heir-apparent, therefore, who wishes to enjoy, in the highest perfection, all the pleasure that can be derived from eloquent flattery and profound respect, will always join those who are struggling to force themselves into power. This is, we believe, the true explanation of a fact which Lord Granville attributed to some natural peculiarity in the illustrious house of Brunswick. 'This family,' said he at Council—we suppose after his daily half-gallon of Burgundy—'always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation.' He should have known something of the matter; for he had been a favourite with three successive generations of the royal house. We cannot quite admit his explanation; but the fact is indisputable. Since the accession of George the First, there have been four Princes of Wales, and they have all been almost constantly in Opposition.

Whatever might have been the motives which induced Prince Frederick to join the party opposed to Sir Robert Walpole, his support infused into many members of that party a courage and an energy, of which they stood greatly in need. Hitherto, it had been impossible for the discontented Whigs not to feel some misgivings when they found themselves dividing, night after night, with uncompromising Jacobites, who were known to be in constant communication with the exiled family; or with Tories who had impeached Somers, who had murmured against Harley and St. John as too remiss in the cause of the Church and the landed interest, and who, if they were not inclined to attack the reigning family, yet considered the introduction of that family as, at best, only the less of two great evils,—as a necessary, but a painful and humiliating preservative against Popery. The minister might plausibly say that Pulteney and Carteret, in the hope of gratifying their own appetite for office and for revenge, did not scruple to serve the purposes of a faction hostile to the Protestant succession. The appearance of Frederick at the head of the patriots silenced this reproach. The leaders of the Opposition might now boast that their proceedings were sanctioned by a person as deeply interested as the King himself in maintaining the Act of Settlement; and that, instead of serving the pur-

poses of the Tory party, they had brought that party over to the side of Whiggism. It must indeed be admitted that, though both the King and the Prince behaved in a manner little to their honour,—though the father acted harshly, the son disrespectfully, and both childishly,—the Royal Family was rather strengthened than weakened by the disagreement of its two most distinguished members. A large class of politicians, who had considered themselves as placed under sentence of perpetual exclusion from office, and who, in their despair, had been almost ready to join in a counter-revolution, as the only mode of removing the proscription under which they lay, now saw with pleasure an easier and safer road to power opening before them, and thought it far better to wait till, in the natural course of things, the Crown should descend to the heir of the House of Brunswick, than to risk their lands and their necks in a rising for the House of Stewart. The situation of the Royal Family resembled the situation of those Scotch families in which father and son took opposite sides during the rebellion, in order that, come what might, the estate might not be forfeited.

In April 1736, Frederick was married to the Princess of Saxe Gotha, with whom he afterwards lived on terms very similar to those on which his father had lived with Queen Caroline. The Prince adored his wife, and thought her in mind and person the most attractive of her sex. But he thought that conjugal fidelity was an unprincipally virtue; and, in order to be like Henry the Fourth, and the Regent Orleans, he affected a libertinism for which he had no taste, and frequently quitted the only woman whom he loved for ugly and disagreeable mistresses.

The address which the House of Commons presented to the King on occasion of the Prince's marriage, was moved, not by the minister, but by Pulteney, the leader of the Whigs in Opposition. It was on this motion that Pitt, who had not broken silence during the session in which he took his seat, addressed the House for the first time. 'A contemporary historian,' says Mr. Thackeray, 'describes Mr. Pitt's first speech as superior even to the models of ancient eloquence. According to Tindal, it was more ornamented than the speeches of Demosthenes, and less diffuse than those of Cicero.' This unmeaning phrase has been a hundred times quoted. That it should ever have been quoted, except to be laughed at, is strange. The vogue which it has obtained may serve to show in how slovenly a way most people are content to think. Did Tindal, who first used it, or Archdeacon Coxe, or Mr. Thackeray, who have borrowed it, ever in their lives hear any speaking which did not deserve the same compliment? Did they ever hear speaking less ornamented than that of Demosthenes, or more diffuse than that of Cicero? We know no living orator, from Lord Brougham down to Mr. Hunt, who is not entitled to the same magnificent eulogy.

It would be no very flattering compliment to a man's figure to say, that he was taller than the Polish Count, and shorter than Giant O'Brien;—fatter than the *Anatomie Vivante*, and more slender than Daniel Lambert.

Pitt's speech, as it is reported in the Gentleman's Magazine, certainly deserves Tindal's compliment, and deserves no other. It is just as empty and wordy as a maiden speech on such an occasion might be expected to be. But the fluency and the personal advantages of the young orator instantly caught the ear and eye of his audience. He was, from the day of his first appearance, always heard with attention; and exercise soon developed the great powers which he possessed.

In our time, the audience of a member of Parliament is the nation. The three or four hundred persons who may be present while a speech is delivered, may be pleased or disgusted by the voice and action of the orator; but in the reports which are read the next day by hundreds and thousands, the difference between the noblest and the meanest figure, between the richest and the shillest tone, between the most graceful and the most uncouth gesture, altogether vanishes. A hundred years ago, scarcely any report of what passes within the walls of the House of Commons was suffered to get abroad. In those times, therefore, the impression which a speaker might make on the persons who actually heard him was every thing. The impression out of doors was hardly worth a thought. In the Parliaments of that time, therefore, as in the ancient commonwealths, those qualifications which enhance the immediate effect of a speech, were far more important ingredients in the composition of an orator than they would appear to be in our time. All those qualifications Pitt possessed in the highest degree. On the stage, he would have been the finest Brutus or Coriolanus ever seen. Those who saw him in his decay, when his health was broken, when his mind was jangled, when he had been removed from that stormy assembly of which he thoroughly knew the temper, and over which he possessed unbounded influence, to a small, and an unfriendly audience, say, that his speaking was then for the most part, a low, monotonous muttering, audible only to those who sat close to him,—that, when violently excited, he sometimes raised his voice for a few minutes, but that it soon sank again into an unintelligible murmur. Such was the Earl of Chatham; but such was not William Pitt. His figure, when he first appeared in Parliament, was strikingly graceful and commanding, his features high and noble, his eye full of fire. His voice, even when it sank to a whisper, was heard to the remotest benches; when he strained it to its full extent, the sound rose like the swell of the organ of a great cathedral, shook the house with its peal, and was heard through lobbies and down staircases, to the Court of Requests and the precincts of Westminster Hall. He cultivated all

these eminent advantages with the most assiduous care. His action is described by a very malignant observer as equal to that of Garrick. His play of countenance was wonderful: he frequently disconcerted a hostile orator by a single glance of indignation or scorn. Every tone, from the impassioned cry to the thrilling aside, was perfectly at his command. It is by no means improbable that the pains which he took to improve his great personal advantages had, in some respects, a prejudicial operation, and tended to nourish in him that passion for theatrical effect, which, as we have already remarked, was one of the most conspicuous blemishes in his character.

But it was not solely or principally to outward accomplishments that Pitt owed the vast influence which, during nearly thirty years, he exercised over the House of Commons. He was undoubtedly a great orator; and, from the descriptions of his contemporaries, and the fragments of his speeches which still remain, it is not difficult to discover the nature and extent of his oratorical powers.

He was no speaker of set speeches. His few prepared discourses were complete failures. The elaborate panegyric which he pronounced on General Wolfe was considered as the very worst of all his performances. 'No man,' says a critic who had often heard him, 'ever knew so little what he was going to say.' Indeed his facility amounted to a vice. He was not the master, but the slave of his own speech. So little self-command had he when once he felt the impulse, that he did not like to take part in a debate when his mind was full of an important secret of state. 'I must sit still,' he once said to Lord Shelburne on such an occasion; 'for when once I am up, every thing that is in my mind comes out.'

Yet he was not a great debater. That he should not have been so when first he entered the House of Commons, is not strange. Scarcely any person has ever become so without long practice, and many failures. It was by slow degrees, as Burke said, that the late Mr. Fox became the most brilliant and powerful debater that ever Parliament saw. Mr. Fox himself attributed his own success to the resolution which he formed when very young, of speaking, well or ill, at least once every night. 'During five whole sessions,' he used to say, 'I spoke every night but one; and I regret only that I did not speak on that night too.' Indeed it would be difficult to name any great debater, except Mr. Stanley, whose knowledge of the science of parliamentary defence resembles an instinct, who has not made himself a master of his art at the expense of his audience.

But as this art is one which even the ablest men have seldom acquired without long practice, so it is one which men of respectable abilities, with assiduous and intrepid practice, seldom fail to acquire. It is singular that in such an art, Pitt, a man of splendid talents, of great fluency, of great boldness—a man whose whole life

was passed in parliamentary conflict—a man who, during several years, was the leading minister of the Crown in the House of Commons—should never have attained to high excellence. He spoke without premeditation; but his speech followed the course of his own thoughts, and not the course of his previous discussion. He could, indeed, treasure up in his memory some detached expression of a hostile orator, and make it the text for sparkling ridicule or burning invective. Some of the most celebrated bursts of his eloquence were called forth by an unguarded word, a laugh, or a cheer. But this was the only sort of reply in which he appears to have excelled. He was perhaps the only great English orator who did not think it any advantage to have the last word; and who generally spoke by choice before his most formidable opponents. His merit was almost entirely rhetorical. He did not succeed either in exposition or in refutation; but his speeches abounded with lively illustrations, striking apophthegms, well-told anecdotes, happy allusions, passionate appeals. His invective and sarcasm were tremendous. Perhaps no English orator was ever so much feared.

But that which gave most effect to his declamation, was the air of sincerity, of vehement feeling, of moral elevation, which belonged to all that he said. His style was not always in the purest taste. Several contemporary judges pronounced it too florid. Walpole, in the midst of the rapturous eulogy which he pronounces on one of Pitt's greatest orations, owns that some of the metaphors were too forced. The quotations and classical stories of the great orator are sometimes too trite for a clever schoolboy. But these were niceties for which the audience cared little. The enthusiasm of the orator infected all who were near him; his ardour and his noble bearing put fire into the most frigid conceit, and gave dignity to the most puerile allusion.

His powers soon began to give annoyance to the Government, and Walpole determined to make an example of the patriotic cornet. Pitt was accordingly dismissed from the service. Mr. Thackeray absurdly says that the minister took this step, because he plainly saw that it would have been vain to think of buying over so honourable and disinterested an opponent. We do not dispute Pitt's integrity; but we do not know what proof he had given of it when he was turned out of the army; and we are sure that Walpole was not likely to give credit for inflexible honesty to a young adventurer, who had never had an opportunity of refusing any thing. The truth is, that it was not Walpole's practice to buy off enemies. Mr. Burke truly says, in the Appeal to the Old Whigs, 'Walpole gained very few over from the Opposition.' He knew his business far too well. He knew that for one mouth that is stopped with a place, fifty other mouths will instantly be opened. He knew that it would have been very bad policy in him to give the world to understand that more was to be got by

thwarting his measures than by supporting them. These maxims are as old as the or gin of parliamentary corruption in England. Pepys learned them, as he tells us, from the counsellors of Charles the Second.

Pitt was no loser. He was made Groom of the Bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and continued to declaim against the ministers with unabated violence, and with increasing ability. The question of maritime right, then agitated between Spain and England, called forth all his powers. He clamoured for war with a vehemence which it is not easy to reconcile with reason or humanity, but which appears to Mr. Thackeray worthy of the highest admiration. We will not stop to argue a point on which we had long thought that all well-informed people were agreed. We could easily show, we think, that, if any respect be due to international law—if right, where societies of men are concerned, be any thing but another name for might—if we do not adopt the doctrine of the Buccaneers, which seems to be also the doctrine of Mr. Thackeray, that treaties mean nothing within thirty degrees of the line—the war with Spain was altogether unjustifiable. But the truth is, that the promoters of that war have saved the historian the trouble of trying them: they have pleaded guilty. 'I have seen,' says Burke, 'and with some care examined, the original documents concerning certain important transactions of those times. They perfectly satisfied me of the extreme injustice of that war, and of the falsehood of the colours which Walpole, to his ruin, and guided by a mistaken policy, suffered to be daubed over that measure. Some years after, it was my fortune to converse with many of the principal actors against that minister, and with those who principally excited that clamour. None of them, no not one, did in the least defend the measure, or attempt to justify their conduct. They condemn it as freely as they would have done in commenting upon any proceeding in history in which they were totally unconcerned.*' Pitt, on subsequent occasions, gave ample proof that he was not one of those tardy penitents.

The elections of 1741 were unfavourable to Walpole; and after a long and obstinate struggle he found it necessary to resign. The duke of Newcastle and Lord Hardwicke opened a negotiation with the leading patriots, in the hope of forming an administration on a Whig basis. At this conjuncture, Pitt, Lyttleton, and those persons who were most nearly connected with them, acted in a manner very little to their honour. They attempted to come to an understanding with Walpole, and offered, if he would use his influence with the King in their favour, to screen him from prosecution. They even went so far as to engage for the concurrence of the Prince of Wales. But Walpole knew that the assistance of the Boys, as he called the young patriots, would avail him nothing if Pulteney and Carteret should prove intractable,

and would be superfluous, if the great leaders of the Opposition could be gained. He, therefore, declined the proposal. It is remarkable that Mr. Thackeray, who has thought it worth while to preserve Pitt's bad college verses, has not even alluded to this story,—a story which is supported by strong testimony, and which may be found in so common a book as Coxe's *Life of Walpole*.

The new arrangements disappointed almost every member of the Opposition, and none more than Pitt. He was not invited to become a placeman; and he, therefore, stuck firmly to his old trade of patriot. Fortunate it was for him that he did so. Had he taken office at this time, he would in all probability have shared largely in the unpopularity of Pulteney, Sandys, and Carteret. He was now the fiercest and most implacable of those who called for vengeance on Walpole. He spoke with great energy and ability in favour of the most unjust and violent propositions which the enemies of the fallen minister could invent. He urged the House of Commons to appoint a secret tribunal for the purpose of investigating the conduct of the late first Lord of the Treasury. This was done. The great majority of the inquisitors were notoriously hostile to the accused statesman. Yet they were compelled to own that they could find no fault in him. They therefore called for new powers, for a bill of indemnity to witnesses,—or, in plain words, for a bill to reward all who might give evidence, true or false, against the Earl of Orford. This bill Pitt supported.—Pitt, who had offered to be a screen between Lord Orford and public justice! These are melancholy facts. Mr. Thackeray omits them, or hurries over them as fast as he can; and, as eulogy is his business, he is in the right to do so. But, though there are many parts of the life of Pitt which it is more agreeable to contemplate, we know none more instructive. What must have been the general state of political morality, when a young man, considered, and justly considered, as the most public-spirited and spotless statesman of his time, could attempt to force his way into office by means so disgraceful?

The Bill of Indemnity was rejected by the Lords. Walpole withdrew himself quietly from the public eye; and the ample space which he had left vacant was soon occupied by Carteret. Against Carteret Pitt began to thunder with as much zeal as he had ever manifested against Sir Robert. To Carteret he transferred most of the hard names which were familiar to his eloquence,—sole minister, wicked minister, odious minister, execrable minister. The great topic of his invective was the favour shown to the German dominions of King George. He attacked with great violence, and with an ability which raised him to the very first rank among the Parliamentary speakers, the practice of paying Hanoverian troops with English money. The House of Commons had lately lost some of its distinguished ornaments. Walpole and Pulteney had accepted peerages; Sir William

*Letters on a Regicide Peace.

Wyndham was dead; and among the rising men none could be considered as, on the whole, a match for Pitt.

During the recess of 1774, the old Dutchess of Marlborough died. She carried to her grave the reputation of being decidedly the best hater of her time. Yet her love had been infinitely more destructive than her hatred. In the time of Anne, her temper had ruined the party to which she belonged, and the husband whom she adored. Time had made her neither wiser nor kinder. Whoever was at any moment great and prosperous, was the object of her fiercest detestation. She had hated Walpole—she now hated Carteret.

Pope, long before her death, predicted the fate of her vast property.

"To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor."

Pitt was poor enough; and to him Heaven directed a portion of the wealth of the haughty Dowager. She left him a legacy of £10,000 in consideration of 'the noble defence he made for the support of the laws of England, and to prevent the ruin of his country.'

This will was made in August. The Dutchess died in October. In November Pitt had become a courtier. The Pelhams had forced the King, much against his will, to part with Lord Carteret, now Earl Granville. They proceeded, after this victory, to form the Government on that basis, called by the cant name of 'the broad bottom.' Lyttleton had a seat at the Treasury, and several other friends of Pitt were provided for. But Pitt himself was, for the present, forced to be content with promises. The King resented most highly some expressions which the ardent orator had used in the debate on the Hanoverian troops. But Newcastle and Pelham expressed the strongest confidence that time, and their exertions, would soften the royal displeasure.

Pitt, on his part, omitted nothing that might facilitate his admission to office. He resigned his place in the household of Prince Frederick, and, when Parliament met, exerted his eloquence in support of the Government. The Pelhams were really sincere in their endeavours to remove the strong prejudices that had taken root in the King's mind. They knew that Pitt was not a man to be deceived with ease, or offended with impunity. They were afraid that they should not be long able to put him off. There was a strong tie between him and them. He was the enemy of their enemy. The brothers hated and dreaded the eloquent, aspiring, and imperious Granville. They had traced his intrigues in many quarters. They knew his influence over the royal mind. They knew that, as soon as a favourable opportunity might arrive, he would be recalled to the head of affairs. They resolved to bring things to a crisis; and the question on which they took issue with their master was,

whether Pitt should or should not be admitted to office? They chose their time with more skill than generosity. It was when rebellion was actually raging in Britain; when the Pretender was master of the northern extremity of the island, that they tendered their resignations. The King found himself deserted, in one day, by the whole strength of that party which had placed his family on the throne. Lord Granville tried to form a government; but it soon appeared that the parliamentary interest of the Pelhams was irresistible; and that the King's favourite statesman could count only on about thirty Lords, and eighty members of the House of Commons. The scheme was given up. Granville went away laughing. The ministers came back stronger than ever, and the King was now no longer able to refuse any thing that they might be pleased to demand. All that he could do, was to mutter that it was very hard that Newcastle, who was not fit to be Chamberlain to the most insignificant prince in Germany, should dictate to the King of England.

One concession the ministers graciously made. They agreed that Pitt should not be placed in a situation in which it would be necessary for him to have frequent interviews with the King. Instead, therefore, of making their new ally Secretary at War, as they had intended, they appointed him Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and in a few months promoted him to the office of Paymaster of the Forces.

This was, at that time, one of the most lucrative offices in the Government. The salary was but a small part of the emolument which the Paymaster derived from his place. He was allowed to keep a large sum—seldom less than 100,000*l.*—constantly in his hands; and the interest on this sum, probably about 4,000*l.* a-year, he might appropriate to his own use. This practice was not secret, nor was it considered as disreputable. It was the practice of men of undoubted honour, both before and after the time of Pitt. He, however, refused to accept one farthing beyond the salary which the law had annexed to his office. It had been usual for foreign princes, who received the pay of England, to give to the Paymaster of the Forces a small per centage on the subsidies. These ignominious vails Pitt resolutely declined.

Disinterestedness of this kind was, in his days, very rare. His conduct surprised and amused politicians. It excited the warmest admiration throughout the body of the people. In spite of the inconsistencies of which Pitt had been guilty,—in spite of the strange contrast between his violence in Opposition and his tameness in office,—he still possessed a large share of the public confidence. The motives which may lead a politician to change his connexions, or his general line of conduct, are often obscure; but disinterestedness in money matters every body can understand. Pitt was thenceforth considered as a man who was proof to all sordid temptations. If he acted ill, it might be from an error in judgment; it might be from

resentment; it might be from ambition. But, poor as he was, he had vindicated himself from all suspicion of covetousness.

Eight quiet years followed,—eight years during which the minority, feeble from the time of Lord Granville's defeat, continued to dwindle till it became almost invisible. Peace was made with France and Spain in 1748. Prince Frederick died in 1751; and with him died the very semblance of Opposition. All the most distinguished survivors of the party which had supported Walpole, and of the party which had opposed him, were united under his successor. The fiery and vehement spirit of Pitt had for a time been laid to rest. He silently acquiesced in that very system of Continental measures which he had lately condemned. He ceased to talk disrespectfully about Hanover. He did not object to the treaty with Spain, though that treaty left us exactly where we had been when he uttered his spirit-stirring harangues against the pacific policy of Walpole. Now and then glimpses of his former self appeared; but they were few and transient. Pelham knew with whom he had to deal, and felt that an ally, so little used to control, and so capable of inflicting injury, might well be indulged in an occasional fit of waywardness.

Two men, little, if at all, inferior to Pitt in powers of mind, held, like him, subordinate offices in the government. One of these, Murray, was successively Solicitor-General and Attorney-General. This distinguished person far succeeded Pitt in correctness of taste, in power of reasoning, in depth and variety of knowledge. His parliamentary eloquence never blazed into sudden flashes of dazzling brilliancy, but its clear, placid, and mellow splendour was never for an instant overclouded. Intellectually he was, we believe, fully equal to Pitt; but he was deficient in the moral qualities to which Pitt owed most of his success. Murray wanted the energy, the courage, the all-grasping and all-risking ambition, which make men great in stirring times. His heart was a little cold; his temper cautious even to timidity; his manners decorous even to formality. He never exposed his fortunes or his fame to any risk which he could avoid. At one time he might, in all probability, have been Prime Minister. But the object of all his wishes was the judicial bench. The situation of Chief Justice might not be so splendid as that of First Lord of the Treasury; but it was dignified; it was quiet; it was secure; and therefore it was the favourite situation of Murray.

Fox, the father of the great man whose mighty efforts in the cause of peace, of truth, and of liberty, have made that name immortal, was Secretary at War. He was a favourite with the King, with the Duke of Cumberland, and with some of the most powerful individuals of the great Whig connexion. His parliamentary talents were of the highest order. As a speaker, he was in almost all respects the very opposite of Pitt. His figure was ungraceful; his face, as Reynolds and Roubiliac have preserved it to us, indicated a strong understanding;

but the features were coarse, and the general aspect dark and lowering. His manner was awkward; his delivery was hesitating; he was often at a stand for want of a word; but as a debater,—as a master of that keen, weighty, manly logic, which is suited to the discussion of political questions,—he has perhaps never been surpassed except by his son. In reply, he was as decidedly superior to Pitt, as in declamation he was inferior. Intellectually, the balance was nearly even between the rivals. But here, again, the moral qualities of Pitt turned the scale. Fox had undoubtedly many virtues. In natural disposition, as well as in talents, he bore a great resemblance to his more celebrated son. He had the same sweetness of temper, the same strong passions, the same openness, boldness, and impetuosity, the same cordiality towards friends, the same placability towards enemies. No man was more warmly or justly beloved by his family or by his associates. But unhappily he had been trained in a bad political school,—in a school, the doctrines of which were, that political virtue is the mere coquetry of political prostitution—that every patriot has his price—that Government can be carried on only by means of corruption—and that the state is given as a prey to statesmen. These maxims were too much in vogue throughout the lower ranks of Walpole's party, and were too much encouraged by Walpole himself, who, from contempt of what is in our day called *humbug*, often ran extravagantly and offensively into the opposite extreme. The loose political morality of Fox presented a remarkable contrast to the ostentatious purity of Pitt. The nation distrusted the former, and placed implicit confidence in the latter. But almost all the statesmen of the age had still to learn that the confidence of the nation was worth having. While things went on quietly, while there was no Opposition, while every thing was given by the favour of a small ruling junta, Fox had a decided advantage over Pitt; but when dangerous times came, when Europe was convulsed with war, when Parliament was broken up into factions, when the public mind was violently excited, the favourite of the people rose to supreme power while his rival sank into insignificance.

Early in the year 1754, Henry Pelham died unexpectedly. 'Now I shall have no more peace,' exclaimed the old King, when he heard the news. He was in the right. Pelham had succeeded in bringing together, and keeping together, all the talents of the kingdom. By his death, the highest post to which an English subject can aspire was left vacant; and, at the same moment, the influence which had yoked together and reined in so many turbulent and ambitious spirits was withdrawn.

Within a week after Pelham's death, it was determined that the Duke of Newcastle should be placed at the head of the Treasury; but the arrangement was still far from complete. Who was to be the leading Minister of the Crown in the House of Commons? Was the office to be intrusted

to a man of eminent talents? And would not such a man in such a place demand and obtain a larger share of power and patronage than Newcastle would be disposed to concede? Was a mere drudge to be employed? And what probability was there that a mere drudge would be able to manage a large and stormy assembly, abounding with able and experienced men?

Pope has said of that wretched miser Sir John Cutler,—

'Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall
For very want:—he could not build a wall.'

Newcastle's love of power resembled Cutler's love of money. It was an avarice which thwarted itself,—a penny-wise and pound-foolish cupidity. An immediate outlay was so painful to him, that he would not venture to make the most desirable improvement. If he could have found the heart to cede at once a portion of his authority, he might probably have ensured the continuance of what remained; but he thought it better to construct a weak and rotten government, which tottered at the smallest breath, and fell in the first storm, than to pay the necessary price for sound and durable materials. He wished to find some person who would be willing to accept the lead of the House of Commons on terms similar to those on which Secretary Craggs had acted under Sunderland, five-and-thirty years before. Craggs could hardly be called a minister. He was a mere agent for the minister. He was not trusted with the higher secrets of state, but obeyed implicitly the directions of his superior; and was, to use Doddington's expression, merely Lord Sunderland's man. But times were changed. Since the days of Sunderland, the importance of the House of Commons had been constantly on the increase. During many years, the person who conducted the business of the Government in that House had almost always been Prime Minister. Under these circumstances, it was not to be supposed that any person who possessed the talents necessary to the situation, would stoop to accept it on such terms as Newcastle was disposed to offer.

Pitt was ill at Bath; and, had he been well and in London, neither the King nor Newcastle would have been disposed to make any overtures to him. The cool and wary Murray had set his heart on professional objects. Negotiations were opened with Fox. Newcastle behaved like himself,—that is to say, childishly and basely. The proposition which he made was, that Fox should be Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons; that the disposal of the secret service-money, or in plain words, the business of buying members of Parliament, should be left to the First Lord of the Treasury; but that Fox should be exactly informed of the way in which this fund was employed.

To these conditions Fox assented. But the next day every thing was in confusion. Newcastle had changed his mind. The conversation which took place between Fox

and the Duke is one of the most curious in English history. 'My brother,' said Newcastle, 'when he was at the Treasury, never told any body what he did with the secret service-money. No more will I.' The answer was obvious. Pelham had been, not only First Lord of the Treasury, but manager of the House of Commons; and it was therefore unnecessary for him to confide to any other person his dealings with the members of that house. 'But how,' said Fox, 'can I lead in the Commons without information on this head? How can I talk to gentlemen when I do not know which of them have received gratifications and which have not? And who,' he continued, 'is to have the disposal of places?'—'I, myself,' said the Duke.—'How then am I to manage the House of Commons?'—'Oh, let the members of the House of Commons come to me.' Fox then mentioned the general election which was approaching, and asked how the ministerial burghs were to be filled up. 'Do not trouble yourself,' said Newcastle; 'that is all settled.' This was too much for human nature to bear. Fox refused to accept the Secretaryship of State on such terms; and the Duke confided the management of the House of Commons to a dull, harmless man, whose name is almost forgotten in our time.—Sir Thomas Robinson.

When Pitt returned from Bath, he affected great moderation, though his haughty soul was boiling with resentment. He did not complain of the manner in which he had been passed by; and said openly that, in his opinion, Fox was the fittest man to lead the House of Commons. The rivals were reconciled by their common interests and their common enmities, and concerted a plan of operations for the next session. 'Sir Thomas Robinson lead us,' said Pitt to Fox. '—The Duke might as well send his jack-boot to lead us.'

The elections of 1754 were favourable to the administration. But the aspect of foreign affairs was threatening. In India the English and the French had been employed ever since the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in cutting each other's throats. They had lately taken to the same practice in America. It might have been foreseen that stirring times were at hand,—times which would call for abilities very different from those of Newcastle and Robinson.

In November, the Parliament met; and before the end of that month the new Secretary of State had been so unmercifully baited by the Paymaster of the Forces, and the Secretary at War, that he was thoroughly sick of his situation. Fox attacked him with great force and acrimony. Pitt affected a kind of contemptuous tenderness for Sir Thomas, and directed his attacks principally against Newcastle. On one occasion, he asked in tones of thunder, whether Parliament sate only to register the edicts of one too-powerful subject? The Duke was scared out of his wits. He was afraid to dismiss the mutineers; he was afraid to promote them; but it was absolutely necessary to do something. Fox, as the less proud and intractable of the refractory

pair, was preferred. A seat in the Cabinet was offered to him, on condition that he would give efficient support to the ministry in Parliament. In an evil hour for his fame and his fortunes, he accepted the offer, and abandoned his connexion with Pitt, who never forgave this desertion.

Sir Thomas, assisted by Fox, contrived to get through the business of the year without much trouble. Pitt was waiting his time. The negotiations pending between France and England took every day a more unfavourable aspect. Towards the close of the session the King sent a message to inform the House of Commons that he had found it necessary to make preparations for war. The House returned an address of thanks, and passed a vote of credit. During the recess, the old animosity of both nations were inflamed by a series of disastrous events. An English force was cut off in America; and several French merchantmen were taken in the West Indian seas. It was plain that war was at hand.

The first object of the King was to secure Hanover; and Newcastle was disposed to gratify his master. Treaties were concluded, after the fashion of those times, with several petty German princes, who bound themselves to find soldiers if England would find money; and, as it was suspected that Frederick the Second had set his heart on the electoral dominions of his uncle, Russia was hired to keep Prussia in awe.

When the stipulations of these treaties were made known, there arose throughout the kingdom a murmur from which a judicial observer might easily prognosticate the approach of a tempest. Newcastle encountered strong opposition, even from those whom he had always considered as his tools. Legge, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, refused to sign the Treasury warrants which were necessary to give effect to the treaties. Those persons who were supposed to possess the confidence of the young Prince of Wales and his mother, held very menacing language. In this perplexity Newcastle sent for Pitt, hugged him, patted him, smirked at him, wept over him, and lisped out the highest compliments and the most splendid promises. The King, who had hitherto been as sulky as possible, would be civil to him at the levee;—he should be brought into the Cabinet;—he should be consulted about every thing;—if he would only be so good as to support the Hessian subsidy in the House of Commons. Pitt coldly declined the proffered seat in the Cabinet,—expressed the highest love and reverence for the King,—and said that if his Majesty felt a strong personal interest in the Hessian treaty, he would so far deviate from the line which he had traced out for himself as to give that treaty his support. 'Well, and the Russian subsidy,' said Newcastle. 'No,' said Pitt, 'not a system of subsidies.' The Duke summoned Lord Hardwicke to his aid; but Pitt was inflexible. Murray would do nothing—Robinson could do nothing. It was necessary to have recourse to Fox. He be-

came Secretary of State, with the full authority of a leader in the House of Commons; and Sir Thomas was pensioned off on the Irish establishment.

In November, 1755, the Houses met. Public expectation was wound up to the height. After ten quiet years there was to be an Opposition, countenanced by the heir-apparent of the throne, headed by the most brilliant orator of the age, and backed by a strong party throughout the country. The debate on the address was long remembered as one of the greatest parliamentary conflicts of that generation. It began at three in the afternoon, and lasted till five the next morning. It was on this night that Gerard Hamilton delivered that *single speech* from which his nickname was derived. His eloquence threw into the shade every orator except Pitt, who declaimed against the subsidies for an hour and a half with extraordinary energy and effect. Those powers which had formerly spread terror through the majorities of Walpole and Carteret were now displayed in their highest perfection before an audience long unaccustomed to such exhibitions. One fragment of this celebrated oration remains in a state of tolerable preservation. It is the comparison between the coalition of Fox and Newcastle, and the junction of the Rhone and the Saone. 'At Lyons,' he said, 'I was taken to see the place where the two rivers meet—the one gentle, feeble, languid, and, though languid, yet of no depth, the other a boisterous and impetuous torrent; but different as they are, they meet at last.' The amendment moved by the Opposition was rejected by a great majority, and Pitt and Legge were immediately dismissed from their offices. Lyttleton, whose friendship for Pitt had, during some time, been cooling, succeeded Legge as Chancellor of the Exchequer.

During several months the contest in the House of Commons was extremely sharp. Warm debates took place in the estimates—debates still warmer on the subsidiary treaties. The Government succeeded in every division; but the fame of Pitt's eloquence, and the influence of his lofty and determined character, continued to increase through the Session; and the events which followed the prorogation rendered it utterly impossible for any other person to manage the Parliament of the country.

The war began in every part of the world with events disastrous to England, and even more shameful than disastrous. But the most humiliating of these events was the loss of Minorca. The Duke of Richelieu, an old fox, who had passed his life from sixteen to sixty in seducing women, for whom he cared not one straw, landed on that island with a French army, and succeeded in reducing it. Admiral Byng was sent from Gibraltar to throw succours into Port-Mahon; but he did not think fit to engage the French squadron, and sailed back without having effected his purpose. The people were inflamed to madness. A storm broke forth, which appalled even those who remembered the

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days of 'Excise' and of 'South Sea.' The shops were filled with libels and caricatures. The walls were covered with placards. The city of London called for vengeance, and the cry was echoed from every corner of the kingdom. Dorsetshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Somersetshire, Lancashire, Suffolk, Shropshire, Surrey, sent up strong addresses to the throne; and instructed their representatives to vote for a strict inquiry into the causes of the late disasters. In the great towns the feeling was as strong as in the counties. In some of the instructions it was even recommended that the supplies should be stopped.

The nation was in a state of angry and sullen despondency, almost unparalleled in history. People have, in all ages, been in the habit of talking about the good old times of their ancestors, and the degeneracy of their contemporaries. This is in general merely a cant. But in 1756, it was something more. At this time appeared Brown's 'Estimate,'—a book now remembered only by the allusions in Cowper's 'Table Talk,' and Burke's 'Letters to a Regicide Peace.' It was universally read, admired, and believed. The author fully convinced his readers that they were a race of cowards and scoundrels; that nothing could save them; that they were on the point of being enslaved by their enemies, and that they richly deserved their fate. Such were the speculations to which ready credence was given at the outset of the most glorious war in which England had ever been engaged.

Newcastle now began to tremble for his place, and for the only thing which was dearer to him than his place—his neck. The people were not in a mood to be trifled with. Their cry was for blood. For this once they might be contented with the sacrifice of Byng. But what if fresh disasters should take place? What if an unfriendly sovereign should ascend the throne? What if a hostile House of Commons should be chosen?

At length, in October, the decisive crisis came. Fox had been long sick of the perfidy and levity of Newcastle, and now began to fear that he might be made a scape-goat to save the old intriguer, who, imbecile as he seemed, never wanted dexterity where danger was to be avoided. He threw up his office. Newcastle had recourse to Murray; but Murray had now within his reach the favourite object of his ambition. The situation of Chief-Justice of the King's Bench was vacant; and the Attorney-General was fully resolved to obtain it, or to go into Opposition. Newcastle offered him any terms—the Dutchy of Lancaster for life—a tellership of the Exchequer—any pension that he chose to ask—two thousand a year—six thousand a year. When the ministers found that Murray's mind was made up, they pressed for delay—the delay of a session, a month, a week, a day. Would he only make his appearance once more in the House of Commons? Would he only speak in favour of the address?

He was inexorable; and peremptorily said that the might give or withhold the Chief Justiceship, but that he would be Attorney-General no longer.

Newcastle contrived to overcome the prejudices of the King, and overtures were made to Pitt, through Lord Hardwicke. Pitt knew his power, and showed that he knew it. He demanded as an indispensable condition that Newcastle should be altogether excluded from the new arrangement.

The Duke was now in a state of ludicrous distress. He ran about chattering and crying, asking advice and listening to none. In the meantime, the Session drew near. The public excitement was unabated. Nobody could be found to face Pitt and Fox in the House of Commons. Newcastle's heart failed him, and he tendered his resignation.

The King sent for Fox, and directed him to form the plan of an administration in concert with Pitt. But Pitt had not forgotten old injuries, and positively refused to act with Fox.

The King now applied to the Duke of Devonshire, and this mediator succeeded in making an arrangement. He consented to take the Treasury. Pitt became Secretary of State, with the lead of the House of Commons. The Great Seal was put into commission. Legge returned to the Exchequer; and Lord Temple, whose sister Pitt had lately married, was placed at the head of the Admiralty.

It was clear from the first that this administration would last but a very short time. It lasted not quite five months; and, during those five months, Pitt and Lord Temple were treated with rudeness by the King, and found but a feeble support in the House of Commons. It is a remarkable fact, that the Opposition prevented the reelection of some of the new Ministers. Pitt, who sat for one of the boroughs which were in the Pelham interest, found some difficulty in obtaining a seat after his acceptance of the seals. So destitute was the new Government of that sort of influence, without which no government could then be durable. One of the arguments most frequently urged against the Reform Bill was that, under a system of popular representation, men whose presence in the House of Commons was necessary to the conducting of public business, might often find it impossible to find seats. Should this inconvenience ever be felt, there cannot be the slightest difficulty in devising and applying a remedy. But those who threatened us with this evil ought to have remembered that, under the old system, a great man called to power at a great crisis, by the voice of the whole nation, was in danger of being excluded, by an aristocratical coterie, from that House, of which he was the most distinguished ornament.

The most important event of this short administration was the trial of Byng. On that subject public opinion is still divided. We think the punishment of the Admiral altogether unjust and absurd. Treachery,

cowardice, ignorance, amounting to what lawyers have called *crassa ignorantia*, are fit objects of severe penal inflictions. But Byng was not found guilty of treachery, of cowardice, or of gross ignorance of his profession. He died for doing what the most loyal subject, the most intrepid warrior, the most experienced seaman, might have done. He died for an error in judgment,—an error, such as the greatest commanders, Frederick, Napoleon, Wellington, have often committed, and have often acknowledged. Such errors are not proper objects of punishment; for this reason,—that the punishing of them tends not to prevent them, but to produce them. The dread of an ignominious death may stimulate sluggishness to exertion, may keep a traitor to his standard, may prevent a coward from leaving the ranks, but it has no tendency to bring out those qualities which enable men to form prompt and judicious decisions in great emergencies. The best marksman may be expected to fail when the apple, which is to be his mark, is set on his child's head. We cannot conceive any thing more likely to deprive an officer of his self-possession at the time when he most needs it, than the knowledge that, if the judgment of his superiors should not agree with his, he will be executed with every circumstance of shame. Queens, it has often been said, run far greater risk in childbirth than private women, merely because their medical attendants are more anxious. The surgeon who attended Marie Louise was altogether unnerved by his emotions. 'Compose yourself,' said Bonaparte—'Imagine that you are assisting a poor girl in the Faubourg St. Antoine.' This was surely a far wiser course than that of the Eastern king in the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' who proclaimed that the physicians who failed to cure his daughter should have their heads chopped off. Bonaparte knew mankind well; and, as he acted towards this surgeon, he acted towards his officers. No sovereign was ever so indulgent to mere errors of judgment; and it is certain that no sovereign ever had in his service so many military men fit for the highest commands.

Pitt certainly acted a brave and honest part on this occasion. He ventured to put both his power and his popularity to hazard, and spoke manfully for Byng, both in Parliament and in the royal presence. But the King was inexorable. 'The House of Commons, Sir,' said Pitt, 'seems inclined to mercy.'—'Sir,' answered the King, 'you have taught me to look for the sense of my people in other places than the House of Commons.' The saying has more point than most of those which are recorded of George the Second; and, though sarcastically meant, contains a high and just compliment to Pitt.

The King disliked Pitt, but absolutely hated Temple. The new Secretary of State, his Majesty said, had read Vattel, and was tedious and pompous, but respectful. The First Lord of the Admiralty was grossly impertinent. Walpole tells one story, which, we fear, is much too good to

be true. He assures us that Temple entertained his royal master with an elaborate parallel between Byng's behaviour at Minorca, and his Majesty's behaviour at Oudenarde. The advantage was all on the side of the Admiral; and the obvious inference was, that if Byng ought to be shot, the King must richly deserve to be hanged.

This state of things could not last. Early in April, Pitt and all his friends were turned out, and Newcastle was summoned to St. James'. But the public discontent was not extinguished. It had subsided when Pitt was called to power. But it still glowed under the embers; and it now burst at once into a flame. The Stocks fell. The Common Council met. The freedom of the city was voted to Pitt. All the greatest corporate towns followed the example. 'For some weeks,' says Walpole, 'it rained gold boxes.'

This was the turning point of Pitt's life. It might have been expected that a man of so haughty and vehement a nature, treated so ungraciously by the Court, and supported so enthusiastically by the people, would have eagerly taken the first opportunity of showing his power, and gratifying his resentment; for an opportunity was not wanting. The members for many counties and large towns had been instructed to vote for an inquiry into the circumstances which had produced the miscarriage of the preceding year. A motion for inquiry had been carried in the House of Commons, without opposition; and, a few days after Pitt's dismissal, the investigation commenced. Newcastle and his colleagues obtained a vote of acquittal; but the minority was so strong, that they could not venture to ask for a vote of approbation, as they had at first intended; and it was thought by some shrewd observers, that, if Pitt had exerted himself to the utmost of his power, the inquiry might have ended in a censure, if not in an impeachment.

Pitt showed on this occasion a moderation and self-government which were not habitual to him. He had found by experience, that he could not stand alone. His eloquence and his popularity had done much,—very much for him. Without rank, without fortune, without borough interest,—hated by the King, hated by the aristocracy,—he was a person of the first importance in the state. He had been suffered to form a ministry, and to pronounce sentence of exclusion on all his rivals,—on the most powerful nobleman of the Whig party,—on the ablest debater in the House of Commons. And he now found that he had gone too far. The English Constitution was not, indeed, without a popular element. But other elements generally predominated. The confidence and admiration of the nation might make a statesman formidable at the head of an Opposition,—might load him with framed and glazed parchments, and gold boxes,—might possibly, under very peculiar circumstances, such as those of the preceding year, raise him for a time to power. But, constituted as Parliament

then was, the favourite of the people could not depend on a majority in the people's own House. The Duke of Newcastle, however contemptible in morals, manners, and understanding, was a dangerous enemy. His rank, his wealth, his unrivalled parliamentary interest, would alone have made him important. But this was not all. The Whig aristocracy regarded him as their leader. His long possession of power had given him a kind of prescriptive right to possess it still. The House of Commons had been elected when he was at the head of affairs. The members for the ministerial boroughs had all been nominated by him. The public offices swarmed with his creatures.

Pitt desired power—and he desired it, we really believe, from high and generous motives. He was, in the strict sense of the word, a patriot. He had no general liberality,—none of that philanthropy which the great French writers of his time preached to all the nations of Europe. He loved England as an Athenian loved the City of the Violet Crown,—as a Roman loved the 'maxima rerum Roma.' He saw his country insulted and defeated. He saw the national spirit sinking. Yet he knew what the resources of the empire, vigorously employed, could effect; and he felt that he was the man to employ them vigorously. 'My Lord,' he said to the Duke of Devonshire, 'I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can.'

Desiring, then, to be in power, and feeling that his abilities and the public confidence were not alone sufficient to keep him in power, against the wishes of the Court and the Aristocracy, he began to think of a coalition with Newcastle.

Newcastle was equally disposed to a reconciliation. He, too, had profited by his recent experience. He had found that the Court and the Aristocracy, though powerful, were not every thing in the state. A strong oligarchical connexion, a great borough interest, ample patronage, and secret service-money, might, in quiet times, be all that a minister needed; but it was unsafe to trust wholly to such support in time of war, of discontent, and of agitation. The composition of the House of Commons was not wholly aristocratical; and, whatever be the composition of large deliberative assemblies, their spirit is always in some degree popular. Where there are free debates, eloquence must have admirers, and reason must make converts. Where there is a free press, the governors must live in constant awe of the opinions of the governed.

Thus these two men, so unlike in character, so lately mortal enemies, were necessary to each other. Newcastle had fallen in November, for want of that public confidence which Pitt possessed, and of that parliamentary support which Pitt was better qualified than any man of his time to give. Pitt had fallen in April, for want of that species of influence which Newcastle had passed his whole life in acquiring and hoarding. Neither of them had power

enough to support himself. Each of them had power enough to overturn the other. Their union would be irresistible. Neither the King, nor any party in the state, would be able to stand against them.

Under these circumstances, Pitt was not disposed to proceed to extremities against his predecessors in office. Something, however, was due to consistency; something was necessary for the preservation of his popularity. He did little; but that little he did in such a manner as to produce great effect. He came down to the House in all pomp of gout; his legs swathed in flannels, his arm dangling in a sling. He kept his seat, through several fatiguing days, in spite of pain and languor. He uttered a few sharp and vehement sentences; but, during the greater part of his discussion, his language was unusually gentle.

When the inquiry had terminated, without a vote either of approbation or of censure, the great obstacle to a coalition was removed. Many obstacles, however, remained. The King was still rejoicing in his deliverance from the proud and aspiring minister, who had been forced on him by the cry of the nation. His Majesty's indignation was excited to the highest point, when it appeared that Newcastle, who had, during thirty years, been loaded with marks of royal favour, and who had bound himself, by a solemn promise, never to coalesce with Pitt, was meditating a new perfidy. Of all the statesmen of that age, Fox had the largest share of royal favour. A coalition between Fox and Newcastle was the arrangement which the King wished to bring about. But the Duke was too cunning to fall into such a snare. As a speaker in Parliament, Fox might perhaps be as useful to an administration as his great rival; but he was one of the most unpopular men in England. Then, again, Newcastle felt all that jealousy of Fox which, according to the proverb, generally exists between two of a trade. Fox would certainly intermeddle with that department, which the Duke was most desirous to reserve entire to himself—the jobbing department. Pitt, on the other hand, was quite willing to leave the drudgery of corruption to any who might be inclined to undertake it.

During eleven weeks England remained without a ministry; and, in the meantime, Parliament was sitting, and a war was raging. The prejudices of the King, the haughtiness of Pitt, the jealousy, levity, and treachery of Newcastle, delayed the settlement. Pitt knew the Duke too well to trust him without security. The Duke loved power too much to be inclined to give security. While they were haggling, the King was in vain attempting to produce a final rupture between them, or to form a Government without them. At one time he applied to Lord Walgrave, an honest and sensible man, but unpractised in affairs. Lord Walgrave had the courage to accept the Treasury, but soon found that no administration formed by him had the smallest chance of standing a single week. At length the King's pertinacity yielded

to the necessity of the case. After exclaiming with great bitterness, and with some justice against the Whigs, who ought, he said, to be ashamed to talk about liberty, while they submitted to be the footmen of the Duke of Newcastle, he notified his submission. The influence of the Prince of Wales prevailed on Pitt to abate a little, and but a little, of his high demands; and all at once, out of the chaos in which parties had for some time been rising, falling, meeting, separating, arose a government as strong at home as that of Pelham, as successful abroad as that of Godolphin.

Newcastle took the Treasury; Pitt was Secretary of State, with the lead in the House of Commons, and the supreme direction of the war and of foreign affairs. Fox, the only man who could have given much annoyance to the new Government, was silenced with the office of Paymaster, which, during the continuance of that war, was probably the most lucrative place in the whole Government. He was poor, and the situation was tempting; yet it cannot but seem extraordinary, that a man who had played a first part in politics, and whose abilities had been found not unequal to that part,—who had sat in the Cabinet, who had led the House of Commons, who had been twice intrusted by the King with the office of forming a ministry, who was regarded as the rival of Pitt, and who at one time seemed likely to be a successful rival,—should have consented, for the sake of emolument, to take a subordinate place, and to give silent votes for all the measures of a government, to the deliberations of which he was summoned.

The first measures of the new administration were characterized rather by vigour than by judgment. Expeditions were sent against different parts of the French coast, with little success. The small island of Aix was taken, Rochfort threatened, a few ships burned in the harbour of St. Maloes, and a few guns and mortars brought home as trophies from the fortifications of Cherbourg. But before long, conquests of a very different kind filled the kingdom with pride and rejoicing. A succession of victories, undoubtedly brilliant, and, as it was thought, not barren, raised to the highest point the fame of the minister to whom the conduct of the war had been intrusted. In July 1758, Louisburg fell. The whole island of Cape Breton was reduced; the fleet to which the Count of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed. The captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington palace to the city, and were suspended in St. Paul's church, amidst the roar of guns and kettle-drums, and the shouts of an immense multitude. Addresses of congratulation came in from all the great towns of England. Parliament met only to decree thanks and monuments, and to bestow, without one murmur, supplies more than double of those which had been given during the war of the Grand Alliance.

The year 1759 opened with the conquest

of Goree. Next fell Guadaloupe; then Ticonderoga; then Niagara. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Boscawen off Cape Lagos. But the greatest exploit of the year was the achievement of Wolfe on the heights of Abraham. The news of his glorious death, and of the fall of Quebec, reached London in the very week in which the Houses met. All was joy and triumph; envy and faction were forced to join in the general applause. Whigs and Tories vied with each other in extolling the genius and energy of Pitt. His colleagues were never talked of or thought of. The House of Commons, the nation, the colonies, our allies, our enemies, had their eyes fixed on him alone.

Scarcely had Parliament voted a monument to Wolfe, when another great event called for fresh rejoicings. The Brest fleet, under the command of Conflans, had put out to sea. It was overtaken by an English squadron, under Hawke. Conflans attempted to take shelter close under the French coast. The shore was rocky—the night was black—the wind was furious—the Bay of Biscay ran high. But Pitt had infused into every branch of the service a spirit which had long been unknown. No British seaman was disposed to err on the same side with Byng. The pilot told Hawke, that the attack could not be made without the greatest danger. 'You have done your duty in remonstrating,' answered Hawke; 'I will answer for every thing. I command you to lay me alongside the French admiral.' The result was a complete victory.

The year 1760 came, and still triumph followed triumph. Montreal was taken; the whole province of Canada was subjugated; the French fleets underwent a succession of disasters in the seas of Europe and America.

In the meantime, conquests equalling in rapidity, and far surpassing in magnitude those of Cortes and Pizarro, had been achieved in the East. In the space of three years the English had founded a mighty empire. The French had been defeated in every part of India. Chandernagore had yielded to Clive, Pondicherry to Coote. Throughout Bengal, Bahar, Orissa, and the Carnatic, the authority of the East India Company was more absolute than that of Acbar or Aurungzebe had ever been.

On the continent of Europe the odds were against England. We had but one important ally, the King of Prussia, and he was attacked, not only by France, but Russia and Austria. Yet on the continent the energy of Pitt triumphed over all difficulties. Vehemently as he had condemned the practice of subsidizing foreign princes, he now carried that practice farther than Carteret himself would have ventured or would have wished to do. The active and able Sovereign of Prussia received such pecuniary assistance as enabled him to maintain the conflict on equal terms against his powerful enemies. On no subject had Pitt ever spoken with so much eloquence

and ardour as on the mischiefs of the Hanoverian connexion. He now declared, not without much show of reason, that it would be unworthy of the English people to suffer their King to be deprived of his electoral dominions in an English quarrel. He assured his countrymen that they should be no losers, and that he would conquer America for them in Germany. By taking this line he conciliated the King, and lost no part of his influence with the nation. In Parliament, such was the ascendancy which his eloquence, his success, his high situation, his pride, and his intrepidity had obtained for him, that he took liberties with the House, of which there had been no example, and which have never since been imitated. No orator could there venture to reproach him with inconsistency. One unfortunate man made the attempt, and was so much disconcerted by the scornful demeanour of the minister, that he stammered, stopped, and sat down. Even the old Tory country gentlemen, to whom the very name of Hanover had been odious, gave their hearty *ayes* to subsidy after subsidy. In a lively contemporary satire,—much more lively indeed than delicate,—this remarkable conversion is not unhappily described.

'No more they make a fiddle-faddle
About a Hessian horse or saddle.
No more of continental measures.
No more of wasting British treasures.
Ten millions, and a vote of credit—
'Tis right. He can't be wrong who did it.'

The success of Pitt's continental measures was such as might have been expected from their vigour. When he came into power, Hanover was in imminent danger; and before he had been office three months, the whole electorate was in the hands of France. But the face of affairs was speedily changed. The invaders were driven out. An army, partly English, partly Hanoverians, partly composed of soldiers furnished by the petty princes of Germany, was placed under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. The French were beaten in 1758 at Crevelt. In 1759, they received a still more complete and humiliating defeat at Minden.

In the meantime, the nation exhibited all the signs of wealth and prosperity. The merchants of London had never been more thriving. The importance of several great commercial and manufacturing towns, Glasgow, in particular, dates from this period. The fine inscription on the monument of Lord Chatham, in Guildhall, records the general opinion of the citizens of London, that under his administration commerce had been 'united with and made to flourish by war.'

It must be owned that these signs of prosperity were in some degree delusive. It must be owned that some of our conquests were rather splendid than useful. It must be owned that the expense of the war never entered into Pitt's consideration. Perhaps it would be more correct to say

that the cost of his victories increased the pride and pleasure with which he contemplated them. Unlike other men in his situation, he loved to exaggerate the sums which the nation was laying out under his direction. He was proud of the sacrifices and efforts which his eloquence and his success had induced his countrymen to make. The price at which he purchased faithful service and complete victory, though far smaller than that which his son, the most profuse and incapable of war ministers, paid for treachery, defeat, and shame, was severely felt by the nation.

Even as a war minister, Pitt was scarcely entitled to all the praise which his contemporaries lavished on him. We, perhaps from ignorance, cannot discern in his arrangements any appearance of profound or dexterous combination. Several of his expeditions, particularly those which were sent to the coast of France, were at once costly and absurd. Our Indian conquests, though they add to the splendour of the period during which he was at the head of affairs, were not planned by him. He had great energy, great determination, great means at his command. His temper was enterprising, and, situated as he was, he had only to follow his temper. The wealth of a rich nation, the valour of a brave nation were ready to support him in every attempt.

In one respect, however, he deserved all the praise that he has ever received. The success of our arms was perhaps owing less to the skill of his dispositions than to the national resources and the national spirit. But that the national spirit rose to the emergency,—that the national resources were contributed with unexampled cheerfulness,—this was undoubtedly his work. The ardour of his spirit had set the whole kingdom on fire. It inflamed every soldier who dragged the cannon up the heights of Quebec, and every sailor who boarded the French ships amidst the rocks of Brittany. The minister, before he had been long in office, had imparted to the commanders whom he employed his own impetuous, adventurous, and defying character. They, like him, were disposed to risk every thing,—to play double or quits to the last,—to think nothing done while any thing remained,—to fail rather than not to attempt. For the errors of rashness there might be indulgence. For over-caution, for faults like those of Lord George Sackville—there was no mercy. In other times, and against other enemies, this mode of warfare might have failed. But the state of the French government and of the French nation gave every advantage to Pitt. The fops and intriguers of Versailles were appalled and bewildered by his vigour. A panic spread through all ranks of society. Our enemies soon considered it as a settled thing that they were always to be beaten. Thus victory begot victory; till, at last, wherever the forces of the two nations met, they met with disdainful confidence on the one side, and with a craven fear on the other.

The situation which Pitt occupied at the

close of the reign of George the Second was the most enviable ever occupied by any private man in English history. He had conciliated the King; he domineered over the House of Commons; he was adored by the people; he was admired by all Europe. He was the first Englishman of his time; and he had made England the first country in the world. The Great Commoner—the name by which he was often designated—might look down with scorn on coronets and garters. The nation was drunk with joy and pride. The Parliament was as quiet as it had been under Pelham. The old party-distinctions were almost effaced; nor was their place yet supplied by distinctions of a yet more important kind. A new generation of country-squires and rectors had arisen who knew not the Stuarts. The Dissenters were tolerated; the Catholics not cruelly persecuted. The Church was drowsy and indulgent. The great civil and religious conflict which began at the Reformation seemed to have terminated in universal repose. Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Puritans, spoke with equal reverence of the constitution, and with equal enthusiasm of the talents, virtues, and services of the minister.

A few years sufficed to change the whole aspect of affairs. A nation convulsed by faction, a throne assailed by the fiercest invective, a House of Commons hated and despised by the nation, England set against Scotland, Britain set against America, a rival legislature sitting beyond the Atlantic, English blood shed by English bayonets, our armies capitulating, our conquests wrested from us, our enemies hastening to take vengeance for past humiliation, our flag scarcely able to maintain itself in our own seas,—such was the spectacle Pitt lived to see. But the history of this great revolution requires far more space than we can at present bestow. We leave the 'Great Commoner' in the zenith of his glory. It is not impossible that we may take some other opportunity of tracing his life to its melancholy, yet not inglorious close.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

Traité complet de Diplomatie, ou Théorie générale des relations extérieures des Puissances de l'Europe, d'après les plus célèbres autorités. Par un ancien Ministre. Paris, 1833. 3 vols. 8vo.

THERE may be some doubts whether the author of this work has not assumed a character a little beyond that which properly belongs to him, when he tells us that he has been engaged as a minister in the diplomatic service of his court. But whatever may be his rank, position, or country, it is certain that he has presented the *diplomates* of Europe with a most useful *precis* of their functions. We wrong him, indeed, when we confine the utility of his book to those who are actually engaged in diplomacy. It is in truth calculated to be a

more popular compendium than any that Germany has produced, of the principles of international law. We say Germany, because it is from German writers that the received epitomes have proceeded. In English, there is not one original treatise of note, or authority, either on diplomacy or on the law of nations. The authors of pamphlets and speeches on foreign policy use Marten's *Precis** as a book of reference, and quote Grotius and Puffendorf, Vattel and Bynkershoek. But, however systematically the first three of these works are arranged, we doubt whether any German jurist or English civilian sits down to read either of them, as a young lawyer reads Blackstone; and we are certain that no diplomatist from Downing Street looks to them for the general principles on which his business is to be conducted. For the defence of a measure on which his court has already determined, he finds, perhaps, by the help of an index, a passage which he triumphantly quotes; but the matter at issue must be one of an unusual character, if an equally judicious selection and ingenious application will not enable his antagonist to cite another, perhaps indeed the same passage differently construed, in support of the other side of the question. The enormous bulk, and the pedantic display of learning, (for which the commentators are partly responsible,) the absence of illustration from the history of modern Europe, are chief among the forbidding features of Puffendorf and Grotius. It is possible that the apparent difficulty and laboriousness of a study of the law of nations, serves to aggravate that distaste of foreign affairs which we have elsewhere noticed. At all events, we are glad to have the business of a diplomatist, and the principles of international law discussed in three pink volumes of lively French. We hope that some Englishman, instead of adding, by a translation of these volumes, to the discreditable stock of borrowed works, will be induced by them to frame a book still better calculated to render English readers familiar with public law and foreign policy. It may seem a superfluous task to excite, in the English people of this day, greater jealousy of those who administer public affairs; but it is really true, that while the most complicated questions of *internal* government are freely handled, and the decision of them frequently assumed by the people, that branch of administration in which nine-tenths of our national debt have originated, is either neglected as a matter of little moment, or shunned as a mystery beyond our comprehension.

The work before us embraces almost every subject with which a diplomatist has an official connexion; from the highest points in the law of nations, to the smallest

**Precis du Droit des Gens Moderné de l'Europe, fondé sur les Traites et l'Usage. Par G. F. von Martens. 3me edit.; revue et augmentée. Göttingen, 1821. There is an English translation by Mr. Cobbett, originally published at Philadelphia in 1795, and reprinted, with additions, in London, in 1802.*

†Vol. viii. p. 33.

trifles in court etiquette. The arrangement is exceedingly awkward, especially in the want of a sufficient distinction between the formal and the essential.* All the topics, however, are handled agreeably and sensibly; we are deterred only by the apprehension of lengthiness from following him through the whole.

We must omit the graver questions of law which rest with a government rather than with its agents; allowing ourselves, however, one word on the *principle* of that law. The authors who have written upon the law of nations have differed in the origin which they have assigned to the law; and it has been asked how a law can exist, which there is neither a legislature to enact nor a tribunal to enforce? Some persons, therefore, would altogether deny the existence of any set of rules binding upon the conduct of nations, while others pretend to find, in the science of the law of nations, an answer to every question which can arise.

Both parties are wrong. We will not lose ourselves in a metaphysical discussion of the origin of the moral sense, or of the natural foundation of the principles of equity, but we hold that the same law is binding upon men, united in nations, as upon each individual person: this is, among Christians, that law of God† which is the foundation of honesty and of honour. The same motive, be it more or less derived from religion, which deters a man from wronging his neighbour, condemns him when he joins in an injury upon another state. Men should always remember that though they may act in a body, they will be judged hereafter man by man.

While confidently asserting this great principle, which is asserted also by our author in a subsequent chapter,‡ we admit that cases of real difficulty and doubt will occur every day. And the attempt is utterly vain to frame a systematic treatise, laying down distinct rules of conduct for every possible occasion.

*The technical arrangement of Parts and Books is confused and almost unintelligible. In the preface the author professes to write in eight books, of each of which he gives the purport, but there is in the text also a division into Parts; and some great heads (see particularly vol. ii. p. 313.) have no distinction of Part, Book or Section. We mention this with a view to a second edition. There is also a lamentable want of references to authorities. This defect has obliged us to omit many of the author's illustrations.

†Upon this part of the subject, we have an English treatise by Robert Ward, entitled 'An Inquiry into the Foundation and History of the Law of Nations in Europe, from the time of the Greeks and Romans to the age of Grotius. London, 1795.' See particularly chapters II. and III. Mr. Ward is better known as the author of the clever but somewhat prosy novels of *Tremaine* and *De Vere*; his history is a work of much thought and originality, and so full of pleasant illustrations as to have drawn from Mr. Canning the remark, that 'Ward's novels are dull, and his law-books lively.'

‡Liv. ii. sect. 4.

VOL. XXIV.—No. 144.

In cases which do not involve moral right or wrong, customs continued and acknowledged may afford a rule equally reasonable and convenient; but Grotius, celebrated as the founder of the science of the Law of Nations,§ fully acknowledges the obligations of religion, and recognises moreover an international law, deriving its force from custom and tacit consent. Puffendorf, Vattel, and their school, assume natural right as synonymous with the law of nations; the work of Puffendorf is, in truth, a discourse upon moral philosophy.

We do not altogether agree with our author, in considering the theory of some German writers, of a positive law of nations founded upon treaties, as a new theory opposed to that of Puffendorf. The followers of custom, and the upholders of natural right, equally acknowledge the obligation of treaties; but a reference to the one and to the other is frequently required, for the due construction of a compact, as well as for the decision of cases to which no compact extends. The Law of God and Nature, Custom and Treaties, bear nearly the same relation to each other, as the Law of God and Nature, Common Law, and Statutes, in our municipal constitution. From the whole there results in both cases an obligation, to fail wherein is a moral offence.

It is in consistency with this view of the duties of men and statesmen, that our author places in the very front of his argument, a condemnation of cunning in politics and diplomacy.

"A crafty policy," he says, "however clever it may appear to the vulgar, often fails of its end. Cunning is the resource of a limited genius. No state ever perished from following the rules of Justice: how many have ruined themselves by neglecting them!" Again, "In negotiations between powers, fairness triumphs more easily than cunning, because the sagacity of the other party is not prepared for it. Falsehood only knows how to contend with falsehood."—vol. i. pp. 36. 83.

The sentiment is just; but we recommend to our politicians a higher motive for sincerity. The 'ancien ministre' betrays the 'politique astucieuse' of the old school, when he recommends plain dealing, because an adversary is thereby deceived. Honesty so trickish will only be successful once; habitual and avowed, it will always triumph. We leave the word as we have written it; but a *triumph* is not precisely the object to be attained. To obtain from the other party, in a meeting upon private business, the utmost that can be achieved by dexterity, ought not to be the boast of a gentleman and man of honour. No diplomatist ought to lose sight of these characters; but there is this great difference between private and public negotiations, that a bargain for an estate, if not absolutely fraudulent, will be confirmed by the law; whereas there is no such security for the permanence of an

§Vol. i. p. 59.

¶*La loyauté*. We have no word exactly corresponding with this.

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arrangement between states. If they are states of corresponding strength, the first opportunity will be found for breaking an agreement, and even an inferior power may often find a protector against oppression.

A statesman, therefore, has not only to ascertain his legal rights, but to calculate his means of maintaining them. Hence, policy may often dictate forbearance, where law would justify exaction. It is necessary for a nation, for the maintenance even of undisputed rights, to manage and conciliate various interests, and to bring negotiation to the aid of force.

Our author gives a Report,* in which Count Sebastiani, recently the Minister for Foreign Affairs to Louis Philippe, illustrates the importance of diplomacy from the history of modern Europe.

According to this document, the science of the law of nations and diplomacy assumed a regular form in the time of Francis I., when Europe was threatened with the universal domination of the house of Austria. The French minister takes occasion to dilate on the great effects produced by the union of France and England, when our Elizabeth declared that *the fall of the French monarchy would be the fall of England*.† At this time negotiation was combined with force; diplomacy approached perfection; the disputes, especially those of the cabinet of Henry IV., are proofs of sagacity and good faith, and, in spite of the antiquated style, may pass for models. That king's ministers displayed great firmness, a wise policy, and a rare probity.‡ All this is very just, with the exception of "bonne foi" and "probate rare." After Henry was driven by his necessities, and by the scantiness of Elizabeth's support, into the Treaty of Vervins so much vaunted by Sebastiani, he continued to injure Spain through the revolted provinces, and never ceased to urge England to join with him in a clandestine continuance of those measures against Spain, from which his plighted faith bound him to abstain. We would not deny to Henry IV. some traits of personal heroism, or to Sully sagacity and adroitness; but, *pour probite, non*.

Richelieu's diplomacy is condemned as *machiavelian* and immoral; under Mazaria, the treaties of Westphalia constructed an edifice which lasted until the French Revolution, and the peace of the Pyrenees led to the will of Charles II. After the peace of Nimeguen (1679) commenced the personal diplomacy of Louis XIV., and the whole period from the treaty of Vervins to that of Utrecht exhibits the rapid progress of diplomacy, and the ability and influence of the diplomacy of France.

The importance of the peace of Westphalia is here much exaggerated. The treaties of Munster and Osnaburgh arranged multifarious interests in central Europe; but, although they were formally invoked in the second article of almost every subse-

quent treaty until very modern times, their provisions had not much influence upon war and peace in the eighteenth century. But certainly, the negotiations of Westphalia involved diplomatic discussion much beyond former examples, though out-done, as well in importance as in despatch, by those which the present age has witnessed.

The diplomacy of Louis XIV., ending at Utrecht, is cited in illustration of the intimate connexion between diplomacy and force;—"la force qui appuie, et l'adresse qui indique et prepare." Except, perhaps, in the intrigues at Madrid, which preceded the death of Charles II., address had not, in our opinion, much to do in the wars which were terminated at Utrecht. The results, which, according to Sebastiani, were only partially favourable to France, were brought about by brave soldiers and accomplished generals. Where France obtained an advantage, otherwise than by her arms, she owed it less to the skillfulness of her diplomacy than to the laxity of her principles; she excelled not so much in the art of making treaties, as in the readiness to break them.

The success of French diplomacy under Richelieu and Louis XIV., Sebastiani attributes to the support which it received from the French arms,—from force seriously menaced, and employed when requisite. Under Louis XV. diplomacy was extremely brilliant and sagacious, but rendered useless by the weakness of the government. The most memorable event of this period, was the Austrian alliance of 1756. It was not the fault of this diplomatic measure, that France did not interfere for Poland. If France had spoken boldly, Austria would have united with her against the partition; again, under Louis XVI., and just before the revolution, France lost, through irresolution and timidity, the opportunity of injuring England by a vigorous support of the republicans in Holland.

These two periods of diplomacy well supported, and therefore successful, and diplomacy left to itself, and therefore useless, were followed by a third, in which Bonaparte held diplomacy in contempt, and lost thereby the power which his victories had obtained. Had Napoleon listened to the advice of Talleyrand after the battle of Marengo, and strengthened himself by alliances, and by patronizing the vanquished states, he would have had a great and lasting empire. But the conqueror neglected the advice of his prudent minister, offended Russia, by a careless disclosure of views upon Turkey, and excited the resistance which finally overwhelmed him.

Thus far Sebastiani. We cannot doubt but that if Bonaparte had shown greater moderation, had he been contented with a dominion a little less extensive, he would have enjoyed it more securely. Yet, it is not that he despised diplomacy, but that the object of his diplomacy was bad. He was himself an expert diplomatist, and occasionally practised all the caprices of the art. After Austerlitz, and at Tilsit he showed himself no mean negotiator. Negotiations,

*Vol. i. p. 64.

†We do not know where this observation is recorded.

‡Vol. i. p. 71.

it is said, would have saved his empire at Chatillon; that is, *moderation and concession*, might have saved it. He wanted not diplomatic skill, but, as indeed Sebastiani himself finally decides,* true political wisdom.

Sebastiani's fourth period, that in which we live, he deems eminently a period of diplomacy, and he hopes that the same results which have hitherto been brought about by the effusion of blood, will be henceforth accomplished by Policy† and Diplomacy. We too trust that diplomacy may stand in the place of war; but not to produce the same results. We believe that there is now, throughout Europe, a sincere desire of peace; in the times to which we have referred, there was an overwhelming desire of aggrandizement.

There would have been much more business for the diplomatist, if the number of independent states had continued as our author represents them in the fifteenth century, when there existed in Europe more than 2,000 sovereignties, either royal or seigniorial, ecclesiastical or civil. Of these, 1414 were in Germany. Previously to the French Revolution, the number had been reduced to 249, of which 227 were in Germany, and 13 in Italy. The French Revolution and the conquests of Bonaparte reduced the number to 49. The arrangements consequent upon the peace of 1815 have restored the character of sovereignty to many states which had been abolished; and there are now rather more than sixty states in Europe, including 29 in Germany and 5 in Italy, which have not each a population of 500,000. Even of the larger states, many are quite incompetent to preserve their own independence.

The enumeration of independent states leads our author to the *European Balance*,‡ of which he affirms that, while it is the basis of their policy with those who desire peace, it serves as a pretext to those who are ambitious of aggrandizement. We abridge his sketch of the history of this principle, which has become, he says, an integral part of the Law of Nations.

During the greatness of the Roman Empire, and until after the death of Charlemagne, the law of conquest predominated. After the dissolution of the empire of Charlemagne, there was no longer any apprehension of an overwhelming power. Germany and Italy were torn to pieces by internal factions, and by disputes with the Court of Rome. France was weak, through the incoherence of its provinces, and domestic wars. Louis XI., under whom Burgundy was re-united to France, gave consistence to this monarchy, but it was not until the days of Charles V. and Francis I. that the modern system of policy commenced. It had its origin in the rivalry of these two monarchs. The reduction of the House of Austria began with the revolt of the pro-

vinces of the Low Countries. France and England gladly seized this opportunity of weakening Austria. Religious disputes, combined with political quarrels, led to the Thirty Years' War, and the treaties of Westphalia, whereby the House of Austria received a second shock. The rivalry between Austria and France was augmented by the successful ambition of Louis XIV. This was the true epoch of the origin of the *system of balance*. It was owing to the alarm which the house of Austria, and Holland, when it became an independent power, affected to feel at the power of France. England took little part in the quarrels of the continent. Elizabeth, in concert with Henry IV., and afterwards Cromwell, interposed, but his attention (it might have been said that of Elizabeth also) was principally fixed upon Holland and Spain. English policy fluctuated, until the hatred of William III. toward Louis XIV. occasioned the rivalry and even animosity of France and England. This rivalry broke forth under the mask of the balance, in the disputes about the succession of Spain, and at the death of the Emperor Charles VI. The peace of 1748 brought forward Prussia into the European system; the intervention of this new power, and of Russia, brought out of barbarism by Peter the Great, required a new casting of the system of balance. France and England were now the rallying points of the two parties. The French-Austrian Alliance of 1756,* the Family Compact of 1761, and the various events which occurred, up to 1789, produced new combinations, and a variety of alliances and changes.

This sketch,† the author conceives, is sufficient to exhibit the principle of the system of balance. He admits that no such general principle is recognised by public conventions, but he deduces it from the right, which each state has, to oppose every measure whereby one power would arrogate to itself exclusive domination; and since, he says, every power must adopt its own views of the justice or injustice of the proceedings of another, it is impossible to lay down rules for judging of such proceedings. It would be, he adds, too great a limitation of the meaning of the word "balance" to confine it to the case of opposition to the aggrandizement of one power. It applies also to the prevention of the degradation of another. It was as essential to the safety of other states, to oppose the dismember-

*Favier styled the Austrian Alliance unequal, because Austria was liable to attack from several powers, France from one power only. France had therefore the more burdensome obligation. Segur says, it is true that France was only liable to danger from Austria. France then makes a friend of her only formidable enemy, while Austria only delivers herself from one of many.

†But he tells us in a note in tom. ii. p. 440, that L'étude politique des nations Européennes, et les resumes historiques des grandes negotiations depuis la paix de Westphalie jusqu'à ce jour, formeront une partie supplémentaire." We shall be anxious to see this supplement.

*Page 89.

†Politique; policy is perhaps not a perfectly accurate translation of this word.

‡Page 257.

ment of Austria at the death of Charles VI., as to oppose the union of France and Spain into one monarchy. The law of nature authorizes the formation of a league among nations inhabiting the same part of the world, to repress the disproportionate strength of any one which appears incompatible with the independence of the others. It is no matter of surprise then, that nations have laboured at the establishment of a balance, general, or applicable to particular parts of Europe; and that 'a change in these different systems has been regarded as a justifying cause of war.' However difficult it may be to calculate a just balance, the system is incontestably advantageous, in restraining, through the risks or the apprehensions of war, a power ambitious of preponderance.

These are our author's views. The readers of our eighth volume (p. 50-55) are aware that we cannot recognise in the history of Europe that systematic principle of *equilibrium* which some authors have imagined. Yet we suspect that, between us and the present author, there is no substantial difference, although our meaning is differently expressed; but we would observe that his illustrations support our opinion of the *occasional* character of the interference at least of England, in the wars of which the *balance of power* was the professed object. The inadequate and reluctant resistance which Elizabeth gave to the Dutch, sprang partly from the conformity of religion, partly from apprehensions of the particular danger arising to England from the Spanish predominance on the opposite coast, and very much from personal dislike between Elizabeth and the widower of her sister.

The interference of our William in the European wars is traced by the author himself to that King's hatred of Louis XIV.; but it is well known that, notwithstanding this antipathy against Louis, which William naturally felt as Prince of Orange, he would at one time have acknowledged a Bourbon King of Spain, and would perhaps have not framed the Grand Alliance, if Louis had recognised his title to the English throne.

Continental readers will perhaps hardly concur in our opinion, that the support given by England to Maria Theresa is to be traced to the good which has usually characterized the English policy. The Pragmatic Sanction had been guaranteed in 1731* without much deliberation, and in return for concessions supposed to be favourable to English interests now forgotten; and to the royal family of Spain, now our open enemy. From that time to the death of Charles VI., there had been no co-operation between England and the Emperor, who was left in the Polish War

without support from the maritime powers. Nevertheless, not a moment was lost, after his death, even by the pacific Walpole, in promising to adhere to the engagements which had been contracted, upon by-gone inducements, nearly twenty years before. The German politics of George II. were also supposed to influence the renewal of the connexion with Austria.

It may be true, as our author remarks,† that any change in 'the system of balance,' has been considered as a justifying cause of war; but it would be difficult to name one contest, of which the derangement of the balance has been truly the operative cause.

The reasons upon which wars are justified, says our author, are often different from the motives in which they originate.‡

The wars for the succession of Spain, and for the Pragmatic Sanction, were ostensibly founded on the rights of the Archduke Charles and Maria Theresa; the real motive of England was jealousy of France, and desire to preserve the balance of power. France too made a pretence to the rights of the Elector of Bavaria, but really sought to humble Austria. The Seven Years' War was justified by the violent measures of the French in Canada: the true motive was the destruction of the French Navy. In like manner France was brought into the American war, not by vexations at sea, but by the wish to weaken England.§

All this is perhaps true, except that in the first two instances, that which is assigned as a secret motive was publicly avowed.

Wars also sometimes originate in less statesmanlike motives, as the love of Buckingham for Anne of Austria, and the desire of Louvois to divert Louis XIV. from his buildings.

Mr. Fox on one occasion said, that war was justifiable only when the national honour was involved. This doctrine, if not absolutely correct, approaches to correctness more nearly than at first appears. Of the objects of war, very few perhaps are equivalent to the evils which war produces; and if a nation consulted only the balance of profit and loss, it would often rather yield the disputed point than fight for it; but then comes in the point of honour. Concession is attributed to fear, and invites new encroachments. A nation which bears insults, will not be trusted; it loses its allies, and has no friend in the hour of danger.

* Charles VI. died 20th October, 1749. The King's speech of November 18th announced his determination to adhere to his engagements.

† Vol. i. p. 265.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 244.

§ In the "Politique de tous les Cabinets," by Favier and Segur, (iii. 172.) there is a curious opinion of Turgot, given in 1776, against assisting the American colonies. If, said he, the colonies should be subdued, it must be through the ruin of their resources, and England would lose the benefit of them. If they give way, and preserve their wealth, they will always be looking for independence, and oblige England to maintain a large force to keep them down.

* By the second treaty of Vienna, 16th March, 1731, the Emperor engaged to abolish the Ostend Company, and entered into the arrangements of the Treaty of Seville for the establishment of Don Carlos in Italy.—Martens, *Coll. des Traites*, vol. viii. pt. 2, p. 213; Koch. ii.

Thus explained, the honour of a nation is inseparably linked with its interests; and Fox's dictum is neither paradox nor novelty.

The point of honour, however, occurs in cases in which the interest would be questionable. A state may have distant possessions, which are to her no source of strength or riches; but she is bound by an honourable feeling towards these dependencies, to commence or continue a war, rather than surrender any of them to an enemy. It may be said, and with some reason, that this obligation belongs to the great duty of sovereignty; and we come to this, that in national as in personal affairs, honour includes everything that is good, as well as great.

Another case in which honour may impel us to go to war, when our immediate interest would counsel peace, is where we have bound ourselves to an ally; and this is a principal reason for avoiding permanent alliances or guaranties. Even here, a proportionate estimate of profit and loss would induce us to preserve, by good faith, our credit with other powers.

But we are getting too deep into the law of nations* and state policy: we recur to what more immediately concerns the diplomatist, for whom this 'Complete Treatise' is written.

Our author discusses some important questions under the head of *Droit des Traites*. Treaties, he says, are binding, unless the negotiator exceeds "*ses pouvoirs ostensibles*,"—that is, we presume, the instrument which he exhibits at the foreign court as his authority for treating. This doctrine is not conformable to the practice of Europe. In the commission given to a plenipotentiary, which is called his "full powers," the sovereign usually undertakes to confirm whatever the minister does; but it is perfectly understood that the undertaking of a plenipotentiary are only binding when conformable to his instructions. It may at first sight appear unreasonable and dishonest, to disavow the acts of one to whom you have given "full powers;" but those powers would, indeed, be tremendous, if they enabled an individual, separated from his own countrymen, to bind them, to any extent and for any time, and to dispose, according to his fancy, of the resources of an empire. When it is added, that a stipulation unwillingly adopted by a government, against its own view of necessity or expediency, would give way to the first plausible pretence for repealing it, the modern practice will be found conducive to the general good.

It is, indeed, truly stated by our author, that a treaty is not binding until it is ratified; and he construes the article for the exchange of ratifications, and which is almost

*If we had space to go into the law of nations, we should endeavour to vindicate, upon the very principles of this author, who nevertheless disapproves of it, the practice of England in regard to neutrals, and the manner in which her wars have been commenced—a fruitful source of misrepresentation with French writers.

always to be found in a treaty, as implying, not that each sovereign will positively ratify the instrument, but that it shall have no validity until and unless it be ratified. We are rather inclined to hold, that a government is bound to ratify, except in the case already stated, of such an exceeding power or departure from instructions, in the negotiator, as to justify his prince's disavowal. To justify this, there ought to be a manifest departure from the decided intentions of the prince. This is eminently one of the cases in which the principle of right and the sense of honour, which actuate a Christian and a gentleman, ought to sway the counsels of a prince. If the agent on a fair construction of his instructions, was authorized to insert the article in the treaty, or the passage in the deed, the principal ought not to disavow him merely because he has himself changed his mind. Nor is he honestly at liberty to withhold his ratification, from any change that has occurred in the circumstances of the parties.

In our times there have been two celebrated instances of disavowed negotiators. In 1800,* Count St. Julien signed preliminaries of peace with France, which the emperor refused to ratify, alleging that the count had exceeded his powers. And Count d'Oubril signed at Paris, in 1806, a treaty on the part of Russia, which the Emperor Alexander refused to ratify, as contrary to the letter and spirit of his instructions.†

For the case of a minister departing from his instructions, we are referred to Wolsey's negotiation with Maximilian for the marriage of Henry VIII. with the Dutchess Dowager of Savoy; when the rising priest anticipated the orders of his master for supplying a deficiency in his instructions.‡

A more recent example is in the consent of the Count d'Aranda to sign the preliminaries of 1783, notwithstanding that his master, Charles III. of Spain, had commanded him to insist upon Gibraltar. "Il est des momens," he said, "ou il faut savoir offrir sa tête a sa patrie. J'accepte les deux Florides a la place de Gibraltar, et je signe la paix."§

Physical impossibility of execution, though allowed as a ground for not fulfilling a treaty, is justly said to require an indemnity. Moral impossibility was the pretext used by France, in 1740, for refusing to fulfil her guaranty of the Pragmatic Sanction, when she pleaded a prior treaty with Bavaria. If used, it was indeed a pretext, as France had guaranteed the succession of Maria Theresa in 1735,|| in spite of the remonstrances of Bavaria, and made no treaty with Bavaria until after the death of Charles VI.

It is urged by our author, that the earli-

*Ann. Reg. 1800, p. 206.

†Ibid. 1806, p. 185.

‡Hume, vol. iii. p. 427.

§Vol. ii. pp. 78, 79. See Cox's Bourbon Kings of Spain, ch. 77, whereby it would appear that Lord Shelburne's government had entertained the notion of ceding Gibraltar.

||Flassan, Hist. de la Diplomatie Française, vol. v. p. 125.

est of two incompatible treaties ought to be preferred, and an indemnity given to the other party. But, in truth, a real indemnity can seldom be afforded; and the second treaty is (except in the case of a justifiable cause of war with the former party) a breach of faith, equally contrary to honesty and to the law of nations.

A minister ought to avoid committing his court to particular and permanent stipulations, which are very likely to lead either to perfidy or to misfortune.

Frederic the Great is quoted with approbation, who considered *guaranties* to be, "like works of filigree, more fit to please the eye than to serve any useful purpose." As applied to permanent guaranties, we concur in this opinion. A guaranty for the performance of a specific object, to be immediately accomplished, is very proper; but an undertaking permanently, or for an indefinite time, to secure to any prince or state the possession of any part of his territory, or any right given to him by treaty, is, in every case which we can imagine, highly imprudent, and useless also; because a state will seldom fulfil a guaranty given many years before, except in a case in which, without such ancient guaranty, she would have done the same thing. Or if, upon that regard for the point of honour which we have claimed for England, she does act upon her guaranty, without conceiving it at the moment greatly for her interest, her aid will generally be languid, and she will get out of the scrape as soon as she can; perhaps after having done more harm than good to her ally.

The guaranty of a dynasty is the worst of all. From any pledge of this sort England has been free for many years, and even when stipulating for the exclusion of the Bonapartes, would not guarantee the throne of the Bourbons. The only specific guaranty given by England in the Treaty of Vienna, is that of the dominions newly transferred to Prussia from the King of Saxony.* We know not why this exception was made to what appears to have been a general rule. Except that it will probably become a dead letter, some inconvenient and difficult questions might arise upon this stipulation. It is a joint guaranty by England, Austria, Russia and France. We should say generally, that one party to a guaranty may reasonably refuse to act upon it without the others,† because it may fairly be presumed that she would not have pledged herself, except upon the faith of

the powerful co-operation of her allies. As to England, it is certain that she would not have herself engaged to maintain Prussia in the possession of the Saxon provinces. Now, allowing that she would be exonerated from her obligation, by the defection of her three continental allies, will she be exonerated by the failure of one or more of them? And how, if it is by one of these allies that the guaranteed territory is invaded? By France, for instance, and with the connivance of Russia? While Austria alone supports Prussia, is England bound to unite with Austria in defending the Prussian territories?—in other words, is she bound to enter into a war, arising probably out of matters with which she has little connexion, because in the course of that war the integrity of the Prussian dominions is attacked? We are quite aware that the question would not really be decided as a technical question of international law. Grotius and Vattel would be quoted in speeches and manifestos; but the question of war or no war would be determined upon considerations of expediency. The guaranty would in fact be nothing but filigree. But we object to the creation of an occasion on which doubtful points in the law of nations must be agitated, and the good faith of England called in question. "As it is evident," we agree with our *ancien ministre*, "that as such an obligation may have most serious consequences, the nation which contracts it ought not to determine upon it, except upon powerful considerations."

In laying down some fair rules for the interpretation of treaties, our author says nothing of the language in which they are drawn. Formerly the Latin language was used, and more recently the French: sometimes the language of each country is used in a separate copy, and this is by far the most fit practice, and was, we believe, always used by Mr. Canning. But it is very necessary that the translation should be well considered: we know of an instance in which a commercial treaty with one of the South American states was executed in Spanish and English. A question arose; the English quoted the treaty; the Americans affirmed a misquotation. It was found that the Spanish copy bore them out, and our civilians were of opinion that the Americans had a right to appeal to the instrument as it stood in their own language. The point was one of small importance, but enough to show the importance of our remark.

Our author tells us* that the Latin language was used in the correspondence between European countries until the seventeenth century, when permanent legations came into use. It was then found, he says, that diplomatists, ignorant of the language of the several countries to which they were sent, found themselves excluded from conversation with unlearned men, and from the society of women. The French language was then adopted. "The elegance of Racine triumphed in Europe over the sublime

*Art. xvii. Martens, *Sup.* vol. ii. p. 399.

†We have taken our illustration from a treaty which was negotiated by a departed minister, because we are unwilling to mix anything like politics of the day in our present discussion. And perhaps the whole of the circumstances under which some recent guaranties have been given, may not be before the public. But we would just observe, that supposing the constitution and nationality of Poland to have been by implication,—for specifically they were not,—guaranteed at Vienna, England could not be called upon, single-handed, or even with France alone, to attempt by force to restore them.

*Vol. i. p. 446.

vehemence of Shakespeare. The works of the French wits were read with avidity; every body tried to imitate the tone of French society; French became the language of courts.* However proud we are of our Shakespeare, Bacon, and others who flourished at the commencement of the seventeenth century, we cannot think that the English language had at that time any chance of becoming the court language of Europe. Its copiousness, precision, and variety, were not then sufficiently known: our insulation, which even now keeps us more distinct from the continental countries than they are severally from each other, had not then been mitigated by the number of our travellers, and the intercourse of literature and science. It was the greater familiarity of other nations with France and Frenchmen, rather than a critical comparison of the merits of Shakespeare and Racine, that gave the advantage to the French language.

A great advantage it certainly is, to argue always in your own language, and to compel your adversary to learn it, and to make him answer you in the same language. England has lately taken care to limit this advantage, by a peremptory order to her foreign agents, issued by Mr. Canning, to use no other than the English in their written communications. Personal discussions are still almost always conducted in French; but all official notes by which alone the country is bound, are now written in English.*

Our author lays down a doctrine which is new to us, concerning those which he styles the *articles accessoires* of a treaty. These, he says, fall to the ground if the main treaty ceases; but the rupture of the accessory articles does not annul the principal articles. If by accessory articles, stipulations are intended relating to matters quite foreign to the main treaty, and not intended as part of the same compact, the doctrine is true; but such cases are rare, unless it be when the additional article contains no practical stipulation, but merely an undertaking to negotiate upon some separate point, commerce for instance, or boundary. When this is not the object of separate articles, their separation from the main treaty may be occasioned merely by their subject recurring at a later period of the negotiation, or it may arise from the wish to avoid the communication of them to all the parties to whom the treaty is to be imparted, whether it be to foreign powers, or to the national assemblies of any of the powers. The most remarkable instance of a separate article, in our modern history, is in that which was added to our treaty with Spain, of 5th July, 1814. By it, the King of Spain engaged not to enter into any engagement with France of the nature of the *Family Compact*, nor any other that might affect the independence of Spain, which might be injurious to the interests of his Britannic Majesty, or contrary

to the strict alliance which was stipulated by the treaty.* The English government would not consent to make this a *secret* article, because they thought it right to communicate it to England's allies; but this was a *separate* article, and was not communicated to parliament with the treaty. We cannot doubt but that a breach of this article would have rendered null all the rest, and would have given England a just cause of war.

When Mr. Canning, during the debates on the march of the French army into Spain, in 1823, laid this article before parliament, he was under some apprehension of having participated in an irregularity, by withholding it for so long a period. The more modern practice has certainly been, to lay all ratified treaties before Parliament, but it has only been adopted latterly, and was not the practice of the reigns of William, Anne, or the first two Georges. It was only when treaties required a vote of money,† or otherwise called for the aid of parliament, that there was an absolute necessity for communicating them.

It is well known that in ancient days the fulfilment of treaties was secured by hostages: these are now disused. The most recent instance of this in English history is that of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. Some of the principal engagements on the part of England concerned America, and could not be executed contemporaneously with those which regarded Europe. England, therefore, sent the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart as hostages into France, there to remain until the treaty should be fully executed.‡

The diplomatic character clothes a man with great privileges: he ought to make it a point of honour not to abuse them. The immunity of a foreign minister from civil and criminal process appears to have been sometimes asserted too largely.§ In England, it has never been admitted that the diplomatic character enables a man to commit crimes of all sorts with impunity, or with no punishment beyond recall.|| Our author mentions the case of a Dutch minister, at Hesse Cassel, accused of malversation there as executor of a will. On his refusing to account, he was arrested. It would seem that the Landgrave acknowledged that he had done wrong. Perhaps it would be impossible to make a distinction, which should allow of process against a minister, for acts not only entirely unconnected with his public character, but arising

*State Papers, 1822-3, p. 76.

†As the treaty with the Crown of Denmark is attended with an expense, I have ordered the same to be laid before you."—*Speech of George II.*, January 27, 1735.

‡Koch. vol. ii. p. 421.

§See Martens, *Precis*, b. vii. c. 5.

||Martens mentions the case of the Count de Guerchy, accused (in England) of poisoning. The Count was ambassador here in 1763, and convicted the Chevalier d'Eon of a libel; but our periodicals take no notice of any accusation against the ambassador himself.

*See Mr. Rush's ideas on the use of the French language, in our vol. xii. p. 212.

out of a function; but if diplomatists are to be exempted from responsibility as executors, the best way would be to render them incapable of the office, or of any other which might lead to similar embarrassment.

Ambassadors are, for state offences, liable at least to transmission beyond the frontiers. Under Henry IV. of France, the secretary of a Spanish ambassador was tried for conspiring with a Frenchman to put the King of Spain, during peace, in possession of Marseilles. He was convicted, but Henry was contented with sending him back to Spain. In its remonstrance, the Spanish court did not rely so much upon the ambassadorial privilege, as upon the provocation given by Henry, in the assistance given to the Dutch, contrary to the treaty of Ver-
vins.

It is curious that the French ambassador at Madrid was at the same time found intriguing against Spain.

The Regent Duke of Orleans arrested and sent to the frontier, Cellamari, the Spanish ambassador, employed by Alberoni in plots for depriving him of the Regency. On hearing of his arrest, Alberoni attempted, but in vain, to detain the French ambassador, who had taken his leave. For this detention there was no pretence.

In noticing the immunities of diplomatists from certain duties, the author refers to the conduct of Lord Stuart and Prince Polignac, in voluntarily giving up the articles smuggled in their name in 1829. We fear that the abuse of the ambassador's privilege is still not entirely checked.

Upon the "*Droit d'Asile*," the author appears to be a little inconsistent. He lays it down* that if a criminal takes refuge with an ambassador, who refuses to give him up, justice may take all measures to seize him "*dans l'hôtel même de la légation*;" but in blaming the forcible seizure of Ripperda in the house of Lord Stanhope, he says that "*il n'y a point de cas où la maison d'un ministre ne doit être un asile inviolable*."† He says truly that the Spaniards were in every way wrong, because there had been a special agreement with the king for Ripperda's remaining unmolested. Other cases mentioned do not throw much light upon the general question. There was too little of equality between Louis XV. and Pope Alexander VII., to allow of any deduction from the violent measures taken against the pontiff in 1664; and the disputes between France and Spain in 1636 arose out of special conventions. In a dispute which occurred at Copenhagen there is a remarkable instance of the insolence which the minister of a great power may exhibit. The French ambassador, Chamilli, had unquestionably acted illegally to subjecting Danish subjects and soldiers in judicial interrogation. The Danish minister sent a strong but justifiable remonstrance. The Frenchman thus commenced his reply:—

"I have received the letter which you have taken the trouble to write to me on the 24th ultimo, of which the style appears to be so

vandalish, that I should easily persuade myself that you had taken it from some archive of the time of King Dan, if the little experience which you have yet had in your office would have permitted you to become acquainted with such remote times."

The sequel of the letter did justice to this introduction.

This was too much even for the proud monarch whom Chamilli represented, and the insolent ambassador was recalled.

In considering the ways in which missions terminate, our author tells us that letters of credence expire, if a revolution deprives the sovereign of his throne, or if the form of government is entirely changed. But so long as a struggle is carried on by the adherents of an old government, foreign powers are not obliged to acknowledge the new. He instances the case of France in 1792.‡

An ambassador has no special privilege after death, entitling him to obsequies inconsistent with the general rule. "*Des qu'un ambassadeur est mort*," says a writer of the age of Louis XIV., "*il rentre aussitôt dans la vie privée*."§

A minister abroad is likely to receive applications from his countrymen who conceive themselves aggrieved by the government under which they are residing. A foreigner cannot complain so long as he is placed on the same footing with the natives of the country in which he resides. The same rule is perhaps too weakly stated by our author, as applied to the administration of justice. Mr. Canning's was so clearly of opinion that an Englishman in France was bound to hear all that was good and bad in the government of his temporary abode, that whenever complaint was made to him, he consulted French lawyers as to the justice of the complaint; and having taken due precaution to ensure impartiality, abided by their opinion.

No state, we are told,|| is bound to give up persons, to whatever country belonging, accused, or even convicted, who take refuge in its territory; England, it appears, with France and Russia, have constantly refused such demands, when unauthorized by treaty. It is clear that the ends of general justice are often defeated by the adoption of this rule; and it would seem desirable to provide against the evil by special convention. An objection usually entertained arises from political offenders, in whose case, it is apprehended, one government might be led to take a part, perhaps against its own views, in the internal politics of another, and to aid in tyrannical measures.

This matter of giving up offenders is one to which there is nothing closely analogous in private life; and it may be most properly referred to that law of nations which is founded upon acknowledged practice.

Questions of etiquette require a still more delicate treatment. Though great punctiliousness is absurd, a diplomatist is not to allow the nation which he represents to be

*Vol. ii. p. 176.

†Ibid. p. 201.

•Vol. ii. p. 195. †Ibid. p. 205. ‡Ibid. p. 208.

§Parl. Deb. 1823, vol. viii. p. 294.

||Vol. i. p. 285.

disparaged even in matters apparently trifling.

There is much under the head of "*Droit d'Égalité*,"* concerning the rank of nations and sovereigns; all which has however become of less importance, since the ministers assembled at the Congress of Vienna adopted the prudent course of waiving all disputed points of ceremony; and signed their public acts in the alphabetical order which the French language assigned to their respective nations. It is mentioned that France, Spain, Austria, and Russia, have each claimed general precedence, which however has not been allowed to either of them. Portugal and Sardinia give place to England, Spain and France. Denmark yields to France only, and pretends to it over Sweden. It is remarkable that although republics generally give place to kings, Cromwell maintained for England the rank which she had occupied under her kings. Modern good sense has adopted a variety of expedients for avoiding disputes about matters of form and ceremony, generally upon the principle of *alternation*; and when there is a stiff *diplomate* and haughty sovereign whom this will not content, a protest usually satisfies the offended dignity.

In 1699 a dispute about etiquette had well nigh left the emperor to negotiate the second partition treaty without the co-operation of France. The Marquis de Villars, the French ambassador, had been prevented, on a point of etiquette, from assisting at a court fete. He assisted upon an apology, would accept of none unless the Prince of Lichtenstein brought it to his own house, and was actually leaving Vienna, at the expiration of the period which he had prescribed, when the prince arrived by the order of the Emperor Leopold, and made the excuses, which were very haughtily received.

In recommending that diplomatists should join in court rejoicings, the author mentions the refusal of the Duc de Mortemart to assist at a *Te Deum* for celebrating the Russian victories over the Turks, because captured French Banners were among the trophies exhibited in the churches; of this effect of natural feeling the Emperor Nicolas approved. On the other hand, when the pope's legate at Lisbon refused to illuminate on the marriage of the Queen of Portugal in 1760, he was peremptorily sent out of the country.

The 5th book† contains, under the head of "*Droit des Negotiations*," further explanations of diplomatic etiquette. The *Ambassador*, it appears, is the only minister who is considered as the representative of his sovereign. The other classes are, 2. Envoys, ministers, and others, accredited to the sovereign; 3. Resident ministers; 4. Charges d'affaires, accredited to the minister for foreign affairs. These are only agents. The rank of the several classes has been thus arranged by the courts of Europe;‡ which have also declared that the

diplomats should rank among themselves, in each class, according to the priority of arrival; and that among powers which give each other the alternation, the order of signature shall be decided by lot.

We advert to a question involving much higher considerations. May a diplomatist employ corruption in order to obtain friends or intelligence? The law of nations, says the *ancien ministre*, regards it as lawful, but he doubts whether it is politic for a continuance. We believe that it would neither be politic nor justifiable. We cannot altogether deny that there may be occasions on which bribery may be allowed; where there is a reasonable ground to suspect treachery, or a sudden and secret blow, it may perhaps not be dishonourable to verify the suspicions by corrupting individuals. It might be lawful, for example, for England, to purchase the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit. The French court in all times has been profuse in its encouragement of corruption. A curious account is given* to us of the expenditure of the Duc de Richelieu when ambassador at Vienna; but there is no evidence of any advantage derived from it. Prince Louis de Rohan, also ambassador at Vienna, is said to have expended immense sums, and to have mistaken doubtful facts for grave matters. A man who takes great pains to be informed of every occurrence will soon puzzle himself, and probably be exposed to intentional mystification. We have seen a letter from the late Lord Auckland, when minister at the Hague, about the year 1792, which mentions another, sent by post, and *meant to be intercepted*; this shows how little reliance is to be placed on documents irregularly obtained. The same minister got possession by bribery of all the papers of the French legation, for several hours, while the French minister was absent on a party of pleasure; but we believe that, generally speaking, English ministers deal sparingly either in corruption or artifice.

Louis XIV. bribed freely,—queens, courtiers, and chancellors. He tried hard to gain our Marlborough, and curiously graduated his offers, according to the degree of favour he should obtain in the terms of peace;—so much for Naples and Sicily, so much for Dunkirk, for Strasburgh, and so on.† Marlborough, though accused of avarice, and capable of treachery, was not to be swayed by French money.

At a later period the Comte de Vergennes, in reporting that he had accomplished his master's object, sent back the 3,000,000 livres which had been entrusted to him for the purpose.

A letter of Cardinal d'Ossat‡ to Henry IV. is quoted as affording an instance of a necessary and justifiable falsehood. He had

France, England, Russia, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, and Sweden; and at Aix-la-Chapelle, 21 Nov. 1818.—Vol. ii. pp. 10, 11.

*Vol. i. p. 58.

†Coxe's Marlborough, vol. iii. p. 33.

‡Letter 12, Jan. 5, 1595; Lettres d'Ossat, vol. i. p. 329.

*Vol. i. p. 353.

†Vol. ii. p. 1.

‡Protocol, 19 March, 1815, of the eight Powers who signed the Treaty of Paris, viz. Austria,

promised to the pope not to mention to any person the contents of a certain despatch which he had received from Henry. On the other hand, two other French agents were apprised that he had received despatches, and would communicate the contents to them. He was therefore under the necessity of denying to them that the despatch had arrived. This lie is represented by our author* to have been necessary, to defeat the artifices of the court at which D'Ossat resided; but it seems rather to have been his own countrymen whom he deceived, although he adroitly made use of the occurrence to obtain favour with the papal court. The justification, however, of the falsehood consists, not so much in its utility, as in the necessity under which D'Ossat lay, of either deceiving those who questioned him, or breaking his word. It is certain that there are occasions on which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to be scrupulously veracious and inviolably secret. We doubt whether there is any case in which a diplomatist, placed in this difficulty, ought to act otherwise than he would act as a private gentleman.

Our ancient *diplomate* strongly condemns the practice of violating the secrecy of the post;† a practice, however, which he represents as very general in reference to diplomatic correspondence. There are persons in every post-office who can restore the seal of an opened letter so as completely to conceal the violation; and it has sometimes happened that the seal of the envelope and that of the enclosure have been interchanged. There is little attempt at concealing the practice. A diplomatist once observed to the minister of the court at which he resided, that his despatches had been re-sealed, and that a private mark on the seal had been omitted. "True," it was replied. "you have better engravers at Dresden than we have." Even in London, the French ambassador complained to the Duke of Newcastle, that the despatches from his court had come to him sealed with the English seal. "By a mistake in the office," said the duke, with a smile.

We have an account, too long for insertion, of the system of espionage over the post carried on at Dresden from 1736 to 1750, by Siepmann and other councillors of state, and a considerable number of sworn agents, under the superintendence of Count Bruhl, minister of Augustus, King of Poland. All letters from Berlin were opened; and when the operation delayed them, their dates were altered, and those of the answers also. The cipher and interesting papers of the Prussian legation were obtained by false keys and bribes. At first the letters were re-sealed in the usual manner by taking the impression; then the seals of the principal correspondents were permanently imitated. But all this unsealing and re-sealing took too much time, and the envelopes were then torn off and the addresses copied by a Baron Scheel, while an engraver imitated the seals. Still it was difficult to retain the

primitive form of the Prussian despatches; these despatches soon appeared in cipher, and the "besogne," as it was called, was at fault, until by bribery and false keys the cipher was obtained. These ministerial delinquencies, like those of humbler practitioners, are generally betrayed by some imprudence: Count Bruhl one day alluded, in the presence of the Prussian minister, to something which he could only have known by perusing a cipher-despatch from Berlin. In the evening, information of the suspected treachery went off to the King of Prussia, in a letter, however, which was also perused by the Saxon, and a new cipher was returned, to which he had not the key. The whole system became useless, and soon afterwards the Baron Scheel disappeared mysteriously. The Prussian king revenged himself soon afterwards by corrupting the private secretaries of the Saxon cabinet, who for many years supplied him with all that was important in the Saxon archives.

In a long chapter* on the construction of ciphers, a curious instance is given of a mistake, of which the result was not unfavourable. The Brandenburg ambassador at Vienna advised his master, the Elector, Frederic III., to write with his own hand to the Emperor Charles VI., in order to expedite the negotiations for the erection of Prussia into a kingdom. In this ciphered letter, 110, which signified the emperor, was mistaken at Berlin for 116, which designated a certain Father Wolff, chaplain to the Imperial Embassy at Berlin; to him, therefore, Frederic applied. The Jesuit, much flattered, used all his influence with his order at Vienna to second the elector's wishes, and was successful!

We have enumerated enough of the functions of a diplomatist, to show that great and various qualifications are necessary for a successful ambassador. He ought unquestionably to possess acuteness, sagacity, and discretion, together with good manners. These ought to be sought, at whatever expense, and in whatever class of persons. There may be reasons for selecting, as the king's representative to the more ancient monarchies, persons of high birth as well as good manners; but no sovereign would now venture to put to a foreign minister the question which Philip II. of Spain put to the President Jeannin, "Are you a gentleman?" "Yes," answered the Frenchman, "if Adam was." "Of whom are you the son?" "Of my virtues," replied Jeannin; by which rejoinder he is reported to have overcome the haughtiness of the Spanish monarch.†

When in 1676 the ministers of the Emperor Leopold I. would have refused the title of *Excellence* to ambassadors who were not of noble birth, the great Elector, Frederic William of Brandenburg, announced that he regarded only the merits of his envoys, and did not trouble his head about their ancestors. We hope not to be accused of favouring the aristocracy too much, when we say, that a plebeian minister em-

*Vol. ii. p. 65.

†Ibid. p. 85.

*Vol. ii. p. 130.

†Vol. ii. p. 17.

played at a monarchical court ought to compensate by a decided superiority of talents, for a deficiency in that which, so long as kings and nobles endure, will reasonably be held in esteem. The disposition of a despotic monarch towards a foreign government may doubtless be influenced by the state of his feelings towards its representative; probably neither manners nor talents will turn a government from a decided purpose, manifestly for its interests; but when the sovereign hesitates between two courses, he may be turned by a trivial circumstance; and it would be very bad policy to run the risk of offending him, by a want of deference to his prejudices, be they reasonable or otherwise. It is remarkable that the "great commoner" of the last century, in recommending Mr. Stanley to the Duc de Choiseul, speaks of him as a man "*who is descended from an illustrious family, and entertains noble sentiments.*"* The present minister for Foreign Affairs in France† holds it of great importance that ambassadors should live with magnificence. The policy of the English government in this respect is daily becoming more niggardly; and it may well be questioned whether, not only upon the considerations urged by the Duc de Broglie, but with the view of ensuring a good supply of talents, the reduction of diplomatic allowances is an act of wisdom. This is quite clear; the tendency of such reductions is in favour of the policy of Philip II. rather than of that of Frederic William. If we are not willing to pay a good price for talents and integrity, wherever we may find them, we must be content to employ men who derive fortunes from their ancestors. It has sometimes been said that a man will be valued at the price which he puts upon himself; and haughtiness, if at all justifiable by the rank and character of him who displays it, is frequently triumphant. Our author mentions an instance in Lord Stair, English minister at Paris, who had refused to go further than the bottom of his staircase to meet the regent Duke of Orleans. In this instance of Lord Stair, his haughty demeanor was successful, as he acquired the confidence of the regent, and kept the two courts in intimate union.

Though the choice of a minister rests of course with the court which sends him, there are instances of refusal to receive particular persons.‡ These are in times of peace; and it is said that an instance has occurred lately. We remember that when England appointed the late Lord Malmesbury to negotiate at Lisle, in 1797, the French government observed, that "another choice would have appeared to the Directory to augur more favourably for the speedy conclusion of peace." Lord Gren-

ville's answer was, that Lord Malmesbury would proceed without delay to Lisle, "the remark of the Directory upon the choice which his majesty has thought fit to make of his plenipotentiary being certainly of a nature not to require any answer."*

The reception and influence of a minister at a foreign court may be affected by trivial and accidental circumstances. When Segur was ambassador to the Empress Catherine, he prepared a speech for his first audience, and gave, as is customary, a copy of it to the Russian Chancery, in order that her majesty might know how to reply. An agreeable conversation with Count Cobenzel, in the ante-room, drove his speech out of his recollection, and he was under the necessity of drawing upon his own resources. Catherine, though somewhat surprised, returned a ready answer; and Segur afterwards gave her to understand, that it was to her august appearance that his embarrassment was to be ascribed. She then told him of an ambassador who had been so much troubled at his audience as to get no further than "*Le roi mon maitre.*" When he had thrice repeated this exordium, the empress came to his aid, assuring him that she had long been assured of the friendship of his master; but the poor man could get no further, and Catherine continued to hold him in contempt. To show how little credit is to be given to cotemporary history, we may remind our readers that this identical story was told, a few years ago, as of a then recent occurrence at Paris, on the presentation of a noble duke.

Self-possession, no doubt, is essential to a diplomatist. When a living statesman, of high talents and character, was placed at the head of the Foreign Office in England, he solicited instruction from the late Lord Malmesbury. "Always keep your back to the light, and learn to take snuff"—was the brief recommendation of one of the ablest of our regular diplomatists. The objects were to conceal from his adversary the emotions of his countenance, and to obtain a few moments for deliberation before he spoke. The advice was good; but we attach most importance to the second part of it. The quickest man ought to give his thoughts time to cool before utterance. Neither in this, nor in any other particular, is there any essential difference between a diplomatic negotiation, and a conference in which a gentleman may be engaged, wherein the interests of a friend or a principal are concerned.

Our author's remarks on the styles of diplomatic writings are more judicious than remarkable.

In recommending a clear and precise style for diplomatic papers, he recommends particular attention to *punctuation*, and says, truly, that serious disputes may arise from the misplacing of a comma. Our readers may possibly be surprised at an objection, on our part, to high punctuation; but although we conceive that, in a printed book, frequent points are very useful, especially

*Mr. Pitt to the Duc de Choiseul, 4 May, 1761; Parl. Hist. vol. xvi. p. 1035.

†Moniteur, 23 Feb. 1833.

‡A case is mentioned of a Mr. Goodricke, whom the Court of Sweden refused to receive in 1757, whereupon England broke off all diplomatic intercourse. We cannot trace this occurrence further.

*Parl. Hist. vol. xxxiii. pp. 913, 914.

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recollection of a joint conference between them.

We had occasion to mention in a former volume* the Declaration against Spain in 1796.† Other declarations issued during Lord Grenville's administration of the Foreign Office, are also worthy of perusal; but the most celebrated document bearing the signature of that upright statesman, is the answer which he returned in January, 1800,‡ to the overture made by Bonaparte when First Consul. On this occasion, England peremptorily refused to treat with the French government, by reason of the revolutionary and aggrandizing spirit which France had displayed during the war. Lord Grenville on this occasion spoke thus of the exiled family:—

"The best and most natural pledge of its reality, and permanence of a change of system, would be the restoration of that line of princes which for so many centuries maintained the French nation in prosperity at home, and in consideration and respect abroad: such an event would at once have removed, and will at any time remove, all obstacles in the way of negotiation or peace. It would confirm to France the unmolested enjoyment of its ancient territory; and it would give to all the other nations of Europe, in tranquillity and peace, that security which they are now compelled to seek by other means."

Although in conformity with the uniform professions of Mr. Pitt, there was a disclaimer of interference with the form of government in France, there were, even among the friends of the administration, doubts of the wisdom of thus bringing forward the Bourbons.¶ In truth it did neither good nor harm, but it was very obvious to the misrepresentation which it encountered. It is scarcely possible that good should result, and very probable that evil will follow, from the unnecessary introduction of an invidious topic.

In fact, we did at no distant period make peace with Bonaparte, to the exclusion of the Bourbons. The negotiations for this peace first brought forward Lord Liverpool as a diplomatist.¶ There is nothing so remarkable in his notes as clearness and good sense. Each party began with pretensions it was obliged to abandon. Lord Liverpool managed his concessions without discredit. The great fault lay in the definitive treaty, which in truth was *not* definitive, and ought to be a warning to all negotiators. It was eminently a case for a first and second treaty, because there were many arrange-

ments to be made with other powers. The second and definitive treaty ought not to have been signed, and the conquests restored, until all these arrangements (chiefly concerning Malta) had been complete.

In the negotiations which preceded the rupture, there were some notes which obtained great applause. One* in particular, answering Mr. Otto's complaints of the English newspapers, and the hospitality exercised towards the Bourbon princes, was generally and deservedly praised.

Lord Whitworth's reports of his conversations with Bonaparte, in whose behaviour there was "a total want of dignity as well as of decency,"† are very curious and amusing.

Mr. Pitt never having been officially engaged in diplomacy, we have not much of his writing upon foreign affairs. His paper upon the terms of peace, in 1805, has been formerly noticed;‡ it has the perspicuity which belongs to a clear understanding. The part which he took in the Foreign Office, during the incumbency of Lord Mulgrave, has been the subject of an amusing anecdote.§ It is not improbable that he was the author of the note in which Bonaparte's overture was rejected in 1805.¶ It is clear and simple.

Mr. Fox was more accustomed to diplomacy. We cannot enter into a criticism of his negotiation of 1806;¶ but we would observe that, except in the commencement, which was somewhat theatrical, his despatches assumed the character of those which he had been accustomed to condemn. His style, however, was much more familiar and easy** than Lord Grenville's; though not at all more successful in inducing France to abandon her extravagant pretensions. One cause of the familiarity of Mr. Fox's despatches is probably the almost constant omission of the king's name. One of his letters†† is a good specimen of an official rebuke. Lord Grey, we presume, was the author of the manifesto which followed the rupture of these negotiations.‡‡ But we say nothing of living statesmen.

Of Lord Castlereagh's character as a diplomatist we have already given our opinion.§§ His style assuredly cannot be commended; but we repeat that his diplomatic

*28 August, 1802. Parl. Hist. vol. xxxvi. p. 1271.

†P. 1320.

‡Vol. viii. p. 42.

§A foreigner attached to the Foreign Office is said to have described with some humour, Lord Mulgrave's writing, scratching, re-writing, and re-scratching his *brouillons*; and finally exclaiming, "I must go to Mr. Pitt."

¶Ann. Reg. 1805, p. 616.

¶Parl. Deb. vol. viii. p. 92.

**See particularly Nos. 7 and 9.

††No. 26, addressed to Lord Yarmouth, on the premature production of his powers. Lord Yarmouth's answer shows that he had not acted heedlessly.

‡‡Oct. 21, 1806, p. 209. In the Annual Register of this year (p. 800) is a most interesting picture of the wrongs sustained from France, in a manifesto issued by Prussia, at Erfurt, October 9th.

§§Vol. viii. p. 40.

*Vol. viii. pp. 393, 394.

†We have been told, on high authority, that the belief which we entertained in common with many cotemporaries, that Mr. Canning was the principal author of this manifesto, is not founded.

‡Oct. 29, 1793, Parl. Hist. vol. xxx. p. 1597; Dec. 27, 1796, Parl. Hist. vol. xxxii. p. 1436; Oct. 21, 1797, vol. xxxiii. p. 933.

§Jan. 4, vol. xxxiv. p. 1198.

¶See F. Q. R. viii. 36.

¶We have only the French account of these negotiations, published at Paris, and republished in London in 1803.

communications were in substance such as became an English minister, and that their occasional inelegance never interfered with the clearness and the manliness of their purport.

If his papers have neither the stateliness of Lord Grenville's, the simplicity of Mr. Fox's, nor the vigorous acuteness and precision of Mr. Canning's, they answered their purpose well; more especially where it was, to deprecate objection, and reconcile various interests.

The declaration against America,* is a good specimen of a paper losing force through its length, and occasional awkwardness of construction, yet efficient through the truth of its recitals, and the correctness of its arguments. In the unsuccessful communications which preceded it, as well as his other negotiations with the United States, Lord Castlereagh preserved his character for moderation and firmness.

We now come to Mr. Canning, and certainly the diplomatic papers of which he was the undoubted author leave it indifferent whether he had much share in the Declaration of 1796. It is impossible to read any one of these without recognising a vigorous understanding, and a mind of acute perception. He to whom the instruction is addressed knows at once what he is to say and do, and why; the hostile critic, or the opposing party, must encounter facts and arguments with contradiction, having no pretence for evading them. His manifestoes, his instructions, and his communications with the ministers of other powers, are equally eminent. The Declaration against Russia† in 1807 is a masterly specimen; and has the more merit because the manifesto‡ on the part of Russia was a paper of much ability. Nothing can be better than the instructions addressed during his first administration to Lord Granville Leveson Gower, after the conclusion of the treaty of Tilsit;§ and those which he issued on the invasion of Spain in 1823|| are excellent. Sagacity and firmness are both conspicuous in his correspondence with Austria and Russia,** when those powers, really bound to France, were affecting the character of mediators.

During his second administration, a period of peace, his communications were personal, or through British ministers abroad; but the papers which have been published, and his speeches in parliament upon foreign affairs, leave no room to doubt, that the same excellencies pervaded his diplomacy; a masterly exposure of mystification in others, and a clear assertion of his own policy.

He sometimes brought into use his habitual playfulness. In a negotiation of minor importance, some Dutch ministers had sent him an unreasonable *project*. He began the next conference by thanking them for their amusing joke, successfully refused to treat the proposition seriously, and thus got rid of it.*

Englishmen have always been in the habit of depreciating the representatives of their nation abroad. They are always said to be outwitted by the clever Frenchman, the wily Italian, or the politic German. It would be difficult to establish, by facts, the justice of this depreciation. It will *not* be established in any instance, unless it be shown that a continental diplomatist has by dexterity, deceit, or persuasion, obtained some concession hurtful to the interests of England. It is *not* established simply by showing that an English minister has yielded a point, which by perseverance he might have maintained. The question is, whether reasonably, and with a view to the permanent interests of his country, he ought to have maintained it. We do not believe that English diplomatists, either of these or of former days, would suffer in comparison with those of other nations.

It appears to be now the plan of government, to make a regular profession of diplomacy, with promotion, having regard to length of service and seniority; but not to give the higher appointments exclusively to these professional diplomatists. We believe this to be a judicious course.

There are few diplomatists who may not get some useful hints from the book which we have here reviewed; and we trust that we, too, have done them a useful service in pointing out some documents and passages of history connected with their pursuits. It may be true that neither diplomatist nor statesman can often recur to an occurrence of former days, as a sure rule for his conduct on a new occasion; but the whole mass of facts belonging to a particular branch—defensive alliances for instance, or guaranties—does furnish principles which are almost universally applicable. There are indeed smaller matters in which precedents are almost as operative in diplomacy as in law. And it is at least unseemly, not to be familiar with the illustrations used by the *diplomate* with whom you treat.

We do not recommend the imitation of any particular diplomatist; we have instanced several, perhaps of equal, but certainly of various qualifications. The man of plain and simple manners cannot hope to fascinate like him who can render everything he does agreeable; but he may obtain equal success through a confidence in his sincerity. Even a lofty and repulsive bearing may be successful, if it be not artificial. The great rule is, in manners, to be *natural*, in purpose, to be *honest*. If he follow this rule, we will match the English diplomatist with all the polished craft of the world.

*His poetical despatch in cipher has been noticed in vol. ix. pp. 272, 273.

*Jan. 9, 1813. Parl. Deb. vol. xxiv. p. 363.

†Parl. Deb. vol. x. p. 118.

‡Page 218.

§Papers relative to Russia, Parl. Deb. x. 110. See particularly Nos. 9 & 10.

||Parl. Deb. N. S. vol. viii. p. 904. See particularly, Nos. 2, 6, 11, 13, 17, 20, 25, 43.

**Papers relative to Russia and Austria, vol. x. p. 100, 110, 195.

From the same.

Histoire Pittoresque de la Convention Nationale, et de ses Principaux Membres.
Par M. L. . . . Conventionel. 4 vols.
svo. Paris. 1833.

THE French Revolution is a subject on which neither history nor public opinion have been able as yet to pronounce an impartial verdict; nor is it perhaps possible that the opinions of mankind should ever be unanimous, upon the varied events which marked its course. The passions excited were so fierce, the dangers incurred so tremendous, the sacrifices made so great, that the judgment not only of contemporary but of future generations must be warped in forming an opinion concerning it; and as long as men are divided into liberal and conservative parties, so long will they be at variance in the views they entertain in regard to the great strife which they first maintained against each other.

There are some of the great events of this terrible drama, however, concerning which there appears now to be scarcely any discrepancy of opinion. The execution of the king and the royal family—the massacre of the Girondists—the slaughter in the prisons, are generally admitted to have been, using Fouché's words, not only crimes but faults; great errors in policy, as well as outrageous violations of the principles of humanity. These cruel and unprecedented actions, by drawing the sword and throwing away the scabbard, are allowed to have dyed with unnecessary blood the career of the Revolution; to have needlessly exasperated parties against each other; and by placing the leaders of the movement in the terrible alternative of victory or death, rendered their subsequent career one incessant scene of crime and butchery. With the exception of Levasseur de la Sarthe, the most sturdy and envenomed of the republican writers, there is no author with whom we are acquainted, who now openly defends these atrocities; who pretends, in Barrère's words, that "the tree of liberty cannot flourish unless it is watered by the blood of kings and aristocrats;" or seriously argues that the regeneration of society must be preceded by the massacre of the innocent and the tears of the orphan.

But although the minds of men are nearly agreed on the true character of these sanguinary proceedings, there is a great diversity of opinion as to the necessity under which the revolutionists acted, and the effects with which they were attended on the progress of freedom. The royalists maintain that the measures of the Convention were as unnecessary as they were atrocious; that they plunged the progress of social amelioration into an ocean of blood; devastated France for years with fire and sword; brought to an untimely end above a million of men; and finally riveted about the neck of the nation an iron despotism, as the inevitable result and merited punishment of such criminal excesses. The revolutionists, on the other hand, allege that

these severities, however much to be deplored, were unavoidable in the peculiar circumstances in which France was then placed: they contend that the obstinate resistance of the privileged classes to all attempts at pacific amelioration, their implacable resentment for the deprivation of their privileges, and their recourse to foreign bayonets to aid in their recovery, left to their antagonists no alternative but their extermination; that in this "mortal strife" the royalists showed themselves as unscrupulous in their means, and would, had they triumphed, been as unsparing in their vengeance, as their adversaries; and they maintain, that notwithstanding all the disasters with which it has been attended, the triumph of the Revolution has prodigiously increased the productive powers and public happiness of France, and poured a flood of youthful blood into her veins.

The historians of the Revolution, as might have been expected, incline to one or other of these two parties. Of these the latest and most distinguished are Lacretelle on the royalist side, and Mignet and Thiers on that of the Revolution, the reputation of whose works is now too well established to require us to enter here into an appreciation of their merits or defects, or to be affected by our praise or our censure. The work now before us, which is confined to the most stormy and stirring period of the Revolution, does not aspire, by its form, to a rivalry with all or any of those we have just mentioned. It consists of a series of graphic sketches of the National Convention, drawn evidently by one well acquainted with the actors in its terrific annals, and interspersed with a narrative composed at a subsequent period, with the aids which the memoirs and historians of later times afford. As such, it possesses a degree of interest equal to any work on the same subject with which we are acquainted. Not only the speeches, but the attitudes, the manner, the appearance, and very dress of the actors in the drama are brought before our eyes. The author seems, in general, to speak from his own recollections; the speeches which he has reported are chiefly transcribed from the columns of the *Moniteur*; but in some instances, especially the conversations of Danton, Robespierre, Barrère, and the other leaders of the Jacobins, we suspect that he has mingled his historical reminiscences with subsequent acquisitions, and put into the mouths of the leading characters of the day, prophecies too accurate in their fulfilment to have been the product of human sagacity. Generally speaking, however, the work bears the impress of intimate acquaintance with the events and persons who are described; and although from being published without a name, it has not the guarantee for its authenticity which known character and respectability afford, yet, in so far as internal evidence is concerned, we are inclined to rank it with the most faithful narratives of the events it records which have issued from the press. Its general accuracy, we are enabled, from a pretty extensive com-

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parison of the latest authorities, to confirm. We shall give some extracts, which, if we are not greatly mistaken, will justify the tone of commendation in which we have spoken of it.

The period at which the work commences is the opening of the Convention, immediately after the revolt of the 10th of August had overturned the throne, and when a legislature, elected by almost universal suffrage, in a state of unprecedented exasperation, was assembled to regenerate the state.

Robespierre and Marat, the Agamemnon and Ajax of the democracy, are thus ably sketched:

"Robespierre and Marat—enemies in secret, as external appearance friends—were early distinguished in the Convention; both dear to the mob, but with different shades of character. The latter paid his court to the lowest of the low, to the men of straw or in rags, who were then of so much weight in the political system. The needy, the thieves, the cut-throats—in a word, the dregs of the people, the *appel mortem* of the human race, to a man supported Marat.

"Robespierre, albeit dependant on the same class to which his rival was assimilated by his ugliness, his filth, his vulgar manners, and disgusting habits, was nevertheless allied to a more elevated division of it: to the shopkeepers and scribes, small traders, and the inferior rank of lawyers. These admired in him the *politesse bourgeoise*; his well-combed and powdered head, the richness of his waistcoats, the whiteness of his linen, the elegant cut of his coats, his breeches, silk stockings carefully drawn on, bright knee and shoe buckles; every thing, in short, bespoke the *gentlemanly* pretensions of Robespierre, in opposition to the sans-culottism of Marat.

"The shop-keepers and the lower ranks of the legal profession never identify themselves with the populace, even during the fervour of a revolution. There is in them an innate spirit of feudality, which leads them to despise the canaille and envy the noblesse: they desire equality, but only with such as are above themselves, not such as would confound them with their workmen. The latter class is odious to them; they envy the great, but they have a perfect horror for those to whom they give employment; never perceiving that the democratic principle can admit of no such distinction. This is the reason which made the *aristocratic bourgeoisie* prefer Robespierre; they thought they saw in his manners, his dress, his air, a certain pledge that he would never degrade them to the multitude; never associate them with those whose trade was carried on in the mud, like Marat's supporters. Amidst these divisions, one fixed idea alone united these opposite leaders; and that was, to give such a pledge to the Revolution as would render it impossible to doubt their sincerity, and that pledge was to be the blood of Louis XVI."—vol. i. p. 28.

Roland and his wife, the beautiful victim of Jacobin vengeance, are thus portrayed:

"Roland was a man of ordinary capacity, but he obtained the reputation of genius by means of his wife, who thought, wrote, and spoke for him. She was a woman of a most

superior mind; with as much virtue as pride, as much ambition as domestic virtue. Daughter of an engraver, she commenced her career by wishing to contend with a queen; and no sooner had Marie Antoinette fallen, than she seemed resolute to maintain the combat, no longer against a person of her own sex, but with the men who pretended to rival the reputation of her husband.

"Madame Roland had great talent, but she wanted tact and moderation: She belonged to that class in the middling ranks that scarcely knows what good breeding is; her manners were too brusque; she trusted implicitly to her good intentions, and was quite indifferent in regard to external appearances, which, after all, are almost every thing in this world. Like Marie Antoinette, she was master in her own family: the former was king, the latter was minister; her husband, whom she constantly put forward, as often disappeared in her presence, which gave rise to the bon mot of Condorcet: 'When I wish to see the minister of the interior, I never can see any thing but the petticoat of his wife.' This was strictly true: persons on business uniformly applied to Madame Roland instead of the minister; and whatever she may have said in her Memoirs, it is certain that unconsciously she opened the portfolio with her own hand. She was to the last degree impatient under the attacks of the tribune, to which she had no means of reply, and took her revenge by means of pamphlets and articles in the public journals. In these she kept up an incessant warfare, which Roland sanctioned with his name, but in which it was easy to discover the warm and brilliant style of his wife."—i. 28.

These observations exhibit a fair specimen of the author's manner. It is nervous, brief, and sententious, rather than eloquent or impressive. The work is calculated to dispel many illusions under which we, living at this distance, labour, in regard to the characters of the Revolution. They are here exhibited in their genuine colours, alike free from the dark shades in which they have been enveloped by one party, and the brilliant hues in which they are arrayed by the other. In the descriptions, we see the real springs of human conduct on this elevated stage; the same littlenesses, jealousies, and weaknesses which are every day conspicuous around us in private life.

The Girondists in particular are stripped of their magic halo by his caustic hand. He displays in a clear light the weakness as well as brilliant qualities of that celebrated party: their ambition, intrigues, mob adulation, when rising with the Revolution; their weakness, irresolution, timidity, when assailed by its fury. Their character is summed up in the following words, which are put into the mouth of Lanjuinais, one of the most intrepid and noble-minded of the moderate party.

"The Girondists are in my mind a living example of the truth of the maxim of Beaumarchais: 'My God! what idiots these men of talent are!' All their speeches delivered at our tribune are sublime; their actions are inexplicable on any principles of common sense. They amuse themselves by exhausting their popularity in

insignificant attacks, and waste it by that means in such a manner that already it is almost annihilated. They destroyed themselves when they overturned the monarchy; they flattered themselves that they would reign afterwards by their virtue and their brilliant qualities, little foreseeing how soon the Jacobins would mount on their shoulders. At present, to maintain themselves in an equivocal position, they will consent to the trial of the king, flattering themselves that they will decide his fate—they are mistaken: it is the Mountain, not they, that will carry the day. The Mountain is so far advanced in the career of crime that it cannot recede. Besides, it is indispensable for it to render the Gironde as guilty as itself, in order to deprive it of the possibility of treating separately; that motive will lead to the destruction of Louis XVI."—i. 142, 143.

These observations are perfectly just; whether they were made by Lanjuinais or not at the period when they are said to have been spoken, may be doubtful; but of this we are convinced, that they contain the whole theory and true secret of the causes which convert popular movements into guilty revolutions. It is the early commission of crime which renders subsequent atrocities unavoidable; men engage in the last deeds of cruelty to avoid the punishment of the first acts of oppression. The only rule which can with safety be followed, either in political or private life, is *uniformly* to abstain from acts of injustice; never to do evil that good may come of it; but invariably to ask, in reference to any proposed measure, not merely whether it is expedient, but whether it is just. If any other principle be adopted—if once the system is introduced of committing acts of injustice or deeds of cruelty, from the pressure of popular clamour, or the supposed expediency of the measures, the career of guilt is commenced, and can seldom be arrested. The theory of public morals, complicated as it may appear, is in reality nothing but a repetition, on a greater scale, of the measures of virtue in private life; crime cannot be committed with impunity in the one more than the other, with this difference, that if the individuals who commit the wrong escape retribution, it will fall on the state to which they belong.

One of the most important steps in the progress of the Revolution, and from which so much evil subsequently flowed, was the failure in the impeachment of Marat by the Girondists in 1792. Marat's defence on that occasion, which is here given, is a choice specimen of the revolutionary talent which then exercised so powerful a sway.

"I am accused of having conspired with Robespierre and Danton for a triumvirate; that accusation has not a shadow of truth, except so far as concerns myself.—I am bound in duty to declare that my colleagues, Danton and Robespierre, have constantly rejected the idea alike of a triumvirate or a dictatorship.—If any one is to blame for having scattered these ideas among the public, it is myself; I invoke on my own head the thunder of the national vengeance—but before striking, deign to hear me.

"When the constituted authorities exerted their power only to enchain the people; to mur-

der the patriots under the name of the law, can you impute it to me as a crime that I invoked against the wicked the tempest of popular vengeance?—No—if you called it a crime, the nation would give you the lie; obedient to the law, they felt that the method I proposed was the only one which could save them, and assuming the rank of a dictator, they at once purged the land of the traitors who infested it.—

"I shuddered at the vehement and disorderly movements of the people, when I saw them prolonged beyond the necessary point; in order that these movements should not for ever fail, to avoid the necessity of their recommencement, I proposed that some wise and just citizen should be named, known for his attachment to freedom, to take the direction of them, and render them conducive to the great ends of public freedom.—If the people could have appreciated the wisdom of that proposal, if they had adopted it in all its plenitude, they would have swept off, on the day the Bastille was taken, five hundred heads from the conspirators. Every thing, had this been done, would now have been tranquil.—For the same reason, I have frequently proposed to give instantaneous authority to a wise man, under the name of tribune, or dictator,—the title signifies nothing; but the proof that I meant to chain him to the public service is, that I insisted that he should have a bullet at his feet, and that he should have no power but to strike off criminal heads.—Such was my opinion; I have expressed it freely in private, and given it all the currency possible in my writings; I have affixed my name to these compositions: I am not ashamed of them; if you cannot comprehend them, so much the worse for you.—The days of trouble are not yet terminated; already a hundred thousand patriots have been massacred because you would not listen to my voice; a hundred thousand more will suffer, or are menaced with destruction; if the people falter, anarchy will never come to an end. I have diffused those opinions among the public; if they are dangerous, let enlightened men refute them with the proofs in their hands; for my own part, I declare I would be the first to adopt their ideas, and to give a signal proof of my desire for peace, order, and the supremacy of the laws, whenever I am convinced of their justice.

"Am I accused of ambitious views? I will not condescend to vindicate myself; examine my conduct; judge my life. If I had chosen to sell my silence for profit, I might have now been the object of favour to the court.—What on the other hand has been my fate? I have buried myself in dungeons; condemned myself to every species of danger; the sword of twenty-thousand assassins is perpetually suspended over me; I preached the truth with my head laid on the block.—Let those who are now terrifying you with the shadow of a dictator, unite with me; unite with all true patriots, press the Assembly to expedite the great measures which will secure the happiness of the people, and I will cheerfully mount the scaffold any day of my life."—vol. i. pp. 75, 76.

We have given this speech at length, because it contains a fair sample of revolutionary logic, and displays that mixture of truth and error, of generous sentiments and perverted ambition, which character-

ized the speeches as well as the actions of the leaders. Marat was well acquainted with his power before he made these admissions; he knew that the armed force of the multitude would not permit a hair of his head to be touched; he already saw his adversaries trembling under the menaces which encircled the hall, and the applause of the galleries which followed his words; he had the air of generous self-devotion, when in truth he incurred no real danger. The principles here professed were those on which he and his party constantly acted. Their uniform doctrine was, that they must destroy their enemies, or be destroyed by them; that the friends of the Revolution were irrevocably engaged in a strife of life or death with the aristocracy; that there was no alternative in the struggle—it must be victory or death. Such were the maxims of the Jacobins, and we should greatly err if we ascribed them to any peculiar or extraordinary ferocity or wickedness in their character. They sprung entirely from their early commission of unpardonable offences, and the recklessness with which they perpetrated acts of violence and spoliation, the moment that they obtained supreme power. The conclusion to be drawn from this is, not that the progress of innovation and social amelioration inevitably leads to wickedness, but that the commission of one crime during its progress necessarily occasions another, because it is in the commission of the second that impunity for the first is alone looked for; and therefore, that the only way during such trying times to prevent the progress from terminating in disaster, is steadily to adhere to the principles of justice and humanity; and if violence is once unavoidable, to revert to the temper and moderation of happier times, the moment that such a return is practicable.

The Jacobin Club, the Dom-daniel where all the bloody scenes of the Revolution were hatched, must ever be an object of interest and curiosity to future ages. The author's picture of it is so graphic, that we shall give it in his own words, for fear of weakening their force by translation; it will also serve as a fair specimen of his style.

"Le club des Jacobins était véritablement le double de la puissance souveraine, et la portion la plus énergique: on ne pouvait assez la redouter, tant sa susceptibilité était extrême et ses vengeances terribles. Il se montrait inquiet, pusillanime, méfiant, cruel et féroce; il ne concevait la liberté qu'avec le concours des prisons, des fers, et d'une démoinee dans le sang. Tous les maux, toutes les crimes, toutes les résolutions funestes, qui pendant trois années désolèrent la France, partirent de cet antre d'horreur. Les Jacobins dominèrent avec une tyrannie épaisse, vaste et lourde, qui nous enveloppa tous comme un cauchemar permanent. Inquisition terrible, violente, et néanmoins cauteleuse, il se nourrissait d'épouvante calculée, de fureurs, de dénunciations, et de l'effroi général qu'il inspirait. Les plus importants parmi les révolutionnaires tiraient de la toute leur force, et en même temps ne cessèrent de bassesse: à tel point la masse du club avait du pouvoir, et à tel point celui qu'obtenaient des

particuliers devait remonter à lui, comme à son origine unique.

"Jamais un homme d'honneur, jamais la vertu paree de ses qualités précieuses ne purent être soufferts dans cette société: elle était antipathique avec tout ce qui n'était pas entaché d'une manière quelconque. Un voleur, un assassin, y trouvait plus d'affinité que le vole ou le victime. Le propos célèbre, *Qu'as-tu fait pour être pendu, si l'ancien régime revenait?* pouvait s'appliquer également à la morale, qu'à la politique. Quiconque se présentait avec une vie exempte de reproches devenait suspect nécessairement: mais l'impur inspirait de l'intérêt, et se trouvait en harmonie, ou en point de contact avec les habitudes de ce cloaque. Le club se réunissait à l'ancien couvent des Jacobins, dans la Rue St. Honoré, au local de la bibliothèque: c'était une salle vaste de forme gothique. On orna le local de drapeaux tricolores, de devises anarchiques, de quelques portraits et bustes des révolutionnaires les plus fameux. J'ai vu, bien antérieurement au meurtre de Louis XVI, deux portraits, ceux de Jacques Clement et de Ravallac, environnés d'une guirlande de chêne, en manière de couronne civique: au-dessous leur nom, accompagnée de la date de leur régicide, et au-dessus il y avait ces mots, *Ils furent heureux—they tuerent un roi.*"—tom. i. pp. 110—112.

It may be imagined from these and similar passages that the author is a royalist: but such in reality is not the case. He is equally severe on the other parties, and admits that he himself acquiesced in all the savage measures of the Convention. The Jacobins in fact have become equal objects of detestation to all parties in the Revolution: to the royalists, by the cruelties which they exercised—to the republicans, by the horror which they excited, and the reaction against the principles of popular government which they produced. The description of them by Thiers and Mignet is nearly as black as that given by our author.

It is a curious speculation what it is during revolutionary troubles that gives an influence to men of desperate character. Why is it that when political institutions are undergoing a change, the wicked and profligate should acquire so fearful an ascendancy? That thieves and robbers should emerge from their haunts when a conflagration is raging, is intelligible enough,—but that they should then all at once become omnipotent, and rule their fellow citizens with absolute sway, is the surprising phenomenon. In considering the causes of this catastrophe in France, much is no doubt to be ascribed to the corrupt and rotten state of society under the monarchy, and the total want of all those habits of combination for mutual defence and support, which arise from the long-continued enjoyment of freedom. More, however, we are persuaded, is to be ascribed to the general and unparalleled desertion of their country by the great majority of the nobility and landed proprietors, and their imprudent—to give it no severer name—union with foreign powers to regain their privileges by main force. If this immense and powerful body of men

had remained at home, yielded to the torrent when they could not resist it, and taken advantage of the first gleams of returning sense and moderation, to unite with the friends of order of every denomination, it is impossible to doubt that a great barrier against revolutionary violence must have been erected. But what could be done by the few remaining priests and royalists, or by the king on the throne, when a hundred thousand proprietors, the strength and hope of the monarchy, deserted to the enemy, and appeared combating against France under the Austrian eagles? There was the fatal error. Every measure of severity directed against them or their descendants, appeared justifiable to a people labouring under the terrors of foreign subjugation; if they had remained at home and armed against the stranger, as the worst mediator in their internal dissensions, the public feeling would not have been so strongly roused against them, and many of the worst measures of the Revolution would have been prevented. The comparatively bloodless character of the English civil war in the time of Charles I. is in a great measure to be ascribed to the courageous residence of the landed proprietors at home, even during the hottest of the struggle; and but for that intrepid conduct, they might, like the French noblesse, have been for ever stripped of their estates, and the cause of freedom stained by unnecessary excesses.

Our author visited Dumourier when he returned to Paris, to endeavour to stem the torrent of the Revolution.—On that occasion, the general addressed him in these remarkable words:—

"If the men of honour in the country would act as I do, these miserable anarchists would speedily be reduced to their merited insignificance, and France would be delivered; but they fear them, and the terror which they inspire constitutes their whole strength. I shall never permit them at least to extend their power over my determinations."

"Dumourier was right; it is the weakness of honest men which in every age has constituted the strength of the rabble."—vol. i. p. 128.

He mentions a singular fact, well known to all who are tolerably acquainted with the history of the Revolution, which remarkably illustrates the slender reliance which during the fervour of a revolution can be placed on the support of the populace.—

"The Girondists trusted to their patriotism, to the pledges they had never ceased to give to the popular cause; they constantly flattered themselves that the people would keep their qualities in remembrance; and experience never taught them that the people, ever ungrateful and forgetful of past services, have neither eyes nor ears but for those who flatter them without intermission. They had another reason for their confidence, in the enormous majority which had recently re-elected Pétion to the important situation of mayor of Paris.—No less than 14,000 voices had pronounced in his favour, while Robespierre had only 23, Billaud-Varennes 11, and Danton 11. The

Girondists flattered themselves that their influence was to be measured in the same proportion; that error was their ruin, for they continued to cling to it down to the moment when necessity constrained them to see that they stood alone in the commonwealth. Bailly, the virtuous Bailly, that pure spirit who had the misfortune to do so much evil with the best intentions, had only two votes."—vol. i. p. 130.

Thus the Girondists, only a few months before their final arrest and overthrow by the mob of Paris, had fourteen thousand votes, while Robespierre and Danton, who led them out to the slaughter, had only thirty-four. Whence arose this prodigious decline of popularity in so short a time, and when they had done nothing in the intervening period to justify or occasion it? Simply from this, that having latterly endeavoured to repress the movement, that instant their popularity dissolved like a rope of sand, and they were consigned in a few months to the scaffold by their late noisy supporters.

This respectable writer adds his testimony to a fact now generally admitted, that the well-known novel of *Faùblas* gave a correct picture of the manners of France at the outset of the Revolution. In such a corrupt state of society, it is not surprising that political change should have led to the most disastrous results; nor can any thing be imagined much worse than the old regime.

"Louvet de Courtray, born at Paris in 1764, was the son of a shopkeeper, and made his debut, not as an advocate, but as a shopman in the employment of Brault, the bookseller. He there acquired a taste for literature, which he soon made known by his well-known novel of *Faùblas*. The Revolution commenced, and despite its agitation, the *Amours* and gallant *Adventures of the Chevalier de Faùblas* soon obtained a deserved reputation. You find in that book a faithful picture of the manners of the age—its levity, its follies; the mode of life of good company is there accurately depicted; and if decency is little respected, it is because it met with as little respect at the period when the hero of the story was supposed to be living."—vol. i. p. 145.

But we must hasten to yet more interesting scenes. The appearance of the Duke of Orleans when he voted for the death of the king is thus described.

"Egalite, walking with a faltering step and a countenance paler than the corpse already stretched in the tomb, advanced to the place where he was to put the seal to his eternal infamy; and there, unable to utter a word in public unless it was written down, he read in these terms his fearful vote:

"'Exclusively governed by my duty, and convinced that all those who have resisted the sovereignty of the people deserve death, my vote is for DEATH!'

"'Oh, the monster!' broke forth from all sides; 'how infamous!' and general hisses and imprecations attended Egalite as he returned to his seat. His conduct appeared so atrocious, that of all the assassins of September, of all the wretches of every description who were there assembled, and truly the number was not

small, *not one* ventured to applaud him: all, on the contrary, viewed him with distrust or maledictions; and at the conclusion of his vote, the agitation of the assembly was extreme. One would have imagined from the effect it produced, that Egalité, by that single vote, irrevocably condemned Louis to death, and that all that followed it was but a vain formality."—vol. ii. p. 48.

One of the most instructive facts in the whole history of the Revolution, was the unanimous vote of the assembly on the *guilt* of Louis. Posterity has reversed the verdict: it is now unanimously agreed that he was innocent, and that his death was a judicial murder. That the majority, constrained by fear, misled by passion, or seduced by ambition, should have done so, is intelligible enough; but that seven hundred men should unanimously have voted an innocent man guilty, is the real phenomenon, for which no adequate apology can be found even in the anxieties and agitation of that unhappy period. Like all other great acts of national crime, it speedily brought upon itself its own punishment. It rendered the march of the Revolution towards increasing wickedness inevitable, because it deprived its leaders of all hope of safety but in the rule of the multitude, supported by acts of universal terror.

The result of the vote which, by a majority of forty-seven, condemned Louis to death, is well described:

"When the fatal words were pronounced, an explosion of satanic joy was expected from the tribunes: nothing of the kind occurred. A universal stupor took possession of the whole assembly, damping alike the atrocious hurrahs and the infernal applause. The victory which had been obtained filled the victors with as much awe as it inspired the vanquished with consternation; hardly was a hollow murmur heard; the members gazed at each other in death-like silence: every one seemed to dread even the sound of his own voice. There is something so overpowering in great events, that those even whose passions they most completely satisfy, are restrained from giving vent to their feelings."—vol. ii. p. 61.

The death of the king, and its effect on the people, is very impressive:

"The sight of the royal corpse produced divers sensations in the minds of the spectators. Some cut off parts of his dress; others sought to gather a few fragments of his hair; a few dipped their sabres in his blood; and many hurried from the scene, evincing the most poignant grief in their countenances. An Englishman, bolder than the rest, threw himself at the foot of the scaffold, dipped his handkerchief in the blood which covered the ground, and disappeared.

"In the capital, the great body of the citizens appeared to be overwhelmed by a general stupor: they hardly ventured to look each other in the face in the streets: sadness was depicted in every countenance: a heavy disquietude seemed to have taken possession of every mind. The day following the execution they had not got the better of their consternation, which appeared then to have reached the members of the Convention, who were astonished and ter-

rified at so bold a stroke, and the possible consequences with which it might be followed. Immediately after the execution, the body of Louis XVI. was transported into the ancient cemetery of the Madeleine: it was placed in a ditch of six feet square, with its back against the wall of the Rue d'Anjou, and covered with quick-lime, which was the cause of its being so difficult afterwards, in 1815, to discover the smallest traces of his remains.

"The general torpor, without doubt, paralysed many minds, but shame had a large effect upon others. It was certainly a deplorable thing to see the king put to death without the smallest effort being made to save him from destruction; and on the supposition that such an attempt might have led to his assassination by the Jacobins, even that would have been preferable to the disgraceful tranquillity which prevailed at his execution. I am well aware that all who had emigrated had abandoned the king; but as there remained in the interior so many loyal hearts devoted to his cause, it is astonishing that no one should have shown himself on so rueful an occasion. Has crime then alone the privilege of conferring audacity? is weakness inseparable from virtue? I cannot believe it, although every thing conspired to favour it at that period, when the bravest trembled and retired into secrecy."—vol. ii. pp. 13, 14.

The Girondists were far from reaping the benefits they expected from the death of the king: Lanjuinais's prophecy in this respect proved correct: it was but the forerunner of their own ruin.

"The death of Louis, effected by a combination of all parties, satisfied none. The Girondists in particular, as Lanjuinais had foretold, found in it the immediate cause of their ruin. Concessions made to crime benefit none but those who receive them: they make use of them and speedily forget the givers. This was soon demonstrated; for no sooner was the trial of Louis concluded by his death, than the Jacobins commenced their attacks on Roland, the minister of the interior, with such vehemence, that on the day after the king's execution he sent in his resignation.

"The Girondists did every thing in their power to prevent him from proceeding to this extremity: his wife exerted all her influence to make him retain his situation, offering to share all his labours, and take upon herself the whole correspondence. It was all in vain: he declared that death would be preferable to the mortifications he had to undergo ten times a day. What made his friends so anxious to retain him was their conviction that they could find no one to supply his place. They clearly saw their situation, when it was no longer possible to apply a remedy. The Mountain, strong through their weakness, overwhelmed them: already it broke through every restraint, and the system of terror, so well organized after the revolution of the 10th August, was put into full activity."—vol. ii. pp. 153, 154.

It has never yet been clearly explained how Robespierre rose to the redoubtable power which he possessed for sixteen months before his death. His contemporaries are unanimous in their declarations

that his abilities were extremely moderate, that his courage was doubtful, and his style of oratory often tiresome and perplexed. How, if all this be true, did he succeed in rising to the head of an assembly composed of men of unquestioned ability, and ruled by the boldest and most audacious orators in France? How did he compose the many and admirable speeches, close in reasoning, energetic in thought, eloquent in expression, which he delivered from the tribune, and which history has preserved to illustrate his name? Supposing them to have been written by others, how did he maintain his authority at the Jacobin Club, whose nocturnal orgies generally took a turn which no previous foresight could have imagined, and no ordinary courage could withstand? How did he conduct himself in such a manner as to destroy all his rivals, and, at a time when all were burning with ambition, contrive to govern France with an authority unknown to Louis XIV.? The truth is, Robespierre must have been a man of most extraordinary ability; and the depreciatory testimony of his contemporaries probably proceeded from that envy which is the neverfailing attendant of sudden and unlooked-for elevation. The account of the system he pursued in order to raise himself to supreme power, is pregnant with instruction.

"It was at this period (March, 1793) that Robespierre began to labour seriously at the plan which was destined to lead him to the dictatorship. It consisted, in the first instance, in getting rid of the Gironde by means of the Mountain; and secondly, in destroying by their aid every man of the ancient regime, capable by his rank, his talent, or his virtue, of standing in his way. It was indispensable to reduce to his own level all the heads above himself which he suffered to exist, and among those which it was necessary to cut off, he ranked in the first class those of the Queen and of Egalite. Having done this, his next object was to destroy the Mountain itself: he resolved to decimate it in its highest summits, in such a manner that he alone would remain, and nothing oppose his governing France with absolute sway. Robespierre at the same time assailed with mortal anxiety all the military reputations which might stand in his way; and, in the end, death delivered him from every general from whose opposition he had anything to apprehend.

"That this frightful plan existed, is but too certain; that it was executed in most of its parts, is historically known. That it did not finally succeed, was merely owing to the circumstance that the Jacobins, made aware of their danger before it was too late, assailed him when he was unprepared, and overturned him in a moment of weakness."—vol. ii. pp. 192—195.

Fouquier-Tinville, the well-known public accuser in the revolutionary tribunal, is drawn in the following graphic terms:—

"Fouquier Tinville, a Picard by birth, born in 1747, and procureur in the court of the Chatelet, exhibited one of those extraordinary characters in which there is such a mixture of bad and strange qualities as to be almost incon-

ceivable. Gloomy, cruel, atrabilious: the unsparing enemy of every species of merit or virtue; jealous, artful, vindictive: ever ready to suspect, to aggravate the already overwhelming dangers of innocence, he appeared impervious to every feeling of compassion or equity; justice in his estimation consisted in condemnation; an acquittal caused him the most severe mortification; he was never happy but when he had sent all the accused to the scaffold: he prosecuted them with an extreme *acharnement*, made it a point of honour to repel their defences; if they were firm or calm in presence of the judges of the tribunal, his rage knew no bounds. But with all this hatred to what generally secures admiration and esteem, he showed himself alike insensible to the allurements of fortune and the endearments of domestic life: he was a stranger to every species of recreation: women, the pleasure of the table, the theatres had for him no attractions. Sober in his habits of life, if he ever became intoxicated, it was with the commonest kind of wine. The orgies in which he participated had all a political view, as for example, to procure a *feu de file*; on such occasions he was the first to bring together the judges and juries, and to provoke Bacchanalian orgies. What he required above every thing was human blood.

"A *feu de file*, in the Jacobin vocabulary, was the condemnation to death of all the accused. When it took place, the countenance of Fouquier Tinville became radiant; no one could doubt that he was completely happy; and to attain such a result he spared no pains. He was, to be sure, incessantly at work: he went into no society, hardly ever showed himself at the clubs: it was not there, he said, that his post lay. The only recreation which he allowed himself was to go the place of execution, to witness the pangs of his victims: on such occasions his gratification was extreme.

"Fouquier Tinville might have amassed a large fortune: he was, on the contrary, poor, and his wife, it is said, actually died of starvation. He lived without any comforts: his whole furniture, sold after his decease, only produced the sum of five hundred francs. He was distinguished by the appearance of poverty and a real contempt of money. No species of seduction could reach him: he was a rock, a mass of steel, insensible to every thing which usually touches men, to beauty and riches: he became animated only at the prospect of a murder which might be committed, and on such occasions he was almost handsome, so radiant was the expression of his visage.

"The friend of Robespierre, who fully appreciated his valuable qualities, he was the depositary of his inmost thoughts. The Dictator asked him one day, what he could offer him most attractive, when supreme power was fully concentrated in his hands. 'Repose,' replied Fouquier Tinville, 'but not till it is proved that not another head remains to fall: incessant labour till then.'"—vol. ii. 216, 217.

On reading these and similar passages regarding the Reign of Terror, and the characters which then rose to eminence, one is tempted to ask, is human nature the same under such extraordinary circumstances as in ordinary times; or is it possi-

ble, that by a certain degree of political excitement, a whole nation may go mad, and murders be perpetrated without the actors being in such a state as to be morally responsible for their actions? In considering this question, the conclusion which is irresistibly impressed on the mind by a consideration of the progress of the French Revolution, is, that the error lies more in the head than in the heart, and that it is by the incessant application of false principles to the understanding, that the atrocious actions which excite the astonishment of posterity are committed. Without doubt there are in all troubled times a host of wicked and abandoned men, who issue from their haunts, stimulated by cupidity, revenge, and every evil passion, and seek to turn the public calamities to their individual advantage. But neither the leaders nor the majority of their followers are composed of such men. The *political fanatics*, those who do evil that good may come,—who massacre in the name of humanity, and imprison in that of public freedom,—these are the men who are most to be dreaded, and who, in general, acquire a perilous sway over the minds of their fellow citizens. When vice appears in its native deformity it is abhorred by all: it is by assuming the language and working upon the feelings of virtue that it acquires so fatal an ascendancy, and that men are led to commit the most atrocious actions, in the belief that they are performing the most sacred of duties. The worst characters of the Revolution who survived the scaffold, were found in private life to have their humanity unimpaired, and to lead peaceable and inoffensive lives. Barrere is now, or was very recently, at Brussels, where his time is devoted to declaiming on the necessity of entirely abolishing capital punishments; and yet Barrere is the man who proposed the famous decree for the annihilation of Lyons, beginning with the words "*Lyons faisait la guerre a la liberte; Lyons n'est plus*;" and constantly affirmed, that "*le vaisseau de la Revolution ne peut arriver au port que sur une ocean du sang*."

The origin and composition of the famous Committee of Public Safety, and the manner in which it gradually engrossed the whole powers of the state, and became concentrated in the persons of the Triumvirate, are thus given:

"It was on the 6th April, 1793," says our author, "that the terrible Committee of Public Safety was constituted: which speedily drew to itself all the powers in the state. It did not manifest its ambition at the outset: it was useful at starting: it exhibited no symptoms of an ambitious disposition, but that prudent conduct ceased after the great revolt of 31st May. Then the Convention, its committees, and in an especial manner that of General Safety, fell under the yoke of the Committee of Public Safety, which performed the part of the Council of Ten and the Three Inquisitors in the Venetian state. Its power was monstrous, because it was in some sort concealed: because amidst the multitude of other committees it veiled its acts; because, renewing itself per-

petually among men of the same stamp, it constantly destroyed the personal responsibility of its members, though its measures were ever the same.

"The Committee of Public Safety terminated by being concentrated, not in the whole of its members, but in three of their number. Robespierre was the real chief, but half concealed from view; the two others were Couthon and St. Just. There was between these monsters a perfect unanimity down to the moment of their fall: in proportion as the Mountain was divided and its chiefs perished, the alliance between them became more firmly cemented. I have every reason to believe that they had resolved to perpetuate their power in union, and under the same title which Bonaparte afterwards adopted at the 18th Brumaire, Robespierre, Couthon and St. Just were to have formed a supreme council of three consuls. The first, with the perpetual presidency, was to have been entrusted with the departments of the exterior, of justice, and of the finances: Couthon was to have had the interior; and St. Just the war portfolio, which suited his belligerent inclination."—p. 229.

One of the most singular circumstances in all civil convulsions, when they approach a crisis, is the mixed and distracted feelings of the great majority, even of the actors, in the anxious scenes which are going forward. A signal instance occurred on occasion of the revolt of 31st May; which overturned the Girondists, and openly established the supremacy of the armed force of Paris over the National Convention. This eventful crisis is thus powerfully described by our author:—

The assembly, in a body, rose to present itself at the great gate to go out upon the place de Caroussel. We were all uncovered, in token of the dangers of the country: the president alone wore his hat. The officers of the assembly preceded him: he ordered them to clear a passage. Henriot, at that decisive moment, breaking out into open revolt, advanced on horseback at the head of his aides-de-camp. He drew his sabre and addressed us in a tone, the arrogance of which was deserving of instant punishment—"You have no orders to give here," said he, "return to your posts, and surrender the rebellious deputies to the people." Some amongst us insisted: the president commanded his officers to seize that rebel. Henriot retired fifteen paces, and exclaimed: "Cannoniers, to your pieces!" The troops that surrounded him at the same time made preparations to charge us. Already the muskets were raised to take aim, the hussars drew their sabres, the artillerymen inclined their lighted matches towards their pieces. At this spectacle, Hérault de Séchelles, the president, was disconcerted, turned about, and we followed him. He went to all the other gates, followed by the same escort: traversed the gardens of the Tuileries, and the place de Caroussel, in vain seeking to escape: at every issue a barrier of cannon and bayonets opposed his exit.

"At the same time,—who would believe it! the greater part of the troops, with their hats on the point of their bayonets, were shouting: 'Vive la Convention Nationale!' 'Vive la

Republique! 'Peace—Laws—a Constitution!' Somé cried out: 'Vive la Montagne!' a still smaller number, 'A la mort Brissot, Gensonne, Vergniaud, Gunde!' A few voices exclaimed, 'Purge the Convention! let the blood of the wicked flow!'—pp. 379, 380.

Yet though the opinions of the national guard, the armed force of Paris, were thus divided, and a minority only supported the violent measures of Henriot and the insurgents, this minority, by the mere force of unity of action, triumphed over all the others, and made their unwilling fellow-soldiers, the instruments in imposing violence on the legislature, and dragging its most illustrious members to prison. Such was the French Revolution; and such is the ascendancy which in all extreme cases of public agitation is acquired by audacious, united wickedness, over irresolute, divided virtue.

It is interesting to examine the line of conduct adopted by the moderate members of the assembly after this crisis, which prostrated the legislature before the municipality and armed force of Paris. The author gives us the following account of the principles by which he himself and the majority of the members were actuated:—

"Overwhelmed with consternation as all men of property were by the audacity of the revolutionists, and convinced of our impotence at that time, (for virtue has but feeble nerves, and none of that vigour which was manifested, not only by antiquity, but even by our fathers,) I asked myself, I am not ashamed to confess, whether a public sacrifice to the country would ultimately be more advantageous than a silent, cautious opposition, which in the end might unite to itself all whom the fury of the Mountain had spared. My answer was, that every one must carry on war according to his means; and, as in our case, an open resistance would have been followed by a speedy overthrow, I resolved to assume the appearance of absolute indifference, which might leave me at liberty to aid many unfortunate persons, and keep alive the hope of finally overturning that abominable tyranny.

"Having formed this resolution, I immediately proceeded to act upon it. I was present at the assembly; I quitted it without any one being sensible of my presence. I lived on terms of tolerable intimacy with Danton, Tallien, the younger Robespierre, so that by the aid of their hints and indiscretions, I was prepared for every storm which was approaching.

"This line of conduct, which was pursued at the same time by Durand, Garau, Dupuis, Demartin, and a number of others, perfectly succeeded. We were soon forgotten, while the remnants of the Jacobin faction assailed each other without mercy; we were passed over in silence for fifteen months, and that happy state of oblivion proved our salvation; for all at once, changing our tactics, and declaring against Robespierre, our unexpected vote gave his opponents the majority, and soon drew after it the whole assembly. In less than an hour after it was given, we became an authority which it was necessary to consult, and which, continually increasing, because it had struck in at the fortunate moment, speedily

made itself master of that supreme authority which the Jacobins were no longer in a condition to dispute.

"I know that our conduct is blamed, and was blamed by many persons. A number of knights of the saloon exclaimed against it: I will only ask, which of them, with all their boasting, did any thing useful at the fall of Robespierre!

"It is necessary in difficult times to distinguish obstinate folly from measured energy; there would be no wisdom in attempting to overthrow the pyramids of Egypt by striking them with the hand; but in beginning with the upper tier, and successively pulling down all those which compose the mass, the object might be accomplished."—vol. iii. p. 78.

This page involves a question of the utmost moment to all true patriots in periods of public danger from civil convulsion; which is, what should be their conduct when they are openly assailed by an anarchical faction? The answer to this is to be found in the situation of the parties, at the time when the collision takes place. If supreme authority, that of the armed force, has not passed into the hands of the anarchists, every effort should be made to retain it in the possession of the holders of property; but if that is impossible, the conduct pursued by these members of the Convention at that period is not only the most prudent, but in the end the most useful. To "stoop to conquer" is a maxim often as applicable to political as to private life; and when the majority of a nation are so heated by passion as to be incapable of appreciating the force of reason, it is only by waiting for the moment when they have begun to feel the consequences, that a favourable re-action can be anticipated.

The Reign of Terror is thus described:—

"The Reign of Terror was a terrible epoch, when the patriotic party acted with indescribable fury, and resistance to it appeared only in the feeblest form; a frightful struggle, during which punishment was daily inflicted in the name of freedom; when the people were governed with the most despotic forms, and equality existed only for the vilest of assassins. Those who have not lived through it can have no idea of what it really was; those who do remember it are monsters if they do not do their utmost to prevent its recurrence: any government, of whatever kind, and from whatever quarter, should be embraced in preference. Eternal curses on the man who should bring it back to his country!

"Yes, I repeat it: that era has no resemblance to any other. I have seen the despotism of Napoleon; I have witnessed the terror of 1815; paltry imitations of those tremendous years! France in 1793 and 1794 was furrowed in every direction by the revolutionary thunder; the most insignificant commune had its denouncers and its executioners. Ridicule was frequently joined to atrocity. Recollect that village of the Limousin, from the top of whose steeple the tri-colour flag suddenly disappeared. A violent disturbance was instantly raised; search was made for the daring offender, who could not be found, and in consequence a dozen persons were instantly arrested on suspicion. At length the fragments of the flag were dis-

covered suspended from the branches of a tree, and it was found that a magpie had made its nest with the remains of the national colour. Oh, the tyrannical bird! they seized it, cut off its head, and transmitted the *protes verbal* to the Convention. We received it without bursting into laughter: had any one ventured to indulge himself in that way, he would have run the risk of perishing on the public scaffold.

"The Jacobins were not ashamed to propose to us, and we passed into a law the decree, which awarded 50 francs to every girl who should any how become a mother. This abominable demoralization flowed naturally from the manners of that period. They made a Goddess of Reason, whose altar was the scaffold. They there sacrificed to crime by massacring virtue; nothing sacred or respectable remained: things arrived at length at such a point, that the denunciation of the innocent was recommended as a duty to sons, friends, and servants; in a word, there was no degree of degradation to which we did not descend."—vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

It is well known that when the Duke of Orleans was sent to the scaffold, he was detained nearly ten minutes opposite to the Palais Royal, for no intelligible reason which has yet been divulged. The following explanation of that circumstance, which our author says he received from Tallien, is new to us; we give it as we find it, without either vouching for or discrediting its truth.

"It was not without full consideration that Robespierre formed his plan in regard to the Duke of Orleans, which consisted in this:—two presidents were to be established for France; the one to preside over the war department, the other over the interior; the one was to execute, the other to direct. The first of these places was destined, not for Egalite, but for his son, whose character was unsullied; the second was to be occupied by Robespierre himself. But to cement this alliance, Robespierre insisted as a *sine qua non* that the daughter of Egalite should be given to him in marriage. The proposition was made by Couthon, and Egalite consulted his son upon it, whose resolution was decidedly opposed to the alliance. It was accordingly refused, with every affectation of regret on the part of the Duke of Orleans; and thereafter Robespierre's indignation knew no bounds. The proposition, however, was afterwards renewed through Tallien, who had many pecuniary connexions with Egalite, but with no better success. He evinced an invincible repugnance to such a son-in-law. 'In that resolution,' said Tallien, 'I saw the prince of the blood; he was deaf to all the offers and considerations of advantage which I pointed out.'

"After Tallien had received this positive refusal, he returned to his constituent, who was immediately seized with a violent fit of rage, and swore to avenge the affront by the destruction of the whole family. Every one knows how, in consequence, he forced Dumourier to throw off the mask, and from that incident deduced the flight of young Egalite from the kingdom, and the arrest of his father. After he was imprisoned, Robespierre let him know that his fate would be different if he would re-

consider his refusal. The answer was still in the negative; the rage of the Jacobin then knew no bounds, and he decided upon the prompt execution of his intended father-in-law. At the last moment, a new proposal was made, according to Tallien's statement; and if Egalite, when the fatal ear was stopped opposite the Palais Royal, had made a signal to indicate that he now acquiesced, the means of extricating him from punishment by means of a popular insurrection were prepared. He still refused to make the signal, and after waiting ten minutes, Robespierre was obliged to let him proceed to the scaffold. I give the story as Tallien related it to me, without vouching for its truth; but it is well known that this was not the only alliance with the royal family which Robespierre was desirous of contracting, and which would have covered with still greater infamy the Bourbon race."—vol. iii. 179, 180.

There is no character so utterly worthless, that some redeeming point or other is not to be found in it. The Duke of Orleans has hitherto been considered as one of the most abandoned of the human race; and the eye of impartial history could find nothing to rest on, except the stoicism of his death, to counterbalance the ignominy of his life. If the anecdote here told be true, however, another and a nobler trait remains; and the picture of the first prince of the blood standing between death and an alliance with the tyrant of his country, and preferring the former, may be set off against his criminal vote for the death of Louis, and transmit his name to posterity with a lesser load of infamy than has hitherto attached to it.

The worship of the Goddess of Reason has past into a proverb. Here is the description of the initiatory "festival" in honour of the goddess.

"The day after the memorable sitting when the Christian religion was abolished, the Festival of Reason was celebrated in Notre Dame, which became the temple of the new divinity. The most distinguished artists of the capital, musicians and singers, were enjoined to assist at the ceremony, under pain of being considered suspected and treated as such. The wife of Monmore represented the new divinity; four men, dressed in scarlet, carried her on their shoulders, seated in a gilt chair adorned with garlands of oak. She had a scarlet cap on her head, a blue mantle over her shoulders, a white tunic covered her body; in one hand she held a pike, in the other an oak branch. Before her marched young women clothed in white, with tri-colour girdles, and crowned with flowers. The legislature with red caps, and the deputies of the sections brought up the rear.

"The cortege traversed Paris from the hall of the Convention to Notre Dame. There the goddess was elevated on the high altar, where she received successively the adoration of all present, while the young women filled the air with incense and perfumes. Hymns in honour of the occasion were sung, a discourse pronounced, and every one retired, the goddess no longer bore aloft, but on foot or in a hackney coach, I forget which.

"The most odious part of the ceremony consisted in this, that while the worship of the goddess was going on in the nave and in the

sanctuary, every chapel round the cathedral, carefully veiled by means of tapestry hangings, became the scene of drunkenness, licentiousness and obscenity. No words can convey an idea of the scene; those who witnessed it alone can form a conception of the mixture of dissoluteness and blasphemy which took place. Prostitutes abounded in every quarter; the mysteries of Lesbos and Gnidus were celebrated without shame before assembled multitudes. The thing made so much noise that it roused the indignation of Robespierre himself; and on the day of the execution of Chaumette, who had presided over the ceremony, he said that he deserved death if it was only for the abominations he had permitted on that occasion."—vol. iii. p. 195, 196.

The concluding months of the Reign of Terror are thus vividly depicted:—

"I have now arrived at the solemn period when the evil rapidly attained its height, by the usual progress of human events, which perish and disappear after a limited period, though not without leaving on some occasions bloody marks of its passage. The revolutionary excesses daily increased, in consequence of the union of the depraved perpetrators of them. One would have imagined that these monsters had but one body, one soul, to such a degree were they united in their actions. The Mountain in the Assembly, the Committees of Public Safety and of General Safety without its walls, the Revolutionary Tribunal, the Municipality of Paris, the Clubs of the Jacobins and the Cordeliers; all, according to their different destinations, conspired successively to bring about the death of the king, the overthrow of the monarchy; then all the acts of popular despotism; finally, the overthrow of the Girondists, who, notwithstanding their faults and even their crimes, were, fairly enough, entitled to be placed comparatively among the upright characters of the Convention.

"This combination of wicked men had filled France with terror; by them opulent cities were overturned; the inhabitants of the communes decimated; the country impoverished by means of absurd and terrible regulations; agriculture, commerce and the arts destroyed; the foundations of every species of property shaken; and all the youth of the kingdom driven to the frontiers, less to uphold the integrity of France, than to protect themselves against the just vengeance which awaited them both within and without.

"All bowed the neck before this gigantic assemblage of wickedness; virtue resigned itself to death or dishonour. There was no medium between falling the victims of such atrocities or taking a part in them. A universal disquietude, a permanent anxiety settled over the realm of France; energy appeared only in the extremity of resignation; it was evident that every Frenchman preferred death to the effort of resistance, and that the nation would submit to this horrid yoke as long as it pleased the Jacobins to keep it on.

"Was then all hope of an amelioration of our lot finally lost?—Unquestionably it was, if it had depended only on the efforts of the virtuous classes; but as it is the natural effect of suffering to induce a remedy, so it was in the shock of the wicked among themselves that our

only hope of salvation remained; and although nearly a year was destined to elapse before this great consummation was effected, yet from the beginning of 1794, men gifted with foresight began to hope that heaven would at length have pity on them, throw the apple of discord among their enemies, and strike them with that judicial blindness which is the instrument it makes use of to punish men and nations."—vol. iii. p. 230.

The first great symptom of this approaching discord was the quarrel between Danton and Robespierre, which terminated in the destruction of the former. It was impossible that two such characters, both eminently ambitious, and both strongly entrenched in popular attachment, could long continue to hold on their course together; when their common enemies were destroyed, and the adversaries of the Revolution scattered, they necessarily fell upon each other. It is the strongest proof of the ability of Robespierre that he was able to crush an adversary who had the precedence of him in the path of popularity, who possessed many brilliant qualities of which he was destitute; whose voice of thunder had so often struck terror into the enemies of the Revolution, and who was supported by a large and powerful party in the capital. It is in vain after such an achievement, to speak of the insignificance of Robespierre's abilities, or the tedium of his speeches. This great contest is thus described—Robespierre is addressing the assembly on occasion of the impeachment of his rival.

"The Orleans party was the first which obtained possession of power; its ramifications extended through all the branches of the public service. That criminal party, destitute of boldness, has always availed itself of existing circumstances and the colours of the ruling party. Thence has come its fall; for ever trusting to dissimulation and never to open force, it sank before the energy of men of good faith and public virtue. In all the most favourable circumstances, Orleans failed in resolution; they made war on the nobility to prepare the throne for him; at every step you see the efforts of his partisans to ruin the court, his enemy, and preserve the throne; but the fall of the one necessarily drew after it that of the other.—No royalist could endure a parricide.

"A new scene opens.—The opinion of the people was so strongly opposed to royalty, that it became impossible to maintain it openly. Then the Orleans party dissembled anew; it was they who proposed the banishment of the Bourbons. That policy, however, could not resist the energy of the partisans of the Revolution. In vain did Dumourier, the friend of kings and of Orleans, make his calculations; the policy of Brissot and his accomplices was soon seen through.—It was a king of the Orleans family that they wished; thenceforward no hope of peace to the republic till the last of their partisans has expired.

"Danton! you shall answer to inflexible justice. Let us examine your past conduct. Accomplish in every criminal enterprise, you ever espoused the cause which was adverse to freedom; you intrigued alike with Mirabeau and Dumourier, with Herbert and Herault de

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Sechelles. Danton! you have made yourself the slave of tyranny; you opposed Lafayette, it is true, but Mirabeau, Orleans, Dumourier, did the same. It was by the influence of Mirabeau that you were appointed administrator of the Department of Paris. Mirabeau, who meditated a change of dynasty, felt the value of your audacity, and secured it; you then abandoned all your former principles, and nothing more was heard of you till the massacre in the Champ de Mars. What shall I say of your cowardly desertion of the public interest in every crisis, where you uniformly adopted the party of retreating?

"At the conclusion of this incomprehensible tirade, he proposed that Camille Desmoulins, Herault, Danton, Lacroix, Philippaux, convicted of accession to the conspiracy of Dumourier, should be sent to the revolutionary tribunal.

"Not one voice ventured to raise itself in favour of the accused. Their friends trembled and were silent. The decree passed unanimously, and with every expression of enthusiasm. The galleries imitated us: and from those quarters, from whence so often had issued bursts of applause in favour of Danton, now were heard only fierce demands for his head. This is the ordinary march of the public mind during a revolution. Fervid admiration of no one is of long duration: a breath establishes, a breath undoes it. In France this change was experienced in its turn by every leader of the Mountain."—vol. iii. p. 338.

The final struggle which led to the overthrow of Robespierre has exercised the talents of many historians. None have given it in more vivid terms than our author:—

"The battalions of the sections, who had been convoked by the emissaries sent into the different quarters of Paris, arrived successively at the Tuileries around the National Assembly. Tallien said to the chief of the civic force—'Depart, and when the sun rises, may he not shine on one conspirator in Paris.'

"The night was dark, the moon was in its first quarter; but the public anxiety had supplied that defect by a general illumination. The defenders of the National Convention followed the line of the quay, bringing with them several pieces of cannon; they marched in silence. Impressed with the grandeur of their mission, they sustained each other's courage without the aid of the vociferations and exclamations which are the resource of those who march to pillage and disorder.

"The place in front of the Hotel-de-Ville was filled with detachments of the national guard attached to the cause of the insurgents, companies of cannoniers and squadrons of gendarmerie, and with a multitude of individuals, some armed, others not, all inflamed with the most violent spirit of Jacobinism, or perhaps in secret sacrificing to fear.

"Leonard Bourdon, who was uncertain whether he should commence hostilities by at once attacking the different groups assembled on the place, before coming to that extremity resolved to despatch an agent of the Committee of Public Safety, named Dulac, a courageous man, but not apt unnecessarily to expose his life. Dulac did so, and read to the assembled

crowd the decree of the Convention which declared Robespierre and his associates *hors la loi*. Immediately, the greater part of those who were assembled came over and arranged themselves with the forces of the Convention. Bourdon, however, still hesitated to advance, as the report was spread that the Hotel-de-Ville was undermined, and that, rather than surrender, the conspirators would blow it and themselves in the air. Bourdon therefore kept his position and remained in suspense.

"Meanwhile every thing in the Hotel-de-Ville was in a state of the utmost agitation. Irresolution, contradictory resolutions prevailed. Robespierre had never wielded a sabre; St. Just had dishonoured his; Henriot almost drunk, knew not what to do. The municipal guards, a troop well accustomed to march towards crime, were stupefied when they in their turn became the objects of attack. All seemed to expect death, without having energy enough to strive to avert it by victory.

"At this crisis Payen read to the conspirators the decree of the Convention which declared them *hors la loi*, and included in the list the names of all those in the galleries who were applauding their proceedings. The *ruse* was eminently successful, for no sooner did these noisy supporters hear their names read over in the fatal list, than they dropped off one by one, and in a short time the galleries were empty. They soon received a melancholy proof how completely they were deserted. Henriot in consternation descended the stairs to harangue the cannoniers, upon whose fidelity every thing now depended. All had disappeared; the place was deserted, and in their stead Henriot perceived only the heads of the columns of the national guard advancing in battle-array.

"He reascended with terror in his looks and imprecations in his mouth; he announced the total defection of the troops;—instantly terror and despair took possession of that band of assassins; every one turned his fury on his neighbour; nothing but mutual execrations could be heard. Some tried to hide themselves, others to escape. Coffinhal, maddened by a transport of rage, seized Henriot in his arms, and exclaiming, "Vile wretch, your cowardice has undone us all!" threw him out of a window. Henriot was not destined to die then; a dung-hill on which he fell so broke his fall as to preserve his life for the punishment which he so richly merited. Lebas took a pistol and blew out his brains; Robespierre tried to imitate him; his hand trembled, he only broke his jaw, and disfigured himself in the most frightful manner. St. Just was found with a poniard in his hand, which he had not the courage to plunge in his bosom. Couthon crawled into a sewer, from whence he was dragged by the heels; the younger Robespierre threw himself from the window."

The scene here described is, perhaps, the most memorable in the history of modern times; that in which the most vital interests of the human race were at stake, and millions watched with trembling anxiety—the result of the insurrection of order and virtue against tyranny and cruelty. It is a scene which, to the end of time, will warmly interest every class of readers; not

those merely who delight in the dark or the terrible, but all who are interested in the triumph of freedom over oppression, and are solicitous to obtain for their country that first of blessings—a firm and well regulated system of general liberty.

Happen what may in this country, we do not anticipate the occurrence of such terrible scenes as are here described. The progress of knowledge—the influence of the press, which is almost unanimous in favour of humane measures—the vast extent of property at stake in the British islands—the habit of acting together, which a free government and the long enjoyment of popular rights have confirmed, will in all probability save us from such frightful convulsions. If the English are ever to indulge in unnecessary deeds of cruelty, they must belie the character which, with the single exception of the wars of the Roses, they have maintained in all their domestic contests since the Norman Conquest.

From the same.

1. *Observations du General Clauzel sur quelques actes de son Commandement a Alger.* 8vo. Paris, 1831.
2. *Alger sous la domination Francaise son, etat present et son avenir,* par M. le Baron Pichon, Conseiller d'Etat, ancien Intendant civil d'Alger. 8vo. Paris, 1833.
3. *M. de Rovigo, et M. Pichon,* par M. Carpentier. Paris, Mai, 1832. 8vo.
3. *Memoire presente a M. le Marechal Duc de Dalmatie sur les moyens d'assurer la securite du territoire de la Colonie d'Alger,* par le General Brossard. 8vo. Paris, 1833.
5. *Memoire sur la Colonisation de la Regence d'Alger,* par le Baron de Ferussac. 8vo. Paris, 1833.
6. *Voyage dans la Regence d'Alger, ou description du pays occupe par l'armee Francaise en Afrique,* par M. Rozet, Capitaine d'Etat Major, Ingenieur Geographe. 3 vols. 8vo., avec Atlas in 4to. Paris, 1833.

WHEN, in a former number of this Journal,* we gave an account of the French expedition against Algiers, in 1830, we expressed satisfaction at its success. Since that time we have watched with feelings of curiosity and interest the course pursued by the French authorities in Northern Africa, in hopes of seeing something like a permanent system of social intercourse established between the conquerors and the native population of that extensive country, by which, humanity and civilization might be gainers. We have said "in hopes," for we are not among those who envy our neighbours their possession of Algiers; on the contrary, it was our wish that they might make a good use of its acquisition. We regret to say, however, that hitherto, our hopes and wishes have been alike disappointed.

*No. xvii., Jan. 1832.

By the capitulation of the 4th July, 1830, the French became possessed of "the city of Algiers, and the forts depending on it." No mention was made of the provinces, or of the native tribes. The Dey capitulated as commander of a military garrison, not as sovereign of an extensive kingdom. The natives had been told by the French, in their proclamations, that they had come to deliver them from the Turkish yoke, and to restore them to their independence. The Turks were in fact aliens to the country; their power was that of pirates by sea and usurpers and marauders by land, and the French might just as well pretend to inherit the one as the other of these attributes. The French became possessed by conquest of Algiers, Oran, Bona, and one or two more points upon or near the coast. The Moors and other mixed races who inhabit these became, by the capitulation, subjects of France. The interior of the country remained, both *de jure* and *de facto*, in possession of the natives. These natives are of two races: the Arabs and the Kabyles. The Arabs are the descendants of the great Eastern conquerors of the time of the Caliphs; their tribes are scattered all over northern Africa; they are mostly shepherds, live under tents, and tend their flocks in the plains. The Kabyles, so called by the Moors, are the real aborigines, the descendants of the old Numidians; they are the cultivators of the soil, live in villages called *dashkrah*s, and constitute the great majority of the interior population of the Regency of Algiers. They are evidently of the same race as the Berbers of Morocco, but with neither of these names are they acquainted. They call themselves *Mazigh*, and their language *Shorriah*, although many of them speak also the western Arabic. Much confusion prevails in the common way of denominating these people. For instance, the French often confound the Arabs and the Kabyles under the first of these appellations, whilst others call them both Bedoweens, which name was heretofore more particularly applied by travellers to the wandering and plundering Arab tribes of the desert. On their part the Arabs of the plains of Algiers often apply the term Bedoweens to the Kabyles of the mountains. In fact Bedoween seems to be an appellation of bad import. Several of the Arab tribes near Algiers paid tribute to the Turks, in order that their cattle might graze safely in the plains; but the Kabyles seldom or never entered into such agreements; they lived independent in the numerous parallel ridges and valleys of the Atlas, which cover the greater part of the surface of the country, and their owa sheiks and marabouts administered justice; the Turks only extorted any thing from them by sending detachments to surprise the villages, or kidnap their young men, and making their parents pay a ransom. Such was the *sovereignty* of the Turks over nine-tenths of the territory of the Regency. When the French landed, the Arabs abandoned the cause of the Turks, as soon as they could do it with safety, and by their

defection, and the intelligence they brought to the French camp, materially facilitated the success of the invaders. They had promised the French general to maintain neutrality, on condition of being protected against the vengeance of the Turks.

"In consequence of this, after the capitulation, and on the very day the French entered Algiers, all the authorities dependant on the Dey were abolished, without any other being substituted. Thus all at once the Arab tribes found themselves independent."—*Brossard*, pp. 11, 15.

Soon after, however, seeing the French settled at Algiers, the Arabs began to consult about their future relations with them; a variety of opinions existed among their tribes, but they agreed to assemble a council of the chiefs at Belida or Bleda, a town about twenty-five miles distance from Algiers, at the foot of the little or Maritime Atlas.

General Bourmont, instead of sending to this *palaver* some shrewd negotiators, or employing a small part of the treasure found in the Cassaba, to gain over some of the chiefs, marched upon Bleda with a column of two thousand men. The Arabs, seeing the French approach the place of their meeting, became alarmed; the peacefully inclined departed, but those who were hostilely disposed remained on the ground, and by them an attack on the French column was resolved upon. Bourmont entered Bleda on the 23d July; the next day, he advanced a few miles beyond the town to reconnoitre. The Arabs and Kabyles, who had formed an ambuscade, immediately attacked the troops left at Bleda, in consequence of which the general was obliged to hasten back, and begin his retreat towards Algiers, followed by the enemy, who harassed him in his march through the plain, pressing closely on his rear flanks. When afterwards Bourmont, perceiving his error, attempted to negotiate, it was too late; the chiefs of the tribes answered him that, "since the *victory of Bleda*, there was not a herdsman in all Africa who would think of treating with the French."—*Brossard*, p. 17. The French possessions were therefore limited to the city of Algiers and its immediate vicinity.

General Clauzel, an officer of distinguished reputation under the empire, was sent by the government of Louis Philippe to supersede Bourmont. He arrived in Algiers, on the 2d of September. The tricoloured flag had already been substituted for the white, under which the conquest had been effected. The impression produced by this sudden change, and by the reports from France, upon the natives, must have been one of increased suspicion towards the foreigners. The Arabs and other Mussulmans are already inclined to look upon Europeans in general as mutable, capricious beings. Of our constitutional quarrels and liberal theories they can form no distinct idea. They only understand the patriarchal rule of their sheiks, or the law of the sword exercised by the Turks.

General Clauzel having secured the alle-

giance of the army, and the possession of Algiers, first recommended in his despatches to the government at home to form "an important colony at Algiers." Marshal Gerard, then minister at war, answered him on the 30th October, that the government, *already determined to keep possession of Algiers*, had now become confirmed in its intention of forming in its territory an important colony, beginning by granting lands on the Metidja plain, and gradually driving back towards the Atlas the refractory tribes. But neither the general nor the marshal ever seem to have thought of inquiring to whom the lands of the Metidja belonged. M. Pichon, who, a year later, took this trouble, discovered that they belonged chiefly to Moorish proprietors, inhabitants of Algiers, the quiet subjects of France, whose property was solemnly guaranteed to them by the capitulation, and who used to let their lands to Arab or Kabyle cultivators or graziers, either on the metayage system, or for a fixed rent. The Regency had no lands except a few farms, attached to certain offices of the state.—(*Pichon*, pp. 74—84.)

The word "colony" has been sadly misunderstood by the French in this instance. A colony, in our modern sense presupposes a vast extent of uncultivated and unappropriated ground, as in North America or Australia. There the land is waste, for the few Indians or black savages are neither cultivators nor shepherds, but hunters and fishermen. But the case is very different in Barbary. The Arabs are herdsmen, shepherds, and graziers; many of them are also farmers and have fixed residences. The Kabyles, who form the great majority of the indigenous population, are all farmers and very industrious ones too,* and the land is divided between them. Each tribe has a certain extent of territory for either crops or pasture. Those who live near the towns on the coast are the most tenacious of their possessions, which are the most profitable on account of their nearer vicinity to the markets. The idea of "driving back" (*refoulant*) the native population into the interior, is a most barbarous one. Besides, as M. Pichon observes, this operation of driving back the natives is one of very dubious result.

"Persons who talk seriously of imitating Cortez and Pizarro, of exterminating the natives, do not mark the difference between our position and that of the Spanish conquerors, who had to deal with people who had no firearms; the Arabs and Kabyles have all got muskets, and this arm goes a great way to equalize the combatants, especially in a lengthened and desultory warfare, and in a country where great strategic operations, movements of large masses, and of batteries, are impracticable. We experienced this at St. Domingo, and we experience it now in Africa."—p. 300.

We shall have occasion to return to this

*Captain Rozet renders the Kabyles full justice in this particular.—*Voyage en Afrique*, vol. ii. The Arabs as husbandmen are very inferior to the Kabyles.

question of the property of the land in the sequel.

General Clauzel marched in October, 1830, against the Bey of Titteri, who, being the nearest to Algiers, had assumed a hostile attitude. Many of the disbanded Turks had rallied round the bey, and he was joined by a Kabyle chief called Benzahmoom, who lives in the mountains south-east of Algiers, near the borders of the province of Constantina. This sheik had a reputation for bravery, and several tribes of both Kabyles and Arabs joined him. The French, after occupying Bleda, entered the little Atlas chain, and forced the pass of the Col Teneah, about 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and which was defended by 2,000 of the enemy. They then entered Medeah, the residence of the Bey of Titteri, a town situated in a valley on the southern slope of the little Atlas, about forty-five miles south of Algiers. The bey was made prisoner, and General Clauzel appointed in his place a Moor of Algiers, Mustapha Ben Omar. In the meantime, the sheik Benzahmoom attacked the rear-guard which General Clauzel had left at Bleda, the inhabitants of which town were also hostile to the French. The garrison defended itself bravely, but fifty artillerymen, who were imprudent enough to set out for Algiers to obtain a supply of ammunition, were massacred by the Kabyles. General Clauzel, leaving two battalions at Medeah with the new Bey of Titteri, hastened back to Bleda, which the soldiers plundered, out of revenge. This expedition served to impress the tribes with a feeling of the superiority of the French arms. But Medeah is on the wrong side of the Atlas for an advanced post; its communications with Algiers were soon intercepted, and the new Bey of Titteri and his little garrison were hemmed in, and had to defend the walls of the town against hosts of Kabyles from the adjacent mountains. It appears also, that the French garrison had been left at Medeah without either provisions or money, and had no other means of subsistence than by levying contributions on the inhabitants of the surrounding country, a circumstance which readily accounts for the exasperation of the latter.—*Pichon*, pp. 287, 288.

Hadji Ahmed, bey of Constantina, has, since the fall of the Dey, maintained himself in his government, and shown no disposition to pay tribute to, or acknowledge the French authority.* The province of Constantina is above 200 miles in length, and

*There is in the Appendix to Pichon's book a very curious *political* letter of Ahmed, who styles himself Pasha, in answer to some proposals made to him through the agency of a Moor, on the part of the French authorities. "Tell them," says Ahmed, "if they wish for peace, to send a consul to Bona, as before, for commercial affairs, and they will derive more advantages from that than they can hope for from any other course; let them bear in mind that this country is vast, having interminable deserts, immense plains, and inaccessible mountains; that is the country of the Arabs, the

extends southwards as far as the Great Desert. The interior is little known; it contains extensive ranges of mountains inhabited chiefly by independent tribes of fierce Kabyles. To conquer such a country with an European army is out of the question. General Clauzel offered it to a prince of the reigning Moorish dynasty of Tunis, as a beylik dependant on France, for which the new bey was to pay an annual tribute of one million of francs. The Tunisians were to march against Constantina and dispossess Ahmed, with the assistance of some French officers whom Clauzel sent to Tunis as military instructors. One of these gives a very interesting report of his mission, which is appended to General Clauzel's pamphlet, p. 138 and following. The negotiation, however, was not approved of by the French minister for foreign affairs, (General Sebastiani,) to the great disappointment both of the general and of the court of Tunis. A similar arrangement, which had been proposed by General Clauzel for the great western province of Oran, met with the same fate. Hassan, the old bey of Oran, having submitted to France from the beginning, had remained true to his engagements, but his position was one of great difficulty. He was looked upon with suspicion by the natives, was stigmatized as an apostate and a traitor, and had also to defend himself against the attacks of the Kabyles. A new antagonist to the French appeared in that quarter, in the person of Muley Ali, nephew to the emperor of Morocco, who, at the head of a body of cavalry, crossed the frontiers, and overran the fine province of Tlemsan, inviting the inhabitants to place themselves under the protection of a Mussulman prince, of native Arab race. General Clauzel sent a detachment to Oran, and was inclined to resort to hostile measures against Morocco, but the minister for foreign affairs again interfered, saying that he would employ diplomatic means to obtain the evacuation of the territory of Algiers by the troops of Morocco, and thus avoid coming to an open rupture with that power. General Clauzel seems to regret, in the true spirit of a general of the empire, that an opportunity was thus lost "of impressing the people of western Barbary with a proper idea of the power of France." But might he not have raised another hornet's nest about the ears of the French at Algiers, by proceeding to extremities?

General Clauzel returned to France in disgust, evidently from a feeling that his services had been ill-required. Although a brave soldier and an active and zealous commander, he seems to have been too sanguine in his expectations, and to have formed projects on too great a scale.

General Berthezene remained in command at Algiers. He was a meritorious and excellent officer, who had acquired high

Shawiahs, and the Kabyles, people to whom no one dare to speak in favour of strangers, much less venture with troops among them."—pp. 455, 459.

distinction during the empire; possessing a cooler temperament than his predecessor, he saw things in a less brilliant perspective. The army had been reduced in numbers, and he saw the necessity of contracting his line of posts within narrower limits. He resolved to evacuate Medeah, where the new bey of Titteri was still blockaded by the tribes of the little Atlas. General Berthezene marched from Algiers at the end of June, 1831, with 6,000 men and several pieces of cannon; he arrived at Medeah on the 1st of July, and pushed a column a few miles beyond, to disperse an assembly of Kabyles; their huts and crops were set on fire. The Kabyles gathered afresh on all sides, like clouds of locusts, and the next day Berthezene evacuated Medeah and began his retreat, pursued by an immense number of the enemy; he was obliged to fight his way through the Col of Teneah, and hasten his march to Algiers, which he re-entered on the 4th, being harassed on crossing the plain by the natives, who showed a most inveterate spirit of hostility. Such was the result of the French attempt to establish themselves beyond the little Atlas and in the province of Titteri. The bey whom General Clauzel had appointed over that province returned to Algiers with the troops, and has since remained a bey *in partibus*.

The Arabs and Kabyles, elated by General Berthezene's retreat, scoured the Medidja plain, burnt the crops at the French experimental farm, seven miles out of Algiers, attacked the outposts, and kept the garrison in a constant *qui vive* for several weeks. General Berthezene, meantime, saw the necessity of appointing some one to the office of aga of the Arabs, to act as the medium of communication between the tribes and the government of Algiers. Under the dey, this charge had been filled by a Turk. General Clauzel appointed a Moor, whom he afterwards arrested on suspicion, and sent prisoner to France. General Berthezene's idea was that a real Arab, a man of character and influence among the native population, was to be preferred. He fixed on Sidi Hadji Mahi Eddin, a marabout of the town of Coleah, near Algiers,* a man of ancient family, enjoying an hereditary reputation for sanctity. This choice seemed to prove acceptable to the tribes, who agreed through him to a cessation of hostilities, with the understanding that the general should send no more armed parties into the plain beyond the line of the French outposts. From one of the aga's letters to M. Pichon, it appears that a regular convention was drawn up, to which the aga affixed his seal; "for a year after," he says, "neither I

nor any of the tribes have broken our agreement."—*Pichon*, Appendix, p. 450.

"The nomination of this aga," says General Brossard, "was a first step towards our forming friendly relations with the Arabs, a step which General Berthezene, had he retained the command, would have followed up by means of his personal influence, for his conduct towards the natives had always been founded upon humanity, equity and good faith; the Arabs put great trust in his word, and if some of them deceived him, no one was afraid of being deceived by him; several chiefs of tribes were sincerely attached to him. 'God will give thee the victory,' said an old sheik, who had remained to the last with him at the evacuation of Medeah, 'for thou art just and good.' The general perceived the true meaning of these words next day at the passage of the Col of Teneah."—*Brossard*, p. 19.

But General Berthezene was not a blind partisan of colonization; a long and very interesting letter which he wrote to the minister at war in August, 1831, sufficiently explains his views.

"Since I have been in this country," says the general, "I have studied attentively, but without personal views (for I will not be victory over it,) both the people and the soil. . . . The Moors, who have long been accustomed to servitude, are effeminate, and not dangerous, not withstanding their discontent. Ruined as they are, interfered with in their manners and habits, reduced to poverty, treated with contempt, and ruled by foreigners, their condition is in many respects worse than it was under the Dey; and it is natural that they should neither like us, nor relish the kind of civilization we wish to force upon them. There is yet something to be done with regard to these people. The Romans always left to the conquered people the care of their own municipal administration.

"The Arabs and Kabyles, changeable and perfidious, but independent and fierce, have almost always lived in a state of wild freedom; the Deys were satisfied with the slightest mark of submission on their part, and even this was refused by many of the eastern tribes (those of Constantina.) In their inaccessible mountains they defied the power and cruelty of the Turks. Warlike, brave, despising death, and fanatical, they hate the Christians both as infidels and as strangers, and are always ready to take up arms at the call of a marabout. Their love of money can alone counterbalance their hostile disposition. Having few wants, and going half naked, they are quick in marching and inured to fatigue. Their frugality is astonishing: a few Indian figs and a draught of water afford them sufficient sustenance for the day. If a man of genius were to start up among them, and succeed in uniting them under one sway, they might still alarm Europe. They have just shown us in the expedition of Medeah, with what rapidity they can move, and if their operations had been better combined, they would have caused us the loss of a great number of men. They have already found out that the summer is the most favourable season for them, when sickness and the heat of the climate make havoc among our troops. They pass easily however from a

**Marabout*, or rather *Moorabet*, a holy man, generally a man of some learning, who is looked upon as a sort of oracle. Every town or village has its moorabet, so has every tribe of either Arabs or Kabyles. Some of these men are ascetics and live in solitude; others remain in the society of their countrymen, whom they instruct and advise. *Marabout* also sometimes means the dwelling, or tomb, of one of these holy men.

state of hostility to one of peace, and *vice versa*. They sell us provisions, take our money, and buy nothing of us in return; and we should greatly deceive ourselves were we to fancy that they will ever become consumers of either the produce of our soil or of our manufactures. They are now what they were four thousand years ago, and such as they will continue to be, some thousand years hence. As for their paying contributions, it is useless to think of it; those of the mountains will never submit to it, and those of the plain, if molested, will disappear with their tents and their cattle, which constitute their whole property."

Now with regard to the soil:

"The voice of interest or of enthusiasm first cried out *What wonderful fertility!* and the *serenum pecus* has repeated the cry. This wonderful fertility however has not as yet been proved. One thing is certain, that during the months of June, July, and August, the soil must remain unproductive, owing to the heat and dryness of the climate. Even in the garden of the Dey, in one of the most favourable situations, and having abundance of water for irrigation, all the cares of a Paris gardener have not been able to rear either salad or kitchen vegetables during the summer. The experimental farm (*ferme modele*), situated near the plain, has produced crops inferior both in quality and quantity to many I have seen in the neighbourhood of Paris; and yet the spring showers have been unusually abundant this year. The pestilential air of this farm has cost us nearly the whole of the 30th regiment of the line.

The Metidja plain, whose fertility has been so much vaunted, is for the most part uncultivated, and covered with marshes, the draining of which would cost millions. It affords, however, a rich pasture for cattle; but as it borders on the mountains of the Kabyles, it will always be insecure. The mountains of the little Atlas, which we have visited, are covered with oak and cork trees of small dimensions. The soil in the valleys appears meagre; the barley I saw was not two feet high.

"There only remains the extensive and lofty table land at the back of the city of Algiers, between the sea and the Metidja plain, and which is the healthiest part of the country. The soil here is varied, and fit for Gardens and plantations. I think olive and mulberry trees would thrive in it. The Moors of Algiers had here their country houses and their gardens, which they cultivated before we came. Several European speculators have now purchased, or taken on long leases, many of these properties; but instead of improving they have dilapidated them; they have cut down the trees, and their only object seems to be to realize a little money and then disappear. You know that in general these purchasers do not disburse a farthing of capital, but merely promise a perpetual rent to the owners.

"The property belonging to the government is not yet known. I have set on foot an inquiry into the subject, but I much fear the state is not so rich as has been supposed. I have already told you that within three miles round Algiers the state was only possessed of eighteen gardens and about seventy acres of

ground! As there is nothing here adapted to our habits and our wants, we shall have many works to effect, besides the fortifications. . . . Plans of a palace for the governor, and for a theatre, had been prepared; I have thought it better to give orders for the construction of abattoirs, a lazaretto, and barracks for the soldiers. When these are completed, we shall be able to restore many of the private houses and lands to their owners. Both justice and policy require us to allow an indemnity to the inhabitants for the houses we have taken or pulled down, both in town and country, since we have become masters of Algiers."—*Pichon*, App. pp. 459—465.

We have extracted the best part of this valuable document, because every thing that has happened since proves the justness of the views of its conscientious and clear-headed writer. With sentiments like these General Berthezene found himself exposed to all the chicanery of the prejudiced, the interested, and the ignorant. He was worried by official squabbles with the agents* sent out by the minister of finance to take care of the *immense property* which the government was said to be possessed of. He disapproved of the sequestration of private and corporate property which had taken place under General Clauzel. He did not think that Algiers ought to be colonized at the expense of, and by despoiling, the natives. He had been present at the capitulation, and wished to abide by its conditions. His remonstrances on these subjects probably hastened M. Perier's determination to take the administration of Algiers under his own direction, and to separate the civil from the military jurisdictions. A despatch from the minister at war, written in June, 1831, informed General Berthezene of this decision.

"You will continue in charge of all that concerns the army of occupation, and the safety and defence of the Regency. A civil intendant will be appointed to take charge of the general administration of the country. You will thus be relieved of a great burden, which seemed to annoy and torment you!"—*Pichon*, App. p. 344.

The office of civil intendant at Algiers was offered to Baron Pichon about the same time, at the suggestion of Admiral de Rigny.

"I declined the offer without hesitation . . .

*One of these persons is said to have threatened to shut the door of his office in the general's face.—*Pichon*, p. 11. Thus it appears that the central system of administration, supported by a minute *bureaucratie*, as established by Napoleon, does not always ensure harmony and unity of operation. The various ministers at Paris, each possessed of immense power and patronage, give orders often at variance with each other, and as they are extremely jealous of their respective attributes, this occasions frequent official conflicts, and an enormous waste of controversial correspondence. Even in France, the prefects are exposed to this plurality of directions. But the inconvenience is much greater in a colony, or other foreign possession or conquest. See Pichon's remarks on the subject, pp. 30—33.

I had just returned from a fatiguing mission to St. Domingo, and I had no wish again to cross the sea. Besides, I had long since experienced, in two political missions to Switzerland, and to Holland, and during three years' service in Westphalia, how painful is the position of a civil or political administrator in a country placed under military occupation; for notwithstanding his title the king of Westphalia, (*Jérôme Bonaparte*) was not less domineered over in his own kingdom, by our generals, than his brother Joseph was in Spain. It was, therefore, the last of my wishes again to run the risks of the same relative position."—p. 14.

However, in the following October, M. Perier, president of the council, insisted so strongly on M. Pichon's accepting the office, that he could no longer refuse. Soon after, General Savary, Duke of Rovigo, was appointed commander in chief at Algiers in the room of General Berthezene. An ordinance of Louis Philippe, dated 1st December, 1831, states that:

"Although it was found necessary in the first period of the occupation of Algiers to unite the civil and military powers in the same hands, it is now required by the welfare of the establishment that they should be separated, in order that the civil, financial, and judicial administrations may assume a regular course."

The civil intendant to whom these branches are entrusted, "is placed under the immediate orders of the president of the council."

M. Pichon, before his departure for Algiers, had some official communications with General Savary, which the latter answered in a frank and cordial spirit, which somewhat re-assured M. Pichon, and "relieved the fears which the former ministerial career of the general under the empire was calculated to inspire." M. Pichon's attention, even before he left Paris, was directed to the sequestrations of property which had taken place at Algiers; the measure appeared both to M. Perier and to him, equally unjust and impolitic, as well as a direct violation of the capitulation, which had guaranteed "to the Dey, the Turkish militia, and all the inhabitants, their liberty, their property, and the exercise of their religion." The Turks, however, had been soon after embarked for the Levant—a measure which, however harsh, was, perhaps, unavoidable. Many of them had houses and shops, and although enrolled in the militia, followed trades, as the janizaries did at Constantinople. They were married to native Moorish women, and their children were called *Cooloolis*. On leaving Algiers, they entrusted the administration of their property to their connexions and friends.

General Clauzel, by an order of the 8th September, 1830, had placed under sequestration all the property belonging to the Dey, the beys of the provinces, and the Turks who had been embarked, as well as the funds appropriated to Mecca and Medina. Another order of the 7th December following, included in the sequestration all houses, warehouses, lands and property of

every sort, the rents of which have been hitherto appropriated, under any title whatsoever, to the mosques, to Mecca and Medina, or to any other special destination, fund, or institution: they shall in future be administered, let, or farmed by the office of the *Donatine*." A more sweeping confiscation of property can hardly be conceived. It included all that belonged to the various trades or corporations, the charitable funds, those for the schools, for the repairs of the aqueducts, the supply of the fountains, &c.

It is customary with the Mussulmans of every class and country to make donations, or bequeath legacies, to the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, the cradle and the tomb of their prophet and legislator. In the Regency of Algiers, these bequests, since the time of the Turkish conquest, must have been very considerable. This species of property was administered in the various provinces and districts by special agents, called *ookils*, who transmitted the annual revenue to the *ookil* and the *ulemas* of Algiers, by whom it was transmitted to the holy cities. Of the revenue collected within the immediate district of Algiers, one half was retained for the use of the poor and helpless of that city and the other half was remitted to Mecca. Of course the *ookils* of the various provinces not occupied by the French have ceased to send their remittances to Algiers. Twice a week, nearly two thousand poor, chiefly women and children, passed muster before the *ookil* of Algiers and his two assistants, and each of them received a small pittance. M. Pichon was present at two of these distributions. The amount of the charity thus distributed at Algiers was about 15,000 francs a year; a similar sum was transmitted to Mecca and Medina, where it was distributed among proper objects of charity; and the shereefs of these two cities sent to Algiers an account of its application.

"I have seen the parchment scroll on which were written in gold letters the names of the parties to whom the money was distributed: these were either meritorious but decayed families in either city or old *ulemas* and ministers of religion. By the side of every name was the sum allotted to each. . . . These remittances are now intercepted by our treasury. This is a real confiscation, and I am convinced that had M. Perier lived, I should have obtained the revocation of the order."—p. 214.

Another foundation, called the *Seboul Kherat*, is an institution somewhat similar to the *Vakoufs* of Turkey. In order to secure property from the rapacity of the Dey or the beys, it was made over to minors, or to children yet unborn, under the trust of the *Seboul Kherat*, with a reversion to the latter in case of extinction of the *habou* or entail. The fund was under the management of the *ulemas*. The mosques were also possessed of houses, shops, &c., the rents of which served to support the ministers of religion, and the schools and hospitals attached to them. There were also legacies bequeathed to the barracks of the

janizaries, or Turkish militia. It was alleged by the advocates of sequestration, that a few individuals, with the Turkish multi at their head, monopolized the management of the revenues. This might be the case, but we are told at the same time, that the "first attempt to seize this property raised a clamorous opposition, which was silenced by shipping off the multi to Smyrna, and by the fears with which the success of the French at Medeah then inspired the natives."² A most effectual way of silencing all opposition! M. Pichon observes, that the French authorities might have inquired and watched how the property was administered, without diverting it from the establishments to which it was appropriated.—p. 354.

There was also an administration called *Ameen el Ayoon*, which had the care of the aqueducts for the supply of the public fountains, as well as of private houses, with water—an object of the very first necessity in an African climate. Many persons had left legacies for this purpose. All these funds were included in the sequestration. By General Clauzel's order, the *domaine* was to defray the expense of the objects to which they were appropriated. How this has been done may be easily imagined. The aqueducts have been neglected; the gardens round Algiers, which were formerly abundantly supplied with water, are now left dry and parched. The pipes being made of brick, and in many places round Algiers above ground, the French detachments marching and countermarching through the country found it more expeditious with a stroke of the pickaxe to get at the water, than to suffer thirst till they reached the next well or fountain. Such is the explanation M. Pichon gives of these acts of wanton destruction. At Oran, we find by a report from M. Escallonne, acting civil intendant, dated March, 1832, that the conduits constructed by the natives, and afterwards improved at a great expense by the Spaniards, during their occupation of that town in the last century, and which supplied the fountains, the houses and the citadel, as well as turned mills and irrigated gardens, had been till lately well preserved under Hassan Bey's administration; but that since the French conquest, all repairs have been neglected, and the deteriorations increase every day; pipes have been broken in, and four-fifths of the water are lost; and unless prompt measures be taken, Oran, blockaded by the Arabs, may find itself in total want of water.† General Savary issued an order of the day in June, 1832, against the destroyers of conduits.

An order of the minister at war, dated from Paris, June, 1831, confirmed the sequestration of the property of the Turks who had left the Regency, as well as that of the Dey and the beys. A second order, in the following month, extended the same

measure to the property of those Turks who, being still in the Regency, should exhibit a spirit of opposition to France—a definition susceptible of a most dangerous latitude of interpretation.

"One would have supposed," observes M. Pichon, "from no mention being made in these orders of the other species of property, of the charitable foundations, &c., that the sequestration of them was rescinded. But notwithstanding the remonstrances of General Berthezene, and the dictates of reason, justice and policy, the agents of the finances carried their point, and the sequestration continues to this day. Some of the property has been sold for the *domaine*. With regard to the property of the Turks, these are words of very extensive import. Many Turks were married. Whatever a Turk was once possessed of has been sequestered. I have not heard that the rights of their wives and children have been taken into consideration. The natives prefer abandoning all, rather than remonstrate, as they have so often experienced the uselessness of their reclamations. The first order of sequestration, of the 8th September, was not made public. Numerous sales of property had been made by the owners before the order of the 7th December following appeared. We have given to this last order a retrospective application, by declaring all the sales made in that interval null. I have received complaints from purchasers, among whom are the English consular agents at Algiers and Oran. Similar measures have taken place at Oran and at Bona. It is easy to imagine the impression they must have made on the inhabitants of the rest of the country, who are not under our power—a country too of 550 miles in length, and between 150 and 200 in breadth! I have had indubitable knowledge of many fraudulent acts and malversations having taken place in the midst of the disorder into which both private and public property has been thrown by this system. This is the unavoidable consequence of the violation of the laws of property: we have ourselves seen in France worse than this during our revolutionary sequestrations and confiscations. Can the chaos resulting from all this at Algiers be cleared up by the *logic of the sabre*? We shall see."—Pichon, pp. 215—217.

There is also a long and detailed report made by him to M. Perier on this important question: Appendix, pp. 350—355.

We have dwelt at some length on this chapter of sequestrations and confiscations, because it shows that the French military proceed at Algiers, which is the first conquest they have made after a lapse of nearly twenty years, exactly as they did in other foreign countries during the wars of the Revolution and of Napoleon. It serves likewise to show that M. Perier was right in not listening to the advice of those who wanted to begin a fresh crusade against the monarchies of Europe. Had he followed their suggestions in 1831, had he launched French legions across the Alps and the Rhine, we might have seen in Italy, Germany, &c. scenes similar to those which have occurred at Algiers, and on a much larger scale. And it is a cruel mockery to

* Appendix to General Clauzel's pamphlet, p.

105.

† Pichon, Appendix, p. 435.

talk of legislative improvements, when people must be first despoiled, insulted and sated in order to become fit for liberty. "Better remain under the old Dey!" as honest General Berthezene acknowledges the Moors have now reason to say. For our own part, we would not entrust foreign conquerors, and the French in particular, with the regeneration of any one country, not even of the principality of Monaco, should the principality of Monaco want being regenerated, which we do not pretend here to assert.

The property sequestered becomes deteriorated and worthless. The houses of the Dey, the beys and the Turks bring nothing now either to the owners or to the French treasury. The wants of a large army, (35,000 men at the time of the conquest,) cooped up within the city and a narrow circle around it, made the requisition for houses fall very heavy on the inhabitants. And now, although the army is diminished, the abuse continues. The Turks being exiled, their houses were seized: each general officer took possession of a whole one for himself; some have occupied a house in town, as well as one, sometimes two, more in the country. The superior officers of both administrations have followed the example. Most of the houses which belonged to the mosques, to Mecca and Medina, and other establishments, and which have been sequestered, are considered, in spite of all reason, as belonging to the domaine or state, besides those really belonging to the Regency, have been likewise militarily occupied. Numbers of subaltern officers of the various services, according to the system of military occupation, no lodging-money being allowed, have been quartered on the Moors and other inhabitants. But the intercourse of Europeans and Mussulmans under the same roof has been found impracticable, owing to the total difference of habits. The moment the European appears, the Moor and his family go out. The French troops and cavalry require more room than those of the natives; for the Arabs are accustomed to squeeze themselves into a small space, as they do their horses. This, added to the superior number of the garrison, as compared to that of the Dey, accounts for the insufficiency of the barracks. This invasion of houses, together with the banishments and sequestrations, have caused many buildings to be left empty. When an officer is removed, he perhaps forgets to return the key to the town-major, and the premises remain open. The houses thus deserted have become the prey of the Parisian volunteers, or of the destitute emigrants, who have been induced to come to Algiers with the idea that they would be colonized and provided for; and there the poor wretches have huddled together, a prey to starvation and disease. In many instances they have broken through the partition walls, in order to communicate together from one house to the other. Many of the Moorish householders, whose tenements had been first occupied by the military, hastened to sell them, for whatever they

could get, to European adventurers, chiefly Italians and Spaniards, who allow them to go into disrepair. The proprietors who still hold their houses, give themselves no trouble about repairing them so long as they are occupied by the military, as they see no prospect of enjoying their property again. The military engineers have scarcely the means of keeping in repair the real barracks, much less the private quarters. The demolition of houses and shops in various quarters of the town, in order to form squares, enlarge streets, clear the approaches to the Cassaba, &c., has added to the fears of the inhabitants. A spirit of demolition has seized the engineers; the houses hold so fast together, that in pulling down one the downfall of several others is threatened. The distress resulting from the sudden change of government, which deprived many families of their subsistence (all the servants of the Regency being dismissed at once, without any indemnity or gratification whatever;) the growing distress of the landed proprietors, who have lost the enjoyment of their property or income through the protracted warfare in the country; and the numerous emigrations,* chiefly among the wealthier families, have fearfully quickened the work of destruction. No one is sure of his property. Algiers, if this system continues, must gradually fall to ruin. It is supposed that one-fourth of the houses are already in an irreparable state of deterioration.—*Pichon*, p. 252-260.

"In the country, matters are still worse. At the time of the conquest our troops quartered themselves within a radius of six or seven miles round Algiers, any how or where they could. But now, for a much smaller force, we keep up the same system of occupation: all within that sphere is held in requisition; every country house or rural property is liable to be occupied at a moment's notice. Private pique or ill will, or the dissatisfaction of an officer with the quarters allotted him, may remove a detachment, and quarter the men unexpectedly on any one's premises. The Moors, who, after the first invasion, had repaired their houses and again put their gardens into order, finding themselves subject to fresh intrusions, abandon their property in despair, or try to sell it to Europeans, chiefly clerks and other subaltern employes, some of whom have in this way become holders of seven or eight country houses, or of a large *amush* or farm in the plain, which,

*The *Moniteur Algerien*, 12th January, 1833, acknowledged that about 20,000 persons had emigrated. The remaining population of Algiers, exclusive of the French army, is stated by M. Pichon at about 24,000; namely, Moors and Cooliools, 14,000; Jews, 5500; Turks, 120; resident Europeans, chiefly French, Spaniards, Italians and Maltese, 4000. The number of houses is stated at 4000. The population of Algiers before the French conquest has never been correctly ascertained: M. Graberg says 70,000, which we think exaggerated; but he includes 11,500 blacks and 5000 Kabyles or Biskaris, of which two classes M. Pichon makes no mention. We think it probable that it must have been rather better than 50,000.

however, bring them nothing, being left uncultivated. Is it right that the servants of government should acquire property through such a system? By means like these, the allied armies, during the occupation of 1815, might have become possessed of one half the property in or round Paris! Of about eight or nine hundred country houses which surrounded Algiers, few are now in a habitable state. The detachments destroy everything: the wood-work, the timbers, and even the rafters which support the roofs or terraces, serve them as fire wood. The house of course falls in with the first rains. They write me from Oran, that since the occupation they have burnt there 300,000 rafters. Orange, olive, and fig trees* are used for the same purpose. It is melancholy to see heaps of ruins where neat dwellings formerly stood. I have counted about twenty within a diameter of four or five hundred yards. Groups of habitations which once formed villages, such as Birmadrais, Birkadem, and others, are now nothing but ruins, not more, perhaps, than two or three houses in each being left standing. The iron or copper of the fixtures is carried to Algiers by the soldiers, and sold to the Jews, who dispose of it in large quantities to merchants, by whom it is exported to Marseilles or Leghorn. I have seen many heaps of this old iron and copper at the lazaretto of Marseilles, on my return to France: they are eloquent evidences of the condition to which we have reduced Algiers."—*Pichon*, p. 260—262.

This dreadful system has produced heart-rending distress among the natives.

"I have seen," says M. Pichon, "old women, real skeletons from hunger and destitution, who would throw open their filthy boornos, their only covering, to give ocular demonstration of their emaciated condition, coming to claim ten or twenty boodjos (from twenty to forty francs,) being the annual rent of some small shop or other tenement which had been pulled down or taken for the service of the army. I have seen Mussulman clergymen come to demand the trifling rent of a few francs assigned to the marabout or chapel where they officiated. I have tried to set on foot the liquidation of the indemnities for our demolitions, which had been promised eighteen months before; but I was obliged to stop for want of funds."—p. 264.

Casimir Perier lent no countenance to this system of violence and spoliation, and approved of M. Pichon's opposition to it. He deprecated with all his energy the idea of colonizing the country by driving the native populations beyond the little Atlas, and

*All foreign troops in camp or cantonments are apt to do much damage, but the French, during their invasions of Spain, Portugal, Southern Italy, &c., carried this spirit of destructiveness to a most disgraceful extent. We remember the havoc they made among the vine and olive plantations of Portugal. Olive trees were cut in preference to others, for fire wood, as burning better and quicker, and thus the property of hundreds of families was destroyed in a few days. The houses were stripped of doors, shutters, and window-frames; many were unroofed. And the officers did not check this devastation.

desired M. Pichon to point out to him the originators and patrons of such outrageous plans. But in consequence of his illness, M. Pichon's correspondence of March and April, 1832, was never opened by him; his death and M. Pichon's subsequent removal, again left Algiers at the mercy of contingencies.

In a letter to M. Perier, dated 11th May, 1832, M. Pichon comments severely on the hostility displayed by the *exterminating party*, as he justly designates it, against the mosques.

"I have investigated the question concerning the buildings appropriated to the Mohammedan worship. Ever since my arrival, I have heard nothing but a continual *hourra* against the mosques, and about the necessity of seizing five or six more of them, besides the six or seven we have already occupied. It was with an air of exultation, that certain persons, who assume here the mission of exterminating the Mussulman worship, as well as the population who profess its faith, without examining whether this system can suit the views and the interest of the government, accosted me with ironical congratulations on the impossibility in which I should be of saving the mosques. These impertinences have not moved me; I have fortunately better judges of my actions than such prejudiced and ignorant persons. Were it really necessary for the health of the army, I should not hesitate to take all the mosques to the last. But with the persons I allude to, it is a matter of taste, of passion, and by no means of necessity. The military engineers however have one plausible reason to ask for the mosques; they are obliged, through want of means, to let the old buildings we occupy fall to ruin, and thus new ones are required."—*App.* p. 422.

By the report which follows, it appears, that out of thirteen large mosques with minarets, the French had already seized seven, one of which was demolished to make room for the new square. The commission for military lodgings demanded three more; M. Pichon reduced the demand to one. The two principal ones remaining are, the great mosque, situated near the harbour, which was built before the Turkish conquest, and the new mosque. The engineers wanted to pull down both these, on account of their vicinity to the line of defence on the seaside. Since then, in December, 1832, another mosque has been converted into a Catholic church! and this, six months after the *Moniteur Algerien* had announced that a Christian church was about to be raised by voluntary private subscriptions.

"We are certainly a strange nation!" exclaims M. Pichon. "Ever since the revolution of July, we have had no religious service at Algiers, either for the army or the civil administration; Algiers, which under the Turks had always one or two Catholic chapels open, has not seen, for the two years and a half it has been in our hands, any Christian worship performed within its walls, and now, at last, instead of building a church, we plant the cross in one of the mosques."—p. 129.

The hatred against the mosques is quite consistent with the general spirit of the

party to which M. Pichon so frequently alludes, and which is still much more numerous and influential than people in England imagine. Those who profaned the churches and dragged the cross through the mud of the streets in France, must feel a similar hatred against the mosques at Algiers. Both are temples dedicated to the Almighty; in both religion is taught, and duties towards God and men are preached; in both a retributive justice is announced: it is natural that those to whom such thoughts are irksome should hate both church and mosque, chapel as well as cathedral, the Koran as the Bible.

From Oran we have a letter of M. Escalonne in May, 1832, remonstrating against the seizure and occupation of the only remaining mosque by the troops, three others having been previously seized;—and this, while there were whole squares of buildings unoccupied, which might easily have been converted into barracks.

"The consequence will be, that the Imams and the other servants of the mosque will leave Oran, and the tale they will tell to their brethren in the interior will not be to our favour."—App. p. 438.

The Cadi of Algiers made a similar observation to M. Pichon.

"It seems," said that Moorish magistrate, "as if it were intended to force the whole Mussulman population to abandon Algiers. This is not what we were promised in the proclamations published in the name of the French Government, at the landing of the army, nor according to the stipulations of the capitulation of the 4th July, 1830."—Ibid. p. 430.

Consistent with the destruction or alienation of the mosques is the desecration of the cemeteries, another object of deep veneration to the Mussulman population. For the purpose of making an esplanade out of Bab al Oued, or western gate, a vast cemetery was dug up. In order to make a road out of Babazon or eastern gate, a number of funeral urns, some of marble, belonging to Moorish families of distinction, were moved away. In constructing the flight of steps leading to the Emperor's fort, many tombs outside the new gate have been likewise removed. A Moor remarked to M. Pichon on this occasion: "At this rate, we shall not know where to live nor where to die."—pp. 231.

Captain Rozet, who is a dispassionate, and by no means censorious observer, thus describes the desecration of the burying-grounds.

"Algiers, like other Moorish towns, was surrounded by cemeteries and tombs. These were a sort of sanctuary, the violation of which would have once cost the life of the desecrator, but calamity and fear stifle all generous sentiments in the human breast. From the first period of our conquest, we have violated their tombs; I have seen our soldiers open them to ascertain if they concealed any treasures. The bones of the dead were thrown on the dunghill: I have seen corpses yet entire, and enveloped in white sheets, lying by the road side. The natives with downcast eyes gazed at this sad

scene without daring to utter a word: some of them came with religious veneration to gather the scattered bones, and carried them away. But after a time, when bivouacs were formed in the midst of the cemeteries, and defensive works constructed, the tombs were demolished, the ground was dug up, the walls pulled down, and no one came to carry away the remains of the dead. Many of the Algerines employed in the works violated themselves the asylums of the dead, apparently without compunction."—*Voyage en Afrique*, vol. iii. p. 103.

No doubt, the repetition of such indignities tends to brutalize the people who are obliged to submit to them, as much as those who are the perpetrators. There might be necessity, in some instances, for invading the asylums of the dead; but, as M. Pichon justly observes, it might have been done with something like decency or civility; the inhabitants might have been previously informed of it, and another place appointed for the removal of the tombs. But in all these proceedings there seems to have been a wanton disregard of every feeling of decency and humanity, religion and justice.* And can such a system succeed? Just as much as it succeeded with the Spaniards under Napoleon.

Savary, Duke of Rovigo, arrived at Algiers in December, 1831, with favourable dispositions towards the natives, which are proved by a very sensible letter which he wrote to M. Pichon before leaving Paris, (*Pichon*, Appendix, pp. 347 and foll.) in which he rejects the idea of interfering with the customs of the people, and with their administration of justice among themselves, or of burdening a city of 24,000 inhabitants with the enormous scaffolding of the French administrative *bureaucratie*. He says,

"If we begin by imposing on these people all the *miseres* which the various successive governments of France have been obliged to impose on the inhabitants of the mother country, we shall reduce them to despair, which would be the more dangerous as we do not occupy the provinces, which would consequently reject all idea of connexion with us."

But General Savary, on his arrival at Algiers, was immediately beset by the party desirous of possessing themselves of the lands and property of the natives, *coute qui coute*. This party had long before disclosed its intentions, in the *Semaphore* of Marseilles and other French journals. Its correspondents talked openly of exterminating the natives, and dwelt with a sort of exultation on

"heads of Arabs being brought back, suspend-

*Captain Rozet, in speaking of the Arab tribes, and of the risks they run to carry off their men who have fallen in action, and of their care in burying them afterwards, observes: "These barbarians are far superior to us in this respect. I have already said it, and I repeat it here, perhaps not for the last time: We have not sufficient respect for the dead. After a combat, ours were so ill buried, that the arms or legs protruded above ground, and twenty-four hours after, the jackals had pulled them out and torn them to pieces."—vol. ii. p. 196.

ed from the saddle-bows of our horsemen, and kicked about in our barrack yards. They extolled the superior ingenuity of certain Turkish modes of execution, which deprive the sufferer of all hope for the next world! I will not dwell upon this rage for cutting off heads which has seized us, on the harangues inspired by the same spirit, such as, *bring back heads! more heads! stop the broken aqueducts with the head of the first Bedouin that you meet!* and the jokes, after the fashion of 1793, on certain decapitations which took place at Algiers, which were styled as *coining money, and good coin too! would we could cut down to the quick!*" &c.—*Pichon*, pp. 108, 109.

The atrocious inspirations and suggestions of the exterminators were soon put into practice, by the massacre of a whole tribe of Arabs in cold blood, in April, 1832. The winter had passed over quietly; no act of hostility had taken place between the natives and the French outposts since the convention concluded by the aga in General Berthezene's name. Some pretended messengers of the distant tribe of the Biskaris, a peculiar race that forms a sort of link between the Arabs and the Kabyles, and who live on the borders of the Great Desert, nearly 200 miles south of Algiers, appeared in the capital, and were received with some sort of parade by General Savary, who made them presents of cloaks and some money. The better-informed Moors of Algiers, and the aga of the Arabs himself, who saw them on their passage through Coleah, regarded them as impostors. However this may be, these messengers, the same day they left Algiers on their return homewards, in passing the grounds occupied by the Ouffia* tribe in the Metidja plain, were plundered of their cloaks and other effects. This is an incident of common and almost every-day occurrence to travellers all over Barbary, even in time of profound peace. They however escaped unhurt, and returned to Algiers to lodge their complaint against the Ouffias. M. Pichon says, it was afterwards ascertained that the robbers belonged to the tribe of Kreshnas, and were marauding on the land of their neighbours. (p. 136.) General Brossard says, that "the robbery was committed by a joint party of the Kreshnas, the Beni Mousans, and the Ouffias, without the chiefs of these tribes having taken any active part in it; it is even asserted that they were ignorant of the attempt. Marauding parties of this sort, composed of men of various tribes, are not of rare occurrence."—(*Memoire*, p. 87.) It is rather remarkable, however, that on the 5th of April, the day of the messengers' departure, the Duke of Rovigo told M. Pichon that he feared they would be stopped, and that if this happened, he would arrest all the Ouffias who

should be found in the market, until the effects of the messengers were restored!

"I was going out early on the 6th, to speak to the Duke of Rovigo on the subject, when Captain Leblanc came to me, apparently much concerned, and said, 'that which the general foresaw has happened.' If the event was foreseen, and it was certainly talked of at Algiers as a thing most likely to occur, why were not the messengers accompanied by an escort under the aga's lieutenant?"—*Pichon*, p. 136.

On the night of the same day a battalion of the foreign legion and a squadron of Zouaves (native cavalry in the French service) were ordered out of Algiers on the road to the Ouffia camp. At break of day on the 7th they had surrounded the camp, while the Ouffias were yet asleep, and without any previous summons or notice of any sort, the soldiers rushed into the tents and sabred or shot all the inmates to the number of about eighty. Seventeen or eighteen only were made prisoners, among whom was the sheik of the tribe, besides a number of women, who were driven to the French outposts of *la maison carree*, where they were detained two or three days, and afterwards sent back to bury their murdered relatives. The cattle, scattered on their fields, and which partly belonged to other owners, who had entrusted them to the Ouffias to graze, were carried off and sold, and the produce distributed among the troops which composed the expedition. "I have seen some of the officers," says M. Pichon, "who felt a deep regret at receiving their share." We only wonder they accepted it at all. The booty consisted of from 1500 to 2000 sheep, between 600 and 700 bullocks, and from twenty-five to thirty camels.

"I shall never forget," says M. Pichon, "that on the day after this military execution, I met at the Duke of Rovigo's a lady from Paris, who had come to Algiers to keep a furnished hotel, and who was waiting on the general to support the solicitations of a young merchant from Marseilles who wished to purchase the cattle, expecting that they would be sold to the highest bidder, in which however he was disappointed. This lady, who could not know my feelings on the recent event, took upon herself to urge me to give my approbation to the measure."—p. 134.

Some days after the sale of the cattle, several Arabs came to M. Pichon to claim their property, seized among that of the Ouffias. "We are neither robbers," said they, "nor conspirators against the king of France; why should he seize our property?" M. Pichon could give them no redress, the matter being considered as within the *military attributions* of the general-in-chief. It is almost needless to say that their applications to the latter were utterly disregarded.

We ought to add that, on the evening of this massacre, the Moors of Algiers were ordered by the police to illuminate their shops, and keep them open later than usual. Serenades were given about the town under the windows of the principal officers. M. Pichon, whose general principles were

*The Ouffias were a small tribe of Arabs, who were encamped in the Metidja plain, close to the French outpost of *la maison carree*, and lived on friendly terms with the detachment there stationed, whom they supplied with the produce of their dairy and poultry-yard. The soldiers and officers were in daily intercourse with them.—*Pichon*, pp. 131, 132.

known, and whose feelings on the occasion could therefore be guessed, was delicately treated with music under his windows.—*Pichon*, p. 108.

"The exterminating party seem to have been thrown into a state of rapture bordering on frenzy. But this is not all. The sheik Rabia ben Sidi Grahnem, who was also a marabout, and Bourachba, an Arab of the same tribe, were brought before a court-martial, accused of 'divers crimes and misdemeanours, constituting treason against France.' The sheik was individually tried on the charges of having tolerated robberies in his tribe, of having left unpunished the violence and robbery committed on the persons of the deputies from the desert to the general-in-chief, committed in consequence of their good will towards France, and having allowed the sojourn, the desertion, and the assassination of French soldiers in his tribe." Bourachba was charged with having induced French soldiers to desert. And the king's commissary or advocate having concluded, the court, on the 14th April, 1832, sentenced both prisoners to death, conformably to the law of the 21st Brumaire, in the 5th year of the French republic, (!) which says, that 'any military man or other individual, attached to, or follower of, the army, who is convicted of treason against France, shall suffer death,' and also that 'every individual enlisting, or assisting in enlisting, soldiers for the service of a power at war with France, shall suffer likewise.'—*Report of the Court Martial, Appendix to Pichon*, pp. 394, 395.

The poor sheik had a French counsel, who did not understand a word of Arabic; but there were interpreters present. The prisoners appealed to the council of revision, which confirmed the sentence on the 17th, and the general-in-chief had it executed on the 19th, at noon, outside the gate Babazoon.

M. Pichon, in his despatch to M. Perier, announcing these extraordinary proceedings, states, among other things, that General Savary had told him that the robbers belonged to another tribe, or rather section of a tribe, the greater Oufias, who lived at the foot of the Atlas, at a distance from the little Oufias, who were encamped under the cannon of the French outposts. The general added, that the chief of the farther section had returned him the articles stolen; and yet, when M. Pichon went on the 16th to remonstrate with the general in favour of the sheik Rabia, Savary refused to reprove the prisoner. He refused likewise the solicitations of the aga of the Arabs, and those of the sheik of the Kreshna tribe, who wrote to him demanding Rabia's liberation.

"You have punished innocent men," said the Kreshna chief; "men who were under your protection: this is all we could wish; it will teach others not to trust themselves to you. But if you proceed in this manner, you will have no more provisions. We know that you can get them from France: we only pity those of our countrymen who are with you."—*Pichon*, p. 136.

On the 19th, the day of Rabia's execution M. Pichon made a last effort to save the

unfortunate sheik. He wrote a confidential letter (the affair being out of his competence, he could not interfere officially) entreating the general to stay the blow. He tells him that the natives ought not to be brought before a council of war, except for violence committed against the persons or property of *Frenchmen*. The persons robbed were *strangers*. The law of the 5th Brumaire concerns *military* men, guilty of treason against France. The sheik was *not* in this case. It was not proved by the proceedings that the sheik had either connived at the robbery, or concealed the robbers, who took refuge among a distant tribe, which had since refunded the value of the stolen articles to the last crown. General Savary remained inflexible. Two days after the execution (!) he answered M. Pichon's letter. In it he contends that, as the sheik had been appointed by the aga of the Arabs, who himself holds his commission from the general, the sheik was answerable to the latter for every crime that occurred within his tribe; that there was no other sheik over the distant fraction of the tribe; that Rabia must have known of the robbery, which was committed on the road, in open day; that he had sent from his prison his own brother to the place where the robbers had taken refuge, and had written to them to return the effects, in order to save his head, which request was complied with on the following day, "a proof that the other fraction of his tribe still obeyed him." We demur here to the correctness of the general's logic; for without obeying him, they might wish to save the life of a countryman, a sheik and a marabout. "And then," adds the general, "the bodies of two soldiers of our foreign legion were found in his camp, one of which had the appearance of having been beheaded the day before."

This last charge, we must observe, was not known on the 7th, when the destruction of the tribe was perpetrated. The order of the day concerning the expedition says nothing of it, and it was only after the massacre that the bodies were discovered. They were those of two men who had previously signified their intention of deserting. One of them was dressed as an Arab, and was killed by the French themselves in the action. This is admitted by the Duke of Rovigo himself in a subsequent letter to M. Pichon, in which he calls the massacre of the Oufias a "*petite echauffourée*," a little hurly-burly.—*Pichon*, Appendix, p. 401. How the other deserter, who was recognised by his regimental trousers, came by his death, was not known; but M. Pichon heard it distinctly stated on the trial, that the two men had deserted on the evening of the 6th. The massacre took place on the morning of the 7th. It is therefore most probable that both were killed in the indiscriminate slaughter. There is nothing in all this sufficient to criminate the sheik; there was hardly even time for him to know that the two deserters were in his camp. One passage in Savary's letter to M. Pichon is singularly inconsistent. He dwells upon the necessity of holding the various

sheiks rigorously responsible for the behaviour of their tribes; "otherwise," says he, "every time one of my soldiers is killed, I should be obliged to put a whole tribe to fire and sword, which would be the worst of all expedients." And yet in the instance in question, he had for a mere robbery in the day-time, unaccompanied by loss of life or limb, first of all put a whole tribe to fire and sword, and afterwards tried and beheaded the sheik on the score of his responsibility; for on that plea alone, stretched to the utmost, could Rabia be at all impeached.

If we pass from Algiers to Oran, we find matters quite as bad, or rather worse. It is stated, in a very remarkable order of the day of the 5th June, 1832, that the general-in-chief

"has learnt, from trust-worthy reports, that several natives have disappeared in the prisons, and have been put to death without trial. The general therefore reminds the officers of every rank in the army, as well as the men under their orders, that they are bound to refuse their agency to any execution of which the sentence of the court is not previously read to the culprit in presence of the assembled troops; for without this formality, they would be held accomplices of murder, and liable to criminal prosecution, as much as those who had given the orders for the execution. All officers, civil and military, are bound to give information against such acts."

M. Pichon distinctly states that several clandestine executions had taken place at Oran, and were the cause of this order of the day.—p. 139. But why was there no public investigation, no exemplary punishment of deeds which the general justly qualifies as murders? "The press," says M. Pichon, "was silent on the subject." Would it have been silent in England? Would it not have dragged the guilty before parliament and the public, supposing the government to have been remiss in its duty? But in France, the newspapers and the public seem to take very little notice of any act of oppression committed by their countrymen in conquered countries. A distant foreigner has little chance indeed of redress from that quarter. There is a mistaken feeling of nationality in France, which stifles the principle of justice.

At Oran, the system of terror seems to have been in full force. In September, 1831, a merchant from Morocco, called Valentiano, was beheaded without any trial; his property, amounting to 20,000 francs, was seized and confiscated. M. Pichon reclaimed it for the widow and heirs, but in vain.—pp. 179, 180. M. Pichon questioned M. Barrachin, the civil intendant at Oran, who knew nothing of the particulars. In fact, General Boyer annulled M. Barrachin's acts, and did as he pleased. He arrested a Moor, called Selim Codja, who was attached to the civil administration, and sent him to Algiers, where the general-in-chief put him in prison, but where, M. Pichon never could find out.—p. 74. The foreign vice-consuls, English and Spanish, at Oran, have had strong reasons

to complain of the overbearing conduct of the military authority at that place.—pp. 178-410. There was an evidently hostile feeling towards the English commercial agents, both at Oran and Algiers, which M. Pichon deprecates. The exterminating party, which of course is as bitterly inveterate against England and every thing English as it was under Napoleon, have reproached M. Pichon for his friendly relations with the English consul—

"relations which were always within the limits of strict official intercourse. I did not think that our interests and our duties towards a friendly and almost allied power, ought to be sacrificed to old animosities of the empire, animosities which are as lasting and as inveterate as ever, and of which I have had proofs at Algiers, had I not already been acquainted with their spirit. On my arrival at Algiers, I found the affairs relative to the English agents on the point of an explosion prepared by the passions I have alluded to. My conduct in these matters has obtained me the approbation of the government."—pp. 114, 115.

Considering the friendly and amicable spirit which marks the dispositions of the immense majority of the British nation towards the French, it is painful for an Englishman to read passages like this, indicative of the intensely malignant spirit of a certain party among our neighbours, who seem as if they could never either forget or forgive the share we had in the overthrow of the empire. Fortunately, we believe this feeling is confined, in a great degree, to the Bonapartists; and as these die off in succession, we would fain hope that the spirit which animates them will die out altogether.*

At Bona, the other principal French settlement on the coast, we find the same arbitrary system pursued as at Oran. After the French regained possession of the place, with the assistance of some Turks, in March, 1832, they seized the goods in the warehouses of the inhabitants, whom the Bey of Constantina had forced to leave the place under pain of death. "These goods have been seized as *épaves*,† and sold without any formality."‡ A Moorish merchant, El Larby, residing at Algiers, had had for two years, in the warehouse of

*The *Memoirs of Marshal Ney* exhibit symptoms of this spirit. We were amazed to find revived in them the old stories with which Bonaparte used to gull the Parisians, such as of the bales of infected cotton, said to have been thrown on the coast of France in order to introduce the plague into that country, in 1804, while the army of invasion was encamped on the coast of the channel, coupled with the observation of the *Moniteur*:—"The English cannot conquer us with the sword, they attack us with the plague!"

†A French law term, which means chattels or moveable property, abandoned and unclaimed, and which as such fall to the crown. A Captain Jussef, a Turkish auxiliary of the French, committed many atrocities at Bona. He cut off heads and massacred a whole Arab tribe by mistake!—Pichon, Appendix, p. 441.

‡Pichon, p. 139.

a Frank at Bona, 11,000 buffaloes' horns, which he was waiting for the departure of the bey's army for Constantina, to have shipped for Algiers. They were seized after the return of the French, and sold at half the invoice price, taken to Algiers, and again shipped for Marseilles, under the eyes of the legitimate owner. After many fruitless applications, M. Pichon obtained a promise that the produce of the sale at Oran should be reimbursed to El Larby—"about one-third of the value of the goods at Marseilles. These things occurred before the arrival of General Monk d'Uzer at Bona."—p. 140. Not satisfied with the seizure of moveables, the agents of the *domaine* wanted to sequester the houses too, under the pretence that as the owners were absent, the property fell to the *domaine*. M. Pichon indignantly resisted the monstrous plea. Many houses, however, were occupied *pro tempore*, as at Algiers, for want of barracks.

"At Oran, all the property of the absent Moors, as well as that of the Turks and of the corporations, has been seized in the name of the *domaine*, and as there is hardly a Moor left in the place, and we have taken their last mosque, our seizures include nearly the whole of the town. The buildings must be falling to ruin, after we have burnt 300,000 rafters."—Pichon, p. 284.

From fifteen to twenty Moors, Turks and Arabs, of all ages, were arrested at Bona and shipped for Marseilles, where they were detained in the Fort St. Jean. They were accused of being accomplices in the conspiracy of September, 1831, when the French detachment was massacred by the Turkish auxiliaries, in consequence, it was said, of a blow in the face being given to a Turk. Among these were four brothers, natives of Bona, who had been seized at Tunis at the request of the French consul there, and sent by him to Algiers, where three of them were confined in a dungeon, *au secret*, for three months: each had with him a son of from eight to ten years of age. M. Pichon, on visiting the prison, saw them, and had their names registered. "Till then, there had been no register kept in the prison; no written order was required for the detention of prisoners; a simple verbal order, emanating from various individuals under the name of *police* was sufficient authority. I insisted that no one should be received in the prison without a written order."—p. 142. These three brothers were soon after sent to Marseilles, where they met the fourth, who was accompanied by his three children. M. Rey, an advocate of Marseilles, (the same, we believe, who was several years in this country, and wrote a "Comparison of the Judicial Institutions of France and England," which was reviewed in an early number of this journal,) obtained, after much praiseworthy exertion, the liberation of the four brothers, by an order from the minister at war, in September, 1832. In fact their innocence was beyond a doubt; but they, on their part, complained, in a memorial addressed to the king, forwarded from Marseilles by M. Rey, that

several valuable effects they had about their persons when arrested, had been taken from them! By a letter from the Duke of Rovigo, it appeared the effects had been sold by an interpreter attached to headquarters, who forwarded the produce, 1230 francs, to Marseilles. M. Rey, however, very naturally demanded the proof that the effects were only sold for 1330 francs. "I do not think that it is conformable to the military penal code, to detain, without an inventory, the effects of the accused."—Pichon, p. 142—144.

"Such," resumes M. Pichon, "are the facts, however grave, of which France has scarcely been informed. . . . What can be the motive of the silence maintained by so many sufferers in these transactions? I say it loudly: their silence can only be explained by the terror which the party I have so often mentioned inspires. When I was at Algiers, the natives were afraid to address themselves directly to the French government. There have only appeared at Algiers, ever since our conquest, two acts emanating from the king's government—the act which instituted the civil intendants, and the one which arrogated it, six months after. Since then, every thing has been replaced under a pure and simple *military occupation*, and the latitude of power implied by that system is enough to inspire every one with just apprehensions. By letters from Algiers, of December, 1832, it appears that Ben Turkia, the Arab writer to the municipality, and his brother, being suspected of having forwarded the letters from the aga of the Arabs, which reached Paris in October, have been molested, and even, it is said, put in prison—a thing I can hardly believe."—pp. 146, 147.

We will now proceed with the external policy of the Duke of Rovigo's administration. The massacre of the Oulias took place in April. In the following month the whole Arab and Kabyle populations of the little Atlas were in arms against the French. So much for "the salutary effects of a severe example upon which Savary had reckoned. The general took it into his head to send an armed party to cut hay in the Metidja plain. Twenty-nine men of the party were cut off by the Arabs and killed, and the rest were dispersed. The general had communicated his intention of *reconnoitring* in the Metidja to the aga of the Arabs, who told him that this was a violation of the promise made by General Berthezene, who had engaged not to send out armed parties except to repel aggressions; that the Kabyles of the mountains would be alarmed and collect their forces, and then the Arabs of the plain would be unable to resist them; that the consequences would be the loss of many lives, and the ruin of the people of the Metidja, of Coleah, Bleda, &c. This letter of the aga is extremely sensible and well written, and gives a very favourable idea of the writer.—Pichon, Appendix, p. 450. Previous to this, the aga's lieutenant, Hamido, had gone round the different tribes, as far as Medeyah, to invite the chiefs to a conference with the aga at Coleah. They came on

the appointed day, and expressed their desire to live in peace with the French, provided the latter would keep their troops quiet in their cantonments. The Arab chiefs agreed also to send a deputation to Algiers, according to the general's invitation; but the Kabyles of the mountains constantly refused, saying, that if the general had any thing to communicate to them, he might do it through the aga.—*Report of Hamido's mission in Pichon's Appendix*, p. 451-5. The Duke of Rovigo, irritated by the loss of the reconnoitring party, planned an expedition by sea to the eastward of Cape Matifou, in order to take the refractory tribes of the Ysser in the rear. The troops were embarked; but the expedition, which according to General Brossard had no chance of success, was abandoned. The aga, disgusted and compromised with his countrymen by all this, repeatedly tendered his resignation, which was refused. He wrote a desponding letter to M. Pichon in August, which the latter did not receive at Paris till the following October.

"All good men," says the aga, "are in consternation at your departure, because when you were at Algiers you were constantly opposed to injustice. The general does not listen to my councils. He makes no distinction between friends and enemies. The heads of tribes have assembled to-day, those who are partisans of peace and friendly to the French; there is a great fermentation between them and the tribes who are in open revolt. The former have written a letter to the King of France, which I here inclose; we pray you to deliver our petition to him—he is our sultan; you will tell him all our distresses; his majesty has a feeling heart, and will not allow injustice to be committed against his subjects."—*Pichon, Appendix*, p. 452.

"The Duke of Rovigo," says General Brossard, "ought either to have given his full confidence to the aga, as General Berthezene had done, or accepted his resignation, instead of endeavouring to establish his own influence by a system of secret espionage, full of artifice and craft; a false system, which, however suited to the Arabs, who are expert masters in this line, opened a door to intrigues against the aga, and destroyed his authority without benefitting ours; a disastrous system, which probably drove the aga at last to defection and treason. And with all this crooked mode of proceeding, the general, from the month of May, when hostilities began, till the following October, never had any accurate information of the movements of the tribes, but was, on the contrary, either lulled by the reports transmitted to him, or kept in a state of false alarm from apprehended attacks."—*Memoire*, pp. 21, 22.

At last, on the 2d of October, General Savary went out to attack the Arabs, who had assembled at Boufarik, about twelve miles from Algiers. They were soon dispersed. On the same day he sent unexpectedly a body of men upon Coleah, where the aga Mahi-Eddin resided. The latter, who had been long aware of the unfavourable feeling existing against him, had run away; but some of his relatives were seized

as hostages. His lieutenant, Hamido, being threatened with a court-martial, absolutely died of fright in prison. The people of Bleda, who had been for a twelvemonth left to themselves, alarmed at these demonstrations of the French, sent a deputation, consisting of the sheiks Massaoud and Arbi ben Moosa, and applied to the sheik of the Kreshna tribe, who seems to have been again on good terms with the general-in-chief, to obtain a safe-conduct for them. The general granted it, and the sheiks came to Algiers.

"The two sheiks were accused, says the *Moniteur Algerien*, of intending to violate their engagements, although they had received previously much money from the general-in-chief; they were also accused of being participants in the assassination of the sixty artillerymen, at the time of General Clauzel's expedition to Medeyah, in 1850. The general made all his dispositions; the gendarmes were concealed near the audience-room, where he received the deputation. He then asked the sheik of the Kreshna whether he would be responsible for the personal satisfaction which he required of the people of Bleda. The sheik begged to be excused. 'Then,' said the general, 'I withdraw the safe-conduct;' and entering the audience-room, where the deputation was assembled, 'I shall detain the two sheiks, Massaoud and Arbi ben Moosa, as hostages. If you (addressing himself to the rest of the deputation) execute my orders, they shall be released.'—*Brossard*, p. 88.

The people of Bleda, on hearing of this, became furious. They took up arms, intending to defend themselves. Meantime "the two sheiks were brought before a court-martial, tried, found guilty, and executed. Their friends in the country revenged themselves upon the sheik El Kreshna, burnt his house, seized his cattle, women and children, and the sheik thought himself lucky to escape to Algiers."

This occurred in November, 1852. At the beginning of December, 4,000 men marched against Bleda. This was the fourth time the French had visited that unfortunate town, and the second time they had plundered it. It was now entirely deserted. The houses and gardens suffered in default of the owners. "Letters from Algiers, of the 9th December, announced that of : party of old men, women and children, who had taken refuge in the marabut, or sanctuary, of Sidi el Kebir, about a mile beyond the town, thirty were put to the sword."—*Pichon*, p. 293.

And thus the work of regeneration in Northern Africa proceeds! We say "proceeds," for although our authorities do not come further than the beginning of 1853, yet the occasional paragraphs we have seen in the papers show that there has been no change in the system since. From these we have learned, that the French garrison at Oran was in a state of continual hostility

*Savary required of M. Pichon a credit of 1000 francs a month for secret service money.—*Pichon*, p. 46.

ties with the Arabs outside, notwithstanding that whole Arab tribes had been destroyed, and sheiks and marabouts decapitated, after the Oufia fashion.* Oran and Mustagammis must be supplied with provisions by sea. One letter from Oran, of the 8th of September last, ended with these words: "The little traffic that was carried on along this coast by Moorish barges has been annihilated. We carry nothing but desolation and misery to all the points at which we land." During the summer, we heard of another military expedition to Bleda; of stragglers being murdered; of the Arabs having resumed the offensive on all the French line, and having even passed it; of their attempting to set fire to the forage magazines at Birkadem; of their surprising the baking establishment at Kooba, and advancing to the camp of Deli Ibrahim and the plain of Staweli, almost within cannon-shot of Algiers! Against all this is only to be set the capture of Boujeiah, another town on the coast. And this is the fourth year of the French occupation!

Meantime France is annually spending about twenty millions of francs, besides losing some thousand men, to retain a possession, the whole revenue of which, including the sequestrations, † does not exceed a million and a half! This is a system evidently ruinous to all parties. The French ought to give up every idea of extending their conquests along the coast or in the interior, of extensive colonization, at least for years to come. Moderate garrisons ought to be kept in the towns on the coast, commerce encouraged, and friendly relations entered into with the Arabs of the plains, as between neighbour and neighbour. The Arabs are a fine intelligent race, much more manageable and humane than the Kabyles, and they have a keen sense of justice and the sacredness of oaths.

And what do the Arabs require in order to become friendly? That the French should not cross in arms a certain line of demarcation, and should let them graze their cattle in peace, in the plains of which their ancestors have been possessed from time immemorial. Establish friendly relations with them, and they will form your advanced guard against the Kabyles, who must be left in quiet possession of their mountains. By degrees the Arabs will acquire a taste for the arts of Europe, and thus civilization and commerce will extend; but this must be the work of peace. The Arab race is, we believe, yet called to high destinies; it is not corrupt or degenerate like that of the Osmanlis, but fresh and vigorous, as in its youth. A great Arab power is rising in the East, and the Western Arabs may one day

or other rival their Asiatic brethren. From Mount Tauris in Asia Minor, to Cape Cantin on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, the Arab race and the Arab language extend paramount. Is it not the interest of European nations to establish a friendly intercourse with this most illustrious, most numerous, and most intellectual among Mohammedan nations? M. Pichon says—"I have never seen any human countenances in which the character of manly independence is more strikingly depicted than in those of the Arabs of North Africa."

There are, General Brossard observes, only three means of obtaining security for the French possessions on the coast of Algiers. 1. By forming an impassable line of fortifications and posts around the territory we wish to occupy. 2. By driving back (*refoulant*) the tribes far beyond the little Atlas. 3. By obtaining the submission or alliance of the nearer tribes, in order to make of them a barrier against the aggression of the more remote ones. The first plan the general declares to be "impracticable," except on a very small scale; the second he deems absolutely impossible; the third, which is the safest, the least expensive, and the most consonant to justice and humanity, must therefore be resorted to. May the French government adopt it, ere it be too late! It has committed many other errors in the attempt to establish this colony, some of them betraying the grossest ignorance of the first principles of colonization, but which we have left ourselves no room to dwell upon. We hope that to these is not to be added the precious scheme of converting Algiers into a *penal colony*! Bad as was the civilization communicated to Africa by the Algerine pirates, we think it infinitely preferable to that which would result from making her shores the receptacle for the denizens of the *bagnes* at Brest and Toulon. It is to be hoped that the result of the deliberations of the Commission now sitting at Paris to decide on the future course to be followed with regard to Algiers, will be an entire suppression of the system of arbitrary military administration which took its rise during the Republic and the Empire, and the adoption of one more consonant to the ideas of a constitutional country, and one which has always piqued itself on being foremost in the career of civilization. We trust that there is no foundation for the report of another formidable military expedition being now in preparation, destined to proceed in the spring against the Bey of Constantina.

M. Pichon has rendered a great service to humanity in publishing his work. It is replete with valuable and curious information, and the appendix particularly so. We have felt one consolation in reading the afflicting details which it contains, and that is, in the reflection that such a book could not have seen the light under Napoleon's rule, although oppressions much more enormous were then practised in conquered countries. The public exposure of injustice is a great step towards correction.

*See extracts from French papers, in the *Times*, 3d June, 29th August, 5th October, etc. *passim*.

†Among the items of the revenue is one which ought not to figure on the budget of a civilized government. It is the farming of the tax on courtesans, which is let by contract, the lessee paying the domaine 1,860 francs per month.

From the same.

Correspondance de Victor Jacquemont avec sa famille, et plusieurs de ses amis, pendant son voyage dans l'Inde. (1828—1832.) 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

THERE have been few books of travels whose announcement produced a more lively sensation in France and England than the Letters of Victor Jacquemont; interest in the subject combined with interest in the author to excite curiosity; India with its thousand associations of ancient grandeur and modern importance, of natural wonders and political value, was joined with the sympathy necessarily felt in the fate of a young naturalist, who, in the prime of life, fell a victim to science. Perhaps it is because expectation was raised too high that we close the volumes with somewhat of disappointment, and that, though amused, instructed, nay in many instances delighted, we feel that a something is wanting which we had hoped to find. Let us not however prove querulous critics, but "take the goods the gods provide us," enjoy what we have, and bear the absence of what we have not, as best we may. For one omission the editor is responsible, and as he is alive to answer for himself, we may venture to complain of it; no memoir of Jacquemont is prefixed to the collection, and we are left to gather the circumstances of his early life from the few hints that occur in his Correspondence. From these we learn that he was born in Paris, A. D. 1801, received an excellent education, in youth manifested a strong attachment to the natural sciences, had an opportunity of indulging his taste by being sent, apparently on some commercial business, to Haiti and North America, became an *ideologue* in the school of Destutt Tracy, joined in Paris some metaphysico-political club, and stored his mind with all the sense and all the nonsense that mark the philosophy of *La Jeune France*. It is understood that it was to the high opinion entertained by the late Baron Cuvier of his merits as a naturalist, that his selection for the important mission with which he was entrusted by the Museum of Natural History at Paris was mainly owing. The appointment was highly honourable to all the parties concerned—to the judgment of the distinguished naturalist who recommended him—to Jacquemont himself—and to the French government, for the liberality with which it furnished the means of enabling him to fulfil the objects of his expedition, which were to investigate and collect materials for the natural history of India in all its departments. When shall we have to say so much for a government infinitely more interested in India, and to which the natural sciences ought to be more important.

At the period when Jacquemont prepared to undertake his important task, there were certain opinions received as aphorisms by the liberal politicians of France, to which he had yielded implicit faith. It was held to be a self-evident truth that intense sel-

fishness characterized the policy of England in public, and the conduct of the English in private; that insular arrogance rendered us the tyrants rather than the masters of the sea, made us reserved towards all foreigners, inspired us with a haughty jealousy, always disagreeable, and frequently offensive; that in India our dominion was a nuisance which ought to be abated, but that its duration depended on the will of Russia, the speedy appearance of whose forces at the passes of the Indian Caucasus was "a consummation devoutly to be wished, and speedily to be obtained." Full of these notions, Jacquemont arrived in England; the treatment which he received from Sir Alexander Johnston and other members of the Asiatic Society, was well calculated to remove his prejudices, but on the other hand, the difficulties and delays he experienced in obtaining his passport, from the lords of Leadenhall Street, counterbalanced the impressions produced by the kindness of his scientific friends. For this Jacquemont was probably as much to blame as the Directors; they could scarcely have imagined that a single Frenchman, even though his tall gaunt figure reminded them of the last of the knights-errant, would contest with them the empire of India, still less would they have mistaken his packing cases for parks of artillery, or his dissecting knives for a supply of military weapons; they probably doubted the object of his mission, regarding him either as a Russian emissary, or the bearer of some secret treaty to Runjeet Sing and the rulers of the Afghans; he perhaps was less explanatory than he should have been, especially with persons to whom scientific missions are by no means familiar. Jacquemont manifestly felt that his objects, if not suspected, were liable to suspicion; this appears evident in the letter he addressed from London to Sir John Malcolm, which we insert entire, as it has not yet been published.

"TO SIR JOHN MALCOLM, &c.

"It is in the name of science, and under the auspices of Sir A. Johnston, that I take the liberty of writing to Sir John Malcolm, without having the honour of his personal acquaintance. The accomplishment of a scientific tour through India has been entrusted to me by the Royal Museum of Natural History at Paris; and I am about to undertake it. The researches to which my attention must be directed relate exclusively to natural history; true, that is not the species of study and labour by which Sir J. Malcolm has so much aided in making India known to the literati of Europe, but all branches of human knowledge are closely connected, and in the eyes of those who lose not sight of their noblest aim, their moral tendency, lead equally to the same end—at a time more or less near,—their useful application to the promotion of the happiness of the human race. I hope, then, that General Malcolm will grant the precious aid of his enlightened counsel and generous support to an unknown stranger, who waits them with respect, and will receive them with gratitude.

"A French ship will convey me to Pondicherry, where I shall arrive in January, 1829. There I intend to make no delay. The surrounding territory, and generally all that part of Coromandel, have been often visited by naturalists. I shall therefore proceed without delay from Pondicherry to Madras, and thence by sea to Calcutta. Calcutta being the chief seat of English power, it is there I must expect to meet men of learning, to visit collections, to learn what is already known, and to find out what are the matters that remain uninvestigated. I reckon for this purpose on a residence of from two to three months in that city, of which I will take advantage to commence the necessary study of Hindustani and Persian.

"My desire at first was to proceed from Calcutta to Delhi, which I knew to be very easy, and thence by the route which Forster followed in 1783, with the caravans that go to Cashmeer, into that valley itself, or to the upper Indus at Attock. I would have devoted two or three years to the exploring the upper tributaries of this river, visiting Pechawar, Cabul, and other places, where the rapid journey of Elphinstone did not permit him to make collections in natural history; and finally I would have returned to the European settlements, down the banks of the Lind, by Moultan to Tatta or Hyderabad, where I expected it would be possible to embark for Bombay.

"I did not hide from myself the difficulties of such a tour; Elphinstone's narrative pointed them out clearly enough; but though the obstacles seemed sufficiently great, they did not appear insurmountable; and I hoped that I should be the first to explore this virgin country, as yet unreachd by science.

"The information I have received in London compels me to renounce this hope; the accounts agree too generally in proving to me the habitual state of anarchy of *brigandage* among the Afghans; and security is necessary for a traveller who must form large collections. It would be of little use to escape with life, if, after several years of labour and research, he should be plundered, and lose the result of his toils.

"Sir J. Malcolm, whose high office in the part of the British empire bordering on these countries must give him better information of their internal condition than any one else can possess, would perhaps favour me with his opinion respecting the hopes first entertained of the possibility of visiting them.

"If I must renounce them, I have determined to devote all my time and all my resources to exploring the coasts of Malabar and the long chain of the Western Ghauts. This territory, naturally circumscribed, forms a kind of geographical unity, favourable under many points of view to the studies of a naturalist. The establishment to which I belong possesses in immense collections a very small number of natural productions belonging to this part of India. It has also been greatly neglected hitherto by the English naturalists. The geological museums in London, sufficiently rich already in collections from Nepal and the Himalaya, are absolutely destitute of specimens from the rocks of Malabar. This zoology, with the exception of that belonging to the

coast, is but little known, and the voluminous works we have on the Flora of this country, such as the *Hortus Malabaricus* of Rheede, bear all the marks of the imperfect state of botany at the time they were written, and no longer satisfy the demands of this science.

"Finally: there is one circumstance that induces me to adopt this resolution, already nearly fixed, namely, that it will make me begin the painful and laborious part of my journey through the provinces governed by Sir J. Malcolm, and that it will permit me to enjoy the advantages of his noble protection.

"Giving up my visit to Cabul, should I, in my route from Calcutta to Bombay, take the road by Delhi or Agra, or should I not rather take a more direct line to the south of this great curve?

"These are the doubts that I respectfully submit to the consideration of Sir John Malcolm. Sir A. Johnston leads me to hope that the general will kindly solve them, and guide me by his counsel through this vast country. The kind and dear Johnston adds, that the slowness of my voyage from France to Pondicherry (slowness occasioned by a projected delay of some weeks at the isle of Bourbon) will doubtless permit me to receive Sir J. Malcolm's reply, if he would be so kind as to send it under cover to the French governor.

"In addressing myself to the elevated and generous mind of the historian of India, I must not forget that Sir J. Malcolm holds an official station, and has duties to perform. I would not trespass on his kindness, had I not the honour to inform him that I have obtained an official passport from the Honourable Court of Directors, granting me free passage through all the territories of the Company. The innocent character of my pursuits would perhaps ensure me sufficient protection from the Company's officers; but I was anxious to have the special and formal assent of the Court of Directors, and it was granted me on the 25th of this month. I entreat Sir J. Malcolm to add his consent.

VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

"Signed,
"Travelling Naturalist to the Royal Museum of Natural History.

"London, June 30, 1828."

A greater contrast can scarcely be conceived, than there is between the sober formality of this letter, and the lively sketches of life and manners addressed by the young naturalist to his family and friends. He left Europe with high hopes, unconquerable spirits, and a love of adventure almost Quixotic, but with an affectionate heart that clung fondly to his family circle,

"And dragged at each remove a lengthening chain."

These feelings, combined with no ordinary graphic powers, lend an irresistible charm to his little narratives; they are dashed off with an ease and freedom such as is rarely seen; and their *ris comica* frequently reminds us of Cruskshank; like that admirable artist, he extracts fun from every thing, even from subjects apparently the most hopeless; like him, too, he has a moral in

every jest, not the less effective because it is incidental. In the letters now published, Jacquemont rarely alludes to his scientific pursuits; consequently they have not anticipated the interest which all the naturalists of Europe must feel in the publication of the valuable manuscripts which he sent to the Museum of Natural History of Paris; duplicates of which were forwarded by the French ministry to our government. It is on these of course, whenever they appear, that his future reputation as a naturalist must mainly depend. The chief value of the present collection rests on the account it gives of our Indian possessions, the effects of our government on the native population, the result of recent efforts to diffuse the elements of civilization, and the future prospects of Hindustan. On behalf of England, Jacquemont is a witness above suspicion; his prejudices, which never wholly disappeared, were all against the British government; and it is sometimes amusing to see how slowly and reluctantly, in the early part of his career, he yielded to the strong evidence of facts, while in some of his more recent letters he rallies his correspondents unmercifully for repeating opinions, which he had himself entertained a few months before.

The process of Jacquemont's conversion began at the first English settlement he visited, the Cape of Good Hope; there he discovers how honestly the British government had acted in the abolition of the slave trade, and how other powers had connived at its continuance. For this connivance indeed, he makes rather a lame apology; but "liberal" as he was, we shall too often see that Jacquemont was willing to sacrifice justice to expediency.

"The abolition of the (slave) trade, which, according to the terms of treaties, should cease in a year, but which the configuration of the coasts of Brazil will long protect against the vigilance of the English cruisers, will be the extinction of the (Brazilian) empire. I saw this horrible traffic close to me at Rio, where it is conducted on an immense scale. The sight produced in me feelings of horror, which will with difficulty be effaced from my revolted mind. But he who wills the end, wills the means. Slavery is the *sine qua non* of the existence of Brazil, as well as of European rule over all the intertropical parts of America that are not greatly elevated above the level of the sea.

"As for our parts, if Cayenne and Bourbon have prospered a little during late years, it is due solely to the connivance of the rulers of these colonies, not to say the avowed protection given to introducing cargoes of slaves. If I was in your place, my friend, (Mr. V. de Tracy,) I would endeavour to make my position subservient to the repression of crime. You do not fear extreme parties in a good cause. Say, then, that the general cry of public opinion accuses our colonial government of criminal connivance in this trade. Say, you are convinced our colonies could not prosper without this trade, and that their actual prosperity is the strongest proof against the colonial administration. If it compelled obedience

to the law, if it prevented the introduction of slaves, the negroes would diminish progressively, and these colonies, so far from improving, would fall into decay. The law which has prohibited the trade has condemned the sugar islands to ruin. They are not perishing; on the contrary, they flourish; consequently, the law is not put into execution. * * * *

"The colossal extension of the British power is really a blessing to humanity; there are, beyond a doubt, many iniquities, many odious frauds in its national and colonial administration; but it every where proscribes gross horrors. It has especially waged war against this trade with good faith. Since the British became masters of the Cape, not a single slave has been imported. The consideration due to the fortunes of the Dutch settlers, who form the great majority of the population of this colony, have as yet prevented the establishment of regulations for the final extinction of slavery, and the emancipation of the children of the actual slaves; but they impose so many charges on the possession of slaves, that their support becomes too expensive for the proprietors to derive any profit from their original outlay. Slave-labour, therefore, becomes too dear to be lucrative, and it is their interest that induces the colonists not to regret much this horrible species of property."

At the island of Bourbon, Jacquemont was destined to have a second of his axioms decisively refuted; among other whimsical notions, he had taken it into his head that all accounts of storms, tempests, and hurricanes, were pure inventions of travellers; but the dreadful hurricane of February, 1829, which, unluckily in his opinion, he witnessed from shore, convinced him that the dangers of wind and wave were not imaginary. We must, however, pass this and some other incidents, and hasten to Calcutta, where our traveller was received with a generous kindness which completely reconciled him to the English character. His reception, indeed, was creditable, not merely to the distinguished individuals who eagerly vied with each other in showing attention to the stranger, but it was honourable to Britain as a nation. We happen to know, that all through France, the affectionate manner in which Jacquemont was treated excited the most lively interest, and was more effectual in removing the old national jealousies than any thing that has occurred since the battle of Waterloo. Lord William Bentinck, Sir Charles Grey, Sir Edward Ryan, and their respective families, were foremost in the work of hospitality; England has long been acquainted with the merits of these distinguished men; the portraits given of them by Jacquemont will extend their fame throughout Europe.

"The kind and flattering reception which I found at my first arrival has not ended in disappointment. The honourable recommendations I brought have opened to me every respectable house. Such has been the foresight of my friends, that there is not a single man in the country whom I have seen with pleasure and profit, to whom I had not a European introduction. The bar, you know, is not so odious in England as it is in France. My present host,

Mr. Pearson, who is the leader of it, is, from the nature of his functions, the man best acquainted with the character of the inhabitants; and from the facts he relates, the opinions he expresses, as well as from the decisions of Sir Charles Grey, the chief justice, I learn a thousand interesting circumstances respecting the inhabitants of this strange country, which mere observation could not teach me. * * *

"But the man who does much honour to Europe in Asia, is he who governs it, Lord Ben-
tineck, on the throne of the Great Mogul, thinks and acts like a Quaker of Pennsylvania. You may easily guess that there are people who predict the destruction of the empire and the end of the world, when they see the temporary ruler of Asia take a ride without an escort, or set off with the country-seat with an umbrella under his arm. Like you, my friend, (Mr. V. de Tracy,) he long mingled in scenes of tumult and slaughter; like you he has preserved pure and unsullied that flower of humanity, which is so often withered by the habits of a military life, and leaves nothing in its place but good nature. Tried also in diplomacy, the most corrupting of all occupations, he has passed through the ordeal with the upright sentiments, the simple and sincere language of Franklin. I have been his guest *en famille*, and I shall always remember with pleasure and tender affection the long conversations I had with him. It seemed as if I was chatting with an old friend like yourself, and when I reflected on the immense power of this excellent man, I rejoiced for the cause of humanity.

"Lady William is very amiable and *spirituelle*. I had the pleasure of speaking my own language with her, and a very lively pleasure it was. I know not how she found out that, like most Frenchmen, I was a very cool Catholic, and no very warm Christian; and as she is rather devout, she tried to convert me. For my part, I am not become one whit better, and I fear that she is rather less sure of her success than she was before. This interlude has not been played at the expense of the kindness she was disposed to show me. . . . I know not by what means I inspire these folks with so much confidence, but they speak to me with open hearts of matters which they would hesitate to mention to one another after years of acquaintance. They have the most favourable prepossessions in favour of the rationality, the liberality and the independence of a Frenchman's opinions. In the country, where I spent six weeks on a visit with Sir Edward Ryan, one of the judges, I was next-door, or rather next-garden, neighbour to Sir Charles Grey, the chief justice—a man of first-rate talent in his difficult office of English Judge, and likewise of the gravest appearance. Well! he was the first to warn me that Lady Ryan was rather *strict*; and that, notwithstanding the knight's good humour and want of *strictness*, I might possibly find Sunday with them rather dull; consequently, he invited me to seek refuge with him that day, at least for dinner; to take a walk together, and have a game of chess in the evening, whilst his lady gave us a little music. You may easily conceive, my friend, how much I learned in these charming evening parties, from a man who has for eight years administered justice in India, either at Madras

or Calcutta. He was desirous that I should witness some criminal trials of the natives, and I owe him the honour of sitting for two days on *the king's bench* in the Supreme Court, which is here regarded as a matter of no little consequence."

Jacquemont continued several months at Calcutta, husbanding his little resources, (for his salary was at first only 6000 francs (240*l.*) *per annum*.) making himself acquainted with the splendid collection of Indian plants in the unrivalled Botanic Garden of Calcutta, and improving himself in the Hindustani and Persian languages. He early noticed an absurdity to which Sir G. C. Haughton vainly endeavoured to direct the attention of government many years ago—the use of Persian instead of English in our law-courts. If it was the object of the rulers of India to impede effectually the administration of justice, assuredly no better means could be found than to have all the proceedings conducted in a language of which judges, plaintiffs and defendants are alike ignorant. The natural effect of such a sapient process is the fostering a race of legal harpies, called *rakeels*, that batten on the crimes, follies and misfortunes of their fellows. One of the most enlightened men that ever held office in India, lately declared in our hearing, "the decision of lawsuits by the dice-box would be a blessing compared with the judicial system at present established in the three presidencies." This, however, is a subject too important to be treated incidentally, but upon which we may have something to say before long. We must now return to our traveller.

At Delhi, Jacquemont was introduced to that "shadow of a shade," the Great Mogul. This potentate, the lineal descendant of the mighty Timur, with a string of sounding titles that would weary all the heralds-at-arms in Europe to pronounce, is a pensioner on British bounty for his daily bread. "How are the mighty fallen!" The author gives a very amusing account of his introduction at the imperial court, in a letter to his father.

"Delhi in fine—Delhi is the most hospitable part of India. Do you know what almost happened to me this morning? I have just missed being *the light of the world, the wisdom of the state, or the ornament of the country*; but luckily I got off for the fright. The explanation, which will amuse you, is as follows:—The Great Mogul, Shah Mohammed Aebur Rhazi Badshah, &c. &c., to whom the British resident had sent a petition for leave to present me to his majesty, graciously held a *darbar* (court) to receive me. Conducted to the audience by the resident, with very passable pomp—a regiment of infantry, a strong escort of cavalry, an entire army of domestics and attendants—I presented my respects to the emperor, who was pleased to confer upon me a *khelat*, or vest of honour, which was put on my back with great ceremony under the inspection of the prime minister. . . . Then the emperor, (observe, if you please, that he is the direct descendant of Timur or Tamerlane.) with his own imperial hands fastened to my hat (a grey hat,) previously disguised as a turban by his vizier, a

couple of jewelled ornaments. I preserved a serious face admirably during this imperial farce, because there was no mirror in the audience-chamber, and the only part of my masquerade that I saw was my legs in black pantaloons, escaping from the bottom of my Turkish *robe-de-chambre*. The emperor inquired whether there was a king in France, and if he spoke English! He had never seen a Frenchman, except General Perron, who was his keeper formerly, when he was a prisoner to the Mahrattas, and he appeared to pay infinite attention to the burlesque figure which resulted from my five feet eight inches (about six feet two inches English,) without much thickness, from my long hair, my spectacles, and my oriental robe over my black dress. After half an hour he broke up the court, and I returned in procession with the resident. The drums beat a salute as I passed before the troops with my *robe-de-chambre* of embroidered muslin. Why were you not there to take pride in your posterity?

"Of course Shah Mohammed Aebur Khazi Badshah is a venerable old man, and the most adorable. But the truth is, that he has a handsome face, a fine white beard, and the appearance of a man who has long been unfortunate. The English have left him all the honours of royalty, and console him for the loss of power by an annual pension of four millions of francs. Do not relate this history to my friends in the club, and you will see them discover in the carnival of 1833 or 1834, that my oriental costume is a very bad imitation, and I will then give them an account of the dress which they deem so badly imitated. The resident translated Victor Jacquemont, Naturalist and Traveller, &c. into *Mister Jakmont, Sahib Bahadour*, which signifies, 'M. Jacquemont, a lord victorious in war,' and under this title I was actually proclaimed by the master of the ceremonies. 'This lord victorious in battles' is busied here with matters far different from war. He poisons with arsenic and mercury the collections he has made during his last journey of four or five hundred leagues, and packs them up to leave them here behind him during his travels in the Himalaya. Variety of situation is not wanting in my wandering life. Here I never go out, in a carriage, in a palanquin or on an elephant, without a brilliant escort of cavalry;—such is the politeness of my host. I dwell alone in a splendid mansion, surrounded with superb gardens. I never dine out except with the general or some other great lord, and my popularity is not on the decline. Nevertheless, it is probable that I shall pass three months of next summer in a smoky, filthy hut, on the other side of the Himalaya."

From the ancient capital of Mohammedan India, we next proceed to a new village, which bids fair to become the Cheltenham or Buxton of the East.

"Semlah, Semla, Simla, Simlah, *ad libitum*. This place is, like Le Mont d'Or or Bagneres, the rendezvous of the rich, the idle and the ailing. The officer charged with the military, political, judicial and financial administration of this part of India, acquired by the English within the last fifteen years, deserted his palace in the plain about nine years ago, during the heats of a terrific summer, and came to pitch

his tent in these mountains under the shade of the cedars. He was alone in a desert: his friends came to visit him. The situation, the climate, all appeared to them admirable. They assembled some hundreds of mountaineers, who quickly tumbled the surrounding trees, squared them coarsely, and, aided by some workmen from the plain, built a spacious mansion in a month. Each of the visitors wished to have one likewise, and there are now more than sixty, scattered over the peaks and declivities of the mountains. A considerable village has risen, as if by enchantment, in the centre of them; magnificent roads have been cut through the rocks; and at seven hundred leagues from Calcutta, and seven thousand feet above the level of the sea the luxury of an Indian capital is established, and fashion reigns triumphant.

"Porphyry (his brother) has a right to be jealous of my host. He is a captain of artillery, about his age, and, like him, of long-standing in his rank. But he has a salary of 100,000 francs (4000*l.*); he commands a regiment of mountain chasseurs, the best troops in the army; he performs the duties of receiver-general; he judges, with the same independence as the Grand Turk, his own subjects, and even those of the neighbouring rajahs, Hindus, Tartars and Tibetans; imprisons them, fines them, and even hangs them when he thinks proper.

"This prince of all artillery captains is an amiable fellow, whom the duties of his real royalty occupy for about an hour after breakfast, and who passes the rest of his time in loading me with favours. . . . We sit down to dinner at half-past seven, and rise about eleven. I drink only hock, claret or champagne, and malmsy with my dessert; the others, alleging the coldness of the climate, stick to port, madeira and sherry. For the last seven days I do not remember to have tasted water. Yet there is no excess, but great gaiety every evening. I cannot tell you how pleasant all this is, after the dryness, insipidity, coarseness and brevity of my solitary dinners during my two months in the mountains. And I have not only an arrear to liquidate—I have to make up for the close prospect of four similar months at the other side of the Himalaya. I revenge myself by anticipation. I arrived here so worn out by fatigue and the remains of an obstinate illness, that I resolved to profit by my delay, and put myself under a course of medicine; but my host's cook cured me in twenty-four hours."

His father having, in one of his letters, repeated the ordinary charges urged against the Company by certain European politicians, Jacquemont sends him the following unanswerable reply:—

"The English will not occupy the Punjab (the territory of Runjeet Sing and the Sikhs) except in the last extremity. All that they have added to their dominions within the last fifty years, beyond Bengal, Bahar, and the empire formed by Colonel Clive, has been a drain on their exchequer. There is not one of the provinces that pays the expenses of its government and garrisons. The presidency of Madras, taken as a whole, exhibits an annual deficit. Bombay is still farther from covering its charge. It is the revenues of Bengal and Ba-

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har, but of Bengal especially, which, after supplying the deficit of the provinces in the north-west and west, recently annexed to the presidency of Calcutta, Bundelcund, Agra, Delhi, &c., that support the finances of the two secondary states. In France, we regard as a hypocritical farce, the excuse of necessity, alleged by the English for the prodigious extension of their empire in Asia. Nothing, however, can be more true; there never was a European government so faithful to its engagements as that of the Company."

In a former letter he thus demonstrated, that the establishment of a firm government in Lahore, by Runjeet Sing, and continued growth of the Sikh power in the Punjab, was a positive advantage to the British.

"The English government has a deep interest in Runjeet Sing's being perfect master of his own dominions. Before the establishment of his power, parties of marauding cavalry passed the Sutledge, and pillaging the independent Sikhs on the left bank, who are under the protection of the Company, rendered it necessary to send succour, and, at least, to pursue the aggressors in their flight beyond the river. Satisfaction or reparation was out of the question; the petty princes of the Punjab were too weak to be responsible for the *brigandage* of their subjects. If any such thing happened now, the resident at Delhi would send an apothecary's bill to Runjeet, to obtain, item by item, full value for the harvests destroyed and cattle stolen, together with a generous proportion of the guilty, to hang them up in great ceremony. As to the hanging part of the business, it would give Runjeet marvellously little concern; but to launch out the rupees would annoy him exceedingly, and he takes care that no such thing shall occur. It is, in fact, without example since the establishment of his authority."

The best account given by Jacquemont of his travels in the Himalaya, is contained in a letter to Sir Alexander Johnston, which appeared in the *Asiatic Journal*; its existence seems to have been unknown to the French editor, who, in this as in many other instances, exhibits very culpable negligence.

"Camp, under the Fort of Dankar, in Ladak,
3d Sept. 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I rely on your kindness to excuse my long silence, since the time I left Benares, whence I had the pleasure to acquaint you with the successful beginning of my journey. After a long interval of eight months, I avail myself of an opportunity to India, to trace shortly (as impending business obliges me) my journey since quitting the Holy City.

"I went to Delhi by the circuitous route I pointed out to you, making a very long turn to the south-west, almost to the banks of the Nerbuddah, over the table-land and across the hills of Bundelcund,—a province lately surveyed by Captain Jas. Franklin, and geologically described by him in the *Asiatic Researches*; and I was fortunate enough to meet in several with phenomena of super-position that had escaped him in his explorations, and which will enable

me to lay down another exposition of the geological structure of that country.

"From Delhi I went to the westward, through the protected Sikh country, to the banks of the Caggar, an inconsiderable stream, that vanishes in the sandy desert of Bickaneer, before it reaches the Sutledge. I was then engaged in a grand hunting-party, which I expected would have been fruitful to my geological collections, but it proved interesting to me only as showing me, in a fortnight, more of Eastern display and Asiatic manners than I had yet seen in a twelvemonth. The hot winds were then threatening to invade the plains every day. I repaired to the hills, which I entered by the valley of Dheya. During about two months I travelled from the sources of the Ganges and the Jumna to the north-western limits of the British dominions on the banks of the Sutledge. Tacking, if I may be allowed that expression, between the snowy barrier of the Himalaya and its lower branches, I arrived at Simlah in the middle of June.

"It would have been impossible to experience a greater degree of hospitality than I have been welcomed to from your countrymen, during my long march from Calcutta to the latter place. The numerous letters of introduction Lord William Bentinck gave me, when my departure from Bengal left him no other way to evince his extreme kindness to me; those for which I was indebted to many of my acquaintance in the Indian metropolis; and, above all, to a gentleman with whom I became a friend,—Colonel Fagan, the adjutant-general of the army,—all these I might have lost, and still, I am sure, have been equally entitled to enlorge British hospitality. Even the last European station I reached, Simlah, is like the beginning of my journey,—like Calcutta,—amongst the most hospitable, the one I shall ever remember most gratefully. Whilst I was rapidly forgetting, at Captain Kennedy's (the political agent in that district,) the privations and fatigues of my first journey through the hills, he was busily employed in preparing, and I dare say insuring, the success of my journey over the Himalaya, by all the means his situation afforded him.

"It is now upwards of two months since I commenced travelling to the northward of the southern or Indian range of the Himalaya. I am no longer within the vast limits of British influence. I am but two days' distant march from the Ladak village, where I shall close my reconnoitings to the north, as it would prove very difficult, if not dangerous, to go farther. Information that I got from the natives gives me reason to hope that I shall find there some strata swarming with organic remains, which will afford me the means of determining the geological age of that immensely developed limestone-formation, that constitutes the mighty Tartar ranges of the Himalaya, superior in height to the granitic peaks of the southern chain.

"Lately, whilst engaged in similar researches on the frontiers of Chinese Tartary, I had the good luck to meet with the very object of my inquiry, and also to find Chinese vigilance at fault, inasmuch that no obstacle was thrown in my way. I had then to cross twice two

passes, that were considerably more than 18,000 feet of absolute elevation, whilst the passes across the outer Himalaya scarcely average 16,000 feet.

"My observations on the skirts of the Himalaya, along the plains of Hindostan, are quite confirmatory of my friend, M. Elie de Beaumont's views respecting the late period at which that mighty range sprang from the earth. As to the geological age of its granitic base, (a question wholly distinct from the consideration of its rising up,) I think that my observations in the different parts of the Himalaya, but particularly in the upper valley of the Sutledge, will prove also to a certainty, contrary to the still prevailing opinion, that it belongs to one of the latest primitive formations.

"In ten days I hope to re-enter the Tartar Hangerang-pergunnah, under British control, and before two months hence to return to Simlah. I shall then, without delay, proceed down to the plains, and resume the prosecution of my journey towards Bombay. I am in perfectly good health, and have suffered nothing from six months' exposure to the sun, during my circuitous journey from Calcutta to the hills."

* * * * *

"P. S. I will add a few lines on a subject acceptable, I presume, to your warm interest in the East. You have, no doubt, heard of M. Alexander Csoma de Koros, a Hungarian, enthusiastic for Oriental philology, who has travelled through many parts of Asia during the last ten years. I saw him at Kanum, where he has resided for four years, supported by a small subsistence granted to him by the government of Bengal, to enable him to prosecute his investigation of the Tibetan language. M. Csoma has performed his task, and is about to leave Tibet, and to proceed to Calcutta. His energetic exertions and his depressed fortunes inspired me with a great interest for him; but I fear that disappointment awaits him at Calcutta, the government, in the present circumstances, being probably unable to afford him any pecuniary remuneration.

"M. Csoma will carry to Calcutta the result of his long labours, consisting of two voluminous and beautifully-neat manuscripts, quite ready for the press; one is a grammar, the other a vocabulary, of the Tibetan language, both written in English. The species of information obtainable through these new instruments of knowledge, is not, probably, of a nature to make them useful to the Indian government; and I do not believe that the circumstances of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta will enable them to undertake the publication of M. Csoma's works. I have, therefore, spoken to him of the illustrious Society in which you take so eminent a concern, as being, in my opinion, the public body whose learned patronage is more likely to become the promoter of his labours.

"How M. Csoma de Koros has performed his task, no one can decide, since he is the only person proficient in the Tibetan language. But a conjecture, and a most favourable one, may be made. M. Csoma has never been in England, and has never had any opportunity of speaking English; yet he is thoroughly ac-

quainted with your language. Most European tongues seem to be equally familiar to him, although he has had no opportunity of a practical acquaintance with them. Moreover, for the last ten years he has been entirely deprived of European intercourse, travelling throughout Asia in the character of a poor native, without any books, &c.; whilst he has spent four years in reading, with a learned lama of Ladak, hundreds and hundreds of Tibetan books preserved in the temple of Kanum. The medium of communication between him and his teacher, was the vernacular jargon of the Zead, or Tartar tribes."

In another letter, addressed to his father, our traveller gives a far different account of M. Csoma and his labours.

"I shall soon see at Kanum, that incredibly original Hungarian, M. Alexander de Csoma, whose name you doubtless have heard mentioned. He has been living there these four years under the very modest title of *Secander Begu*, that is to say, Alexander the Great. He dresses like an Oriental, but he is now just ready to lay aside his coat of sheep-skin and his bonnet of black lamb-skin, to resume his name, visit Calcutta, and doubtless bore you with the nonsense of a Tibetan Encyclopedia, which he is about to translate. You will see that M. Eckstein will find something in it to contradict, notwithstanding that Csoma is the only European in the world who understands the Tibetan language. The Tibetan Encyclopedia is crammed with astrology, theology, alchemy, medicine and other stuff of that kind, doubtless translated from Sanscrit at a remote epoch. Provided that M. Csoma gives it to us in German, and that M. Eckstein translates it from German into French, you will have nonsense in the fourth power—an expression whose full force Porphyry will explain, if your algebra will not carry you so far."

But our traveller had no taste for oriental literature; he gives us the following peroration to a fierce philippic against the eastern languages:

"But when I return to Paris, I will say, like the fox, 'the grapes are sour,' with this difference, that I shall be perfectly sincere. Sanscrit will never lead to any thing but the knowledge of itself. With respect to Persian, my contempt for that language is boundless, and I believe that every one who knows a little of it, and is not paid six thousand francs a year for admiring it, is of my opinion. I profit by my delay here (Delhi) to perfect myself in it. A young Brahmin comes to me for an hour every evening; we do not read, as is the custom, the eternal Gulistan used by the English scholars, but the Persian Gazette of Calcutta, written in vile prose, like the prose they speak. The English who learn Persian begin by purchasing the lace-ruffle, and often die without having the shirt; Hafez, Sadi, and other dull, tiresome poets, are nothing better than useless lace-ruffles."

Before he passed the Sutledge, Jacquemont visited most of the scenes rendered illustrious by the ancient glories of the Mongolian empire. ICHABOD is written on all their palaces and towers. We cannot let slip the opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to the admirable picture

of that empire, in the days of its greatness, contained in a recently published Anglo-oriental romance. The tale of *Aurangzebe* is one of the few productions of fiction that possesses historical importance; as a portraiture of oriental life and manners, it is scarcely to be rivalled for spirit and fidelity. As a specimen, we may appeal to the following powerful description of the ruins of the once mighty Agra.

"The modern city of Agra is but a wreck; a shadow of what it was at the era of our story. It was then second only to Delhi in splendour and importance, and celebrated all over the eastern world for the number of its princely palaces and beautiful gardens. Formerly the Jumna, a large and rapid tributary of the Ganges, divided it into nearly two equal parts, and its banks were lined with the magnificent mansions of the powerful Ounahs and officers of state.

"But now the city is almost circumscribed to a despicable bazaar on the right bank of the river adjoining the celebrated fort.—There is no place in Hindostan which can afford more scope for a moralizing traveller than Agra. He beholds the inanity of human ambition,—the vast disparity betwixt man's power and his wishes and intentions,—the general foolishness and feebleness of his race, depicted as in a panorama. With melancholy surprise he sees the impotence of the most powerful potentates with respect to the direction of empire, or their institutions, when they themselves have sunk into the sleep of death.—He in short sees change as applicable to humanity in its every mode demonstrated.

"Could any of the imperial house of Timur rise from the grave and see how their mightiness has crumbled—how their cities are turned into hamlets—their mosques and fortresses into ruins—and their kingdoms become the possessions of sordid and distant strangers—strangers utterly in blood, language, and religion, and themselves subjects to a monarch barely entrusted with prerogative—how would their kingly pride be humbled!

"The plains for miles around the present town are encumbered with shapeless masses of bricks, stones and mortar, the remnants of beautiful edifices; and here and there are the fading relics of some garden surrounded by its ruined wall, with perchance a high, tastefully-arched entrance, composed of hewn stone, and adorned with pieces of black and white marble cut very exactly, and inlaid in various devices; the produce of these enclosures consists only of a russet-tinted grass, and so scanty, as to surprise one how the lazy buffaloes, or famished-looking sheep that have strayed there, can pick up a mouthful. A few goats may also occasionally be seen scrambling amongst the rubbish, and foraging in a manner much more jocund than well accords with the desolation of the scene. In the midst of all this dismal demolition, rise two equally celebrated fabrics. One is the famous Taj-mahal, in which are entombed Shah Jehan and his sultana; the other, the fort. Of the Taj, which rises like a phoenix from her ashes, and has justly been considered as the most exquisite epitome of costly and beautifully executed masonry in the world, we may hereafter speak."

But if we are to believe some modern speculators, Runjeet Sing is likely to inherit the throne of Aurungzebe; to establish an empire as extensive and more permanent than that of the Great Mogul. Jacquemont visited this extraordinary personage, rapidly acquired his favour, was admitted to his intimate acquaintance, and took advantage of these circumstances to give a sketch of his character, for whose fidelity every reader will be ready to vouch; just as we know Vandyke's pictures to be likenesses, though we never saw the originals.

"My dear father:—Maha-rajah (the Great Rajah), Runjeet Sing, is an old fox, compared with whom our best diplomatists are mere children. . . . He has marked my stages to his capital (Lahore), where I shall entreat him to deliver me from his troublesome honours. . . . As the country from this to Lahore is a plain uniformly cultivated, I shall have no very important things to see, and I will profit by the circumstance to live on the best possible terms with my spy; I say my spy, because one of his duties is to despatch every evening an express to the rajah, to tell him what I have done during the day—whether I have been on foot, on horseback, or on an elephant—whether I have hunted or sketched—whether I am satisfied, or dissatisfied, &c. &c. I know not what details he will excuse him. . . . I hope to write to you in a fortnight, and give you a good account of Runjeet Sing. * * *

"I have several times passed a couple of hours with Runjeet, discoursing *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*. His conversation is a strange medley. He is the first inquisitive Hindu that I have met; but his curiosity makes up for the apathy of the rest of the nation. He asked me a million questions about India, the English, Europe, Bonaparte, this world in general, the other world, hell, paradise, the soul, God, the devil, and a thousand other things besides. Like all the great men of the East, he is a *malade imaginaire*; and as he has a numerous troop of the finest girls of Cashmeer, and the means of paying for the best dinner in the country, he is singularly annoyed that he cannot drink like a fish without getting drunk, nor gorge like an elephant without the hazard of a surfeit. . . . The old rake, the day before yesterday, in full court, that is to say, in an open field, on a fine Persian carpet, on which we were sitting, surrounded by some thousands of soldiers, paraded before me five hundred ladies of his seraglio, and smiling, asked me what I thought of them? I told him honestly that I liked them very much, which was not the tenth part of what I thought. He made them sing for me, *mezza voce*, a little Sikh air, which their pretty faces rendered very agreeable, and told me that he had a whole regiment of them, whom he sometimes exercised on horseback; he even promised that I should witness this novel review. . . . This model of Asiatic monarchs is not a saint; far from it. He regards neither faith nor law, when interest prompts him to be treacherous and unjust; however, he is not cruel; he cuts off the nose, ears, or hands of great criminals, but he never takes life. He has a passion for horses almost amounting to madness; he engages in the most murderous and expensive wars, to obtain, in a

neighbouring state, a horse which they refuse to give or to sell him. He possesses remarkable courage, a quality sufficiently rare among oriental princes; and though he has always succeeded in his military enterprises, it is by diplomatic perfidy that, from a simple country gentleman, he has become master of the Punjab, Cashmeer, &c.; better obeyed by his subjects than were the Mongolian emperors at the time of their highest prosperity. A Sikh by policy, a sceptic in reality, he offers every year his devotions at Umbritsir, and what is very singular, at the shrines of several Mohammedan saints, without giving offence to the puritans of his religion.

"He is a shameless debauchee; imposing no more restraint on himself than Henry III. used in old times amongst us. But between the Indus and Sutledge, this is not regarded even as a peccadillo. . . . Behold me ready to quit Lahore; Runjeet is sending M. Ventura (an Italian officer in the Sikh service,) with ten thousand men and thirty pieces of cannon, to levy the tribute in the distant provinces of his empire; and M. Allard (a French general, to whom Runjeet confides the management of his army) will doubtless soon have some similar occupation. Runjeet himself will find an analogous employment; for he is a Bonaparte in miniature, who can never keep quiet. In a few days we shall all decamp from Lahore. I shall receive at my last audience some new present, and a dress of honour, which will doubtless be a superb *robe-de-chambre*, made of Cashmeer shawls. My purse is rendered tolerably heavy by some rupees of His Highness. I have enough to carry me to Cashmeer, and support me there for four months, without drawing on the pitiful sum placed to my credit at Calcutta. . . . Certainly, Runjeet and I have parted excellent friends. What I feared was, to be detained longer at Lahore or in the Punjab; and, in fact, the minister came to ask me if I would accompany the king to the chase, a pleasure he is going to take in a few days. The question was put in a manner which seemed to demand an affirmative reply; but as from the very beginning, I have taken a high tone with Runjeet, I refused so very unceremoniously, that the negotiation was ended at once. M. Allard, who has been often condemned to the honour which the king wished to pay me, congratulated me highly on my escape."

Jacquemont subsequently received some other pecuniary favours from Runjeet, and was even offered the vice royalty of Cashmeer; he is therefore, perhaps, inclined to favour the Sikh monarch. He does not, however, show so much respect to the Afghan brothers who now rule in Kabul, but speaks of them with the utmost contempt, and covers with unmerciful ridicule all those who dread, or pretend to dread, their increasing power. Dr. Gerard, who, in company with Lieutenant Burnes, recently visited Kabul, entertained very different sentiments. We quote the following very important extract from one of his letters, published in a recent number of the *Bengal Asiatic Journal*.

"The trip from Peshawar to Kabul was very harassing, and to me, ill of a fever, superla-

tively so. The country is naturally difficult, and our merciless guide drove us about, regardless of heat and cold, rain and shelter. Our stay in Kabul was too short to recover such an exertion, and I left that place in the same state of health as I arrived. Dost Muhammed Khan's treatment of us was highly satisfactory, and more than we durst have relied upon, considering the position he occupies. We had none of the assiduous attentions and caresses of his brother at Peshawar: his character does not admit of familiarity, while his situation equally forbids it; but his civilities were of the first estimation. Kabul is rising into power under his republican spirit of government, and I should say, is destined to an importance in spite of itself, for in every view it is the key to India. It is astonishing how much the country is relieved by the overthrow of the royal dynasty; and with respect to the latest reigns of the Timur family, the change in the condition of things for the better is not more wonderful than it is natural. In Shah Shujah's haughty career, there was little security in all we most value, and robberies and bloodshed disgraced the precincts of his court. Dost Muhammed's citizen-like demeanour and resolute simplicity have suited the people's understanding; he has tried the effect of a new system, and the experiment has succeeded.

"My fellow traveller pursues a very good course for any political object, by keeping up correspondence with every one who has treated him with civility; particularly with our friends in Kabul and Peshawar. We may soon have to ask Sultan Muhammed for a supply of coals to navigate the Indus: mines have been discovered; and they ought to be worked upon scientific principles. Moorcroft searched in vain for seams, but no doubt the people took up the hint. The specimens which were brought us indicate the variety to be what is termed anthracite, or slate-coal, and consequently, as fuel, is very meagre; but this may be the exterior crust or shell, and when penetrated, a richer material may be discovered. We saw it in thin plates, of a concave-convex form; the fracture was gray, but without any lustre, and it soiled paper; at first I took it for graphite or plumbago, and I shall not be surprised if that mineral is contiguous. It burnt by the flame of a candle, and gave out a dense gas. We should have sent a specimen to Calcutta, had an opportunity offered. The mine is in the district of Kohat, in the Plainward hills, and therefore most conveniently situated at the navigable extremity of the Indus. I hear there are mines in Cutch, which thus sets the question of physical capabilities at rest, and supplies the only remaining desideratum. Sultan Muhammed Khan would be delighted at the proposal of working the coal seams, for reciprocal advantages must flow from such a medium. There are also sulphur seams in Kohat; and adjacent, even conterminous with that estate, is the fertile country of Waziris, famed, I believe, for a superior breed of horses; and report says, rich in indications of auriferous and other precious ores. Moorcroft paid a visit to that district, and I suspect that he was aware of its mineral deposits. The whole of Afghanistan teems with the gems of metallic treasures, but it may be long ere we become

better acquainted with those hidden stores. I was disappointed in not discovering any traces of shells or fossils on the route to Kabul; but we durst scarcely look around us. I was too ill, besides, and my journey was too precipitate for any useful purpose.

"We entered Kabul, after a fatiguing journey, at four o'clock, having been twenty-four hours from the last encampment, and with the exception of a short slumber our guide unwillingly allowed us at midnight, and my doze upon the raisin-bags of a small grocer's *duhan* by the road-side, where my horse made his repast while I reposed; I may say, I was in a high state of corporal suffering during that long period, with a fever raging in my blood, and a fiery heat in my face, which was latterly burned to parchment. I need not describe Kabul to you, who have travelled over the same ground; and I should certainly fail in my attempts, having seen but little of the place. One is not disappointed in the display, after the uniformly arid aspect of the surrounding country; but it is from this contrast rather than in any peculiar scenery, that we are delighted with the spot. Frail mud-houses, which seem only to be renewed by the accessions of patch-work, form a penurious threshold to a great entrepot of commerce; but when the bazaar opens, one is amply gratified by a scene, which, for luxury and real comfort, activity of business, variety of objects, and foreign physiognomy, has no living model in India. The fruits which we had seen out of season at Peshawar loaded every shop: the masses of snow for sale threw out refreshing chill, and sparkled by the sun's heat: the many strange faces and strange figures, each speaking in the dialect of his nation, made up a confusion more confounded than that of any Babel; but with this difference, that here the mass of human beings were intelligible to each other, and the work of communication and commerce went on. The covered part of the bazaar, which is entered by lofty portals, dazzled my sight, even quite as much as the snow of the Himalayan peaks, when reflected against the setting sun. In these stately corridors, the shops rise in benches above each other; the various articles, with their buyers and sellers, regularly arranged in tiers, representing so many living strata. The effect of the whole was highly imposing, and I feel at a loss adequately to describe the scene presented to our eyes.

"Our stay at Kabul furnished few objects of interest; the time passed rapidly, and my own ill-health prevented me from making any exertion. We were Nawab Jaban Khan's guests, and through our quarters, one side of a square, which was a rendezvous for courtiers, we were infinitely more at liberty than at Peshawar, and even quiet, till we were roused up by M. Wolf, who amused us greatly by his various adventures. As long as he staid at Kabul, we were in a perpetual stir: the house was filled with Jews.

"I need not mention our treatment by Jaban Khan, whose character is so well known. Common words could not express the friendly attentions he heaped upon us. He is much too good a man to be connected with the family: his whole pride of distinction is in charitable actions, and a modest but confident de-

meanour of person. Of his brother, Dost Muhammed Khan, we have every reason to speak with the greatest respect and satisfaction. He is diminutive in stature, with a common face, which you would pass a dozen times without remark, and fail to distinguish in a mob. He has no state; a single attendant follows him, who is generally the best dressed of the two; and a stranger fresh from a European or Indian court, would mistake one for the other. His habits correspond with his appearance, and every thing about him partakes of the simplicity of character that raises him above the multitude. It is in conversation, when his countenance becomes brightened with intense animation, that the mind of the chief develops itself, and evinces his intellectual power with the happiest effect.

"The Russian Church is held in high estimation at Kabul, and the Kabulis meet with much attention from the subjects of the Autocrat, while they are scarcely noticed beyond the Sutledge; these opposite receptions, of course, leave strong impressions on the feelings of individuals.

"Dost Muhammed gave me six introductory letters, (one to the king of Bokhara; and on the 18th of May, we took leave of Kabul, under the protecting guarantee of a Nazir, a man of high connexions and repute, who, however, proved himself any thing but agreeable. The opportunity was too favourable to require consideration, the man's character was to be our passport; and as we anticipated difficulties in Morad Beg's territory, we thought ourselves fortunate, although we afterwards repented. Our ill-favoured guide was proceeding to Russia, to recover the property of his brother, who died there. On the occasion, Dost Muhammed Khan wrote a letter to the Emperor!"

We trust that Lieutenant Burnes, who is now in this country, will soon favour the world with an account of the important researches he made in company with the lamented Gerard. We had the pleasure of hearing him, when unexpectedly called upon at a recent meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society, deliver a very interesting speech on the route of Alexander through the Delta of the Indus, in which he displayed all the energy of conscious power, and supported his positions with a strength of argument which could only have resulted from minute and extensive local knowledge. While we are bestowing our meed of praise on the French voyager, it would be unfair not to mention the British traveller who has penetrated to the very heart of Central Asia, and explored the wonderful wilds of Tartary.

Jacquemont declares that the vale of Cashmeer is far from meriting the extravagant praises bestowed upon it by the writers of poetry and romance: its fame, he declares, arises simply from the contrast between the refreshing coolness of its valleys and the intolerable heat of the arid plains in which Delhi and Agra are situated. His descriptions of the country are (like those of most Frenchmen) not very precise; the best of them is contained in a letter addressed to one of his friends in Bengal, which has also escaped the notice

of the French editor; we extract it from the *Calcutta John Bull* of August 17th, 1831.

"*Cachemyr, 6th July, 1831.*

"I have been very successful in my journey since I departed from your territory. Runjeet Sing has shown me every attention, and afforded to my peaceable and studious progress (I fear this is more American than English, but recollect that my scanty knowledge of your tongue originated in a travel in America,) every facility. Notwithstanding his protection, I have found some obstacles in the way of my reaching Cachemyr, on account of the little settled state of any rule in some hill districts which I had to pass through. I have been there temporarily deprived of my liberty, and put to ransom to redeem it; but the severe justice of Runjeet against the offender, and the great concern he took in the affair, has made it quite a *bonne fortune* for me, inasmuch as it has convinced all the people that I am not to be trifled with without dreadful consequences. Nothing could throw more security, and more safety too, on the rest of my projected journey in his dominions, than the circumstance of its having been once compromised.

"I have seen much of Runjeet, and, being a private individual, I have seen him and conversed with him with all the freedom of private relations. I have been, upon the whole, pleased with him. He is extremely intelligent, and, to use a familiar English expression, he is very much of a *good fellow*. I have not experienced that it was so difficult, and many say that it is even impossible, to make these people *entendre raison*. Of course, the Maha-rajah did not at first understand very satisfactorily my character—it is too far from the whole eastern civilization; and he expressed some surprise at seeing me carried so far from my country, for the mere and self-interested love of science. I told him, "You have made a desperate, dubious, and expensive war for the possession of a horse (alluding to his latter expedition against Paishaor): do you believe my science is not worth a horse, and all the horses in your stables?"—and I am satisfied that he does no more entertain the least suspicion about me. I feel perfectly free; indeed, I have more than freedom; the well-known partiality of the Rajah towards me gives me real power. I go wherever I please. I have but a desire to intimate, and every thing in the way of escorts, conveyance, supplies, &c., is in readiness. Men do their best to please me, that I may speak favourably of them to the Rajah in my correspondence. Runjeet has an extremely inquisitive turn of mind; he is very quick. The dull, slow, big phrases of official intercourse are death to him. He asks me about the air, the water, the earth of the countries I visit. Curiously prejudiced by some scanty notions of Arabic, *id est*, of Greek natural philosophy, I indulge him in these theories, and so we go on, something like Seneca, in his *Questiones Naturales*, a book full of wit and nonsense.

"There are in Cachemyr evident traces of great revolutions of the earth, which are not to be observed in the other part of the Himalaya that I have visited; its organic productions have a great analogy to those of the

Lower Kanaor, but the whole by far more European. Its beauty has been over-praised, I do not speak, of course, by poets; it was their business—they feed upon it; but even Mr. Forster, and my countryman, Bernier. It is still the Himalaya where nature appears as aware of her greatest beauties, as she has been prodigal of them in the Alps and Cordilleras. The far-famed lake is rather a large swamp, and it would disgrace any part of the Alps. The appearance of the city is very wretched; it is perhaps worse than an Indian city. The country is sinking fast down to the utmost misery. Its fall is to be traced to Islamism; but it has never been so rapid as since the overthrow of the Mogul dominion.

"I am the only European in this part of the world; but, thanks to Lord William Bentinck's kindness, I enjoy the greatest of European luxuries; I read the newspapers of my country, which he forwards regularly to me. You may easily fancy the interest I find in them: your Calcutta papers, that reach me also through the kindness of some friends, are scarcely intelligible to me in their French politics, whenever they try to go close into particulars."

Though Runjeet Sing is the most enlightened of Asiatic princes, yet a visit to his dominions convinced our traveller that the supremacy of Britain is an absolute blessing to the Indian population. He thus writes to his friend M. V. de Tracy:

"How deplorable is the condition of human society in the vast East. The English government in India, though it still requires some reforms, nevertheless merits high praise. Its administration is an immense blessing to the subject provinces; and I did not justly appreciate its value, until I had travelled through a country that remains independent, that is to say, remains the theatre of atrocious violence, of robberies and continual murders. Society in the East sins at its very foundation. The first of its elements, domestic affection, scarcely exists. In the upper classes, which give example to the rest, polygamy prevents a father from feeling any affection for his too numerous offspring, and excites between brothers fierce jealousy and deadly hatred. Woman is an impure creature, whom her husband scarcely regards as belonging to the same species with himself. The children, as they grow up, soon acquire this horrible notion of contempt for their mother, and she drives them away as soon as they are able to dispense with her care. . . . The domestic manners of India do not seem to me susceptible of any amelioration, so long as the country preserves its actual religious institutions; but perhaps these are too generally believed immovable. All attempts at direct conversion have failed, but within the last few years, the government has opened at Calcutta, Benares, and Delhi, gratuitous schools, to which it invites, by all the means in its power, children of the middle class, to instruct them in the languages and sciences of Europe. . . . I have visited these schools, especially at Calcutta, where a great number of pupils has been assembled; and in the higher classes I have conversed with several young men, Brahmin and Moslem, whom their European education had naturally enough converted from Bramah and Mohammed to a

more rational belief. Several of them, it is true, lamented, that the treasures of knowledge only rendered them more miserable by isolating them from the rest of the nation, giving them notions and desires of happiness, under forms forbidden by the laws of *caste*, and none of them has had the courage to break through this infernal barrier."

On the same subject we have the following details in another letter, also addressed to M. V. de Tracy. It is the only specimen of his English letters contained in this collection; few foreigners have acquired such facility of expression in our difficult language.

"I have seen since the superb Jeypore, and the delightful Adjmu. And during my very short stay in the latter, I have contrived to visit Mhairwarrah, the former Abruzzi of Rajpootanah. It was well worth eighty miles riding in little more than twenty-four hours. I saw a country, whose inhabitants since an immemorial time had never had any other means of existence but plunder in the adjacent plains of Marhwar and Meywar, a people of murderers, now changed into a quiet, industrious, happy people of shepherds and cultivators. No Rajpoot, no Mogul emperors had ever been able to subdue them; fourteen years ago every thing was to be done with them, and since six or seven years every thing is done already. A single man has worked that wonderful miracle of civilization: Major Henry Hall, the son-in-law of Colonel Fagan, of whom I have written to you at Delhi. As I know it will be gratifying to your feelings, and to your opinion on the subject, I shall add, my dear friend, that Major Hall has accomplished this admirable social experiment without taking a single life.

"The very worst characters of Mhairwarrah, he secured them, confined them, or put them in irons at work on the roads. Those who had lived long by the sword without becoming notorious for wanton cruelty, he made them soldiers; they became in that capacity the keepers of their former associates, and often of their former chiefs; and the rest of the population was gained to the plough. Female infanticide was a prevalent practice with the Mhairs, and generally throughout Rajpootanah; and now, female casualties amongst infants exceed not male casualties: a proof that the bloody practice has been abandoned; and scarcely has a man been punished for it. Major Hall did not punish the offenders; he removed the cause of the crime, and made the crime useless, even injurious, to the offender; and it is never more committed.

"M. Hall has shown to me on the field the corps which he has raised from amongst those former savages. And I have seen none in the Indian army in a higher state of discipline. He was justly proud of his good work, and spared no trouble to himself that I might see it thoroughly, in the few hours I had to spend with him. Upwards of a hundred villagers were summoned from the neighbouring villages and hamlets; I conversed with them of their former mode of life, and of their present avocations. Most of them had shed blood. They told me they knew no other mode of life. It was a most miserable one by their account. They were naked and starving. Now, poor as

is the soil of their small valleys, and barren their hills, every hand being set at work, there is plenty of clothes, and of food; and so sensible are they of the immense benefit conferred upon them by the British government, that willingly they pay to it a tribute of 500,000 francs, which they increase every year as their national wealth admits of it.

"Often I had thought that gentle means would prove inadequate to the task of breaking in populations addicted for ages to a most unruly, savage life, such as the Greeks, for instance. Yet the Klephtes were but lambs compared to the Mhairs; and the Mhairs in a few years have become an industrious, laborious, well-behaved people. I see by the Bombay papers, that M. Capo-d'Istria has been murdered. I wish Major Hall were his successor. For now I have the greatest confidence in the efficiency of *gentle means*. But a peculiar talent too, which is a gift of nature, is required in the ruler, without which, the most benevolent intentions would prove useless."

At Poonah, Jacquemont experienced the first symptoms of the disease, which subsequently proved fatal; he hastened to Bombay, hoping that the sea-air would restore his health; every possible attention was paid him, both by the government and by private individuals, but the seal of death was upon him; in spite of every care, he died on the 7th of December, 1832, and was interred with military honours.

We insert his last letter to his brother, and also the details of his latter moments and death, given by his countryman, Captain Briolle, on account of the melancholy interest they present.

"Bombay, Officers' Hospital, Nov. 1, 1832.

"My dear Porphyry,—It is thirty-two days since I arrived here, suffering very severely, and thirty-one since I have been confined to my bed. I caught the germs of this sickness in the pestiferous forests of Salsette, exposed to the heat of the sun in the most sickly part of the season; since I left Ajmeer in March, however, I felt some attacks, about whose nature I deceived myself. They were symptoms of an inflammation of the liver. The pestilential miasmata of Salsette have finished me. At the beginning of my illness I made my will and arranged all my affairs. The care of my interests is intrusted to the most honourable and friendly hands, Mr. James Nicol, an English merchant here—and Mr. Cordier, of Calcutta.

"Mr. Nicol was my host when I reached Bombay. An old friend could not have shown me greater attention. But at the end of a few days, while I was yet transportable, I quitted his house, which is in the fort, to occupy a spacious apartment in the quarters appropriated to sick officers, situated in an airy and salubrious position by the sea-side, and about a hundred paces from my beloved physician, Dr. Mac Lellan, the ablest practitioner in the country, whose affectionate cares have rendered him to me as a cherished friend.

"The most painful thought, my dear Porphyry, connected with the death of those we love, in a strange land, is the idea of the loneliness and desertion in which they pass the last moments of their existence. Well, my friend,

you must find some consolation, in the assurance I give you, that since my arrival here, I have not ceased to be loaded with the most affectionate and touching marks of attention, by a number of amiable and excellent men. They come to see me incessantly, humour all my wayward caprices, and anticipate my fancies: Mr. Nicol above all; Mr. John Bax, a member of the government; Mr. Goodfellow, an officer of engineers; a very amiable young officer, Major Mountain, and many others whom I do not mention.

"The excellent Mac Lellan has endangered his health for my sake; in a crisis which seemed to leave me little hope of life, he came to see me twice in the night. I have the most perfect confidence in his skill.

"My sufferings were at first very great, but I have been so long reduced to such a weak state, that I am almost exempt from pain. The worst is, that during the thirty-one days, I have not slept an hour altogether. But these sleepless nights are still calm, and they are not desperately long.

"The malady happily approaches its close; it may not be fatal, but it most probably will be so. The abscess or abscesses, formed from the beginning in the interior of the liver, which lately seemed likely to be absorbed, appear to increase and rapidly draw to a head. It is all that I desire, in order to escape one way or the other, from the miserable state in which I have lingered for a month between life and death. You see that my ideas are perfectly clear; they have been but rarely and slightly confused, in some violent paroxysms of pain at the beginning of my illness. I have generally calculated on the worst, and that has not rendered them gloomy. My end, if it approaches, is mild and tranquil. If you were seated on my bed, with my father and Frederic, I should have my heart broken, and could not contemplate death with my present calmness and resignation. Console yourself, console our father—O, my friends, console yourselves mutually!

"But I am exhausted by this effort to write—I must bid you adieu! Adieu! Oh! how dearly you are beloved by your poor Victor!—Adieu! for the last time.

"Extended on my back, I could only write with a pencil; but for fear it should fade, Mr. Nicol will copy my letter with a pen, that you may be able to read my last thoughts.

"VICTOR JACQUEMONT.

"I have been able to sign what the excellent Mr. Nicol has vouchsafed to copy. Adieu, my friends for the last time."

"*Bordeaux, May 28, 1833.*

"Happening to be at Bombay last December, when M. V. Jacquemont had completed his scientific tour, I hastened to visit a fellow-countryman, whom all the journals of India elevated to the rank of the most distinguished naturalists, but who, in consequence of the fatigues and privations he had to encounter in his toilsome researches, was unfortunately attacked of a liver disease of a most alarming character. I found him in bed, discoursing learnedly on his malady with the best physician of the country, to whose care he had been entrusted by the government, and explaining to him with the greatest calmness, that in three

or four days he should be relieved from his agony, but at the expense of his life, because he felt that the abscess would break internally, in which case there was no chance of recovery.

His physician (Dr. Mac Lellan) having retired, Jacquemont very highly praised his talents, and the attention bestowed upon him by the government of Bombay; but he again added, that he had not more than three or four days to live, that the aid of art was useless, and that having completed all his MSS., except a short account of Thibet, he should die with the consolation of having contributed all in his power to the progress of science, which, however, was still far from being complete. The poor fellow, in fact, died the fourth day after this conversation, by the internal effusion which he predicted, preserving to the last moment a calmness, a sweetness, and a presence of mind worthy his noble soul."

In closing these volumes we have to express our regret that the editor has not expunged the profane and indelicate allusions in which Jacquemont too frequently indulges; all such have been carefully excluded from our extracts, and in many instances we have been compelled to avoid literal translation. With this single drawback, we regard these volumes as exhibiting the most amusing, the most impartial, and perhaps the most accurate account of the state of society in India that has proceeded from the pen of any European.

From the same.

August Lafontaine's Leben und Wirken.
von J. G. Gruber. (Life and Labours of
Augustus Lafontaine, by J. G. Gruber.)
Halle, 1833. 12mo.

The life of an author should be written by himself, since its chief interest lies in tracing the course of thought and feeling, modified by external circumstances, that have formed his peculiar literary character, and in its relation to his personal character. Nor, psychologically speaking, is this less desirable, or perhaps less important, with respect to a pleasing and very popular writer of moderate calibre, than to the more splendid, starry meteors that dazzle out intellectual vision. As far as August Lafontaine is concerned, the want of such autobiography is, in some measure, supplied in the amusing work now before us, by the deceased author's friend, Gruber, who learned from himself the incidents of his early years, and has painted him such as he saw him, during a period of intimate association, in his mature and declining age; whence the metaphysician may deduce for himself the action of cause and effect. We shall give as briefly as may be, the account of the novelist's life, interspersed with extracts.

The family of Lafontaine fled from France upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes, and settled at Brunswick, where the author's father and grandfather were painters. They did not claim kindred with their illus-

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trious namesake, the French poet; but on one occasion August did not see fit to disclaim a yet closer connexion. Gruber tells us:—

"Only once did he accept this supposed compliment, when, being introduced to an old general officer, who might have been his grandfather, as the celebrated author Lafontaine, the veteran thus addressed him: Oh, I know you very well; you occasioned me a deal of trouble in my boyhood, when I was made to learn your Fables by heart.' He did not attempt to controvert this judicious opinion, but contented himself with regretting that he should have caused such a man so much useless trouble."

The only trait of family pride recorded of our Lafontaine related to Henning Brandt, his maternal great grandfather, a man of inflexible integrity, who, by defending the rights of the poor against the aristocratic municipality of Brunswick, had incurred the ill will of the latter body. By a base artifice they rendered him an object of popular suspicion, and, deserted by those for whose sake he suffered, Brandt was put to death with horrible tortures.

August Lafontaine was born at Brunswick in 1753, and his childhood was peculiarly happy. His parents were excellent people; his father, a distinguished artist and sensible man, though eccentric, and, to his own loss, a dabbler in alchemy, taught him almost all the living languages of Europe; and his mother sang to him all the popular ballads of the country. He was committed to the care of a learned, conscientious and kind schoolmaster, and was nearly as fortunate at college; although he there, in the person of the *Conrector*, met with one of those pedants who were once considered as the type of German learned men. We extract a passage illustrative of the now obsolete kind of animal.

"They would not have got off as easily with the *Conrector*. This was Schier, the philologist, so well known by his editions of the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, and of the Idylls of Bion and Moschus. His great learning and critical acuteness were never called in question, and had procured him the respect of the students, without their being much benefited by the said learning and critical acumen. He appears to have been one of those philologists, who, caring little for the author, his work, and spirit, devote their whole mind to his words, because every word and every sentence affords them an opportunity of displaying the extent of their grammatical, antiquarian, geographical and historical knowledge, whilst the original subject is altogether forgotten. That this must have been the case with Schier, we may gather from the following anecdote. The students had been reading Terence with him for a whole year. It happened one day that he, who never made the shortest statement without the most diligent and studious preparation, had not had time thus to prepare himself. To miss his hour of lecture would have been contrary to his strict sense of duty; and as he could not, without preparation, employ it in the usual mode, he told the students that for this day it should be dedicated to the

Historia literaria Terentii (Literary History of Terence;) and began with the question, 'Now, then, what are the works of Terence?' All are dumb. He questions one after another; none can answer. The *Conrector* is confounded that no one knows what Terence wrote, after a year spent in the expounding of his writings. In some annoyance he exclaims, 'Look at the title-page then!' All eyes are turned upon it; and if the teacher had been previously astonished, the pupils are much more so upon discovering, what none had ever suspected, that Terence's works were comedies."

At this college, Helmstadt, Lafontaine studied divinity to please his mother, who wished to see him a clergyman; but he afterwards would not court those of his family connexions through whom he might have hoped for church preferment, and earned his bread by private tuition. In this occupation he took such pleasure, that, upon his mother's death, he chose it for his profession, giving up all thoughts of the church; and, notwithstanding his having formed an attachment to Sophie Abel, an indigent orphan, and, except as a beneficed clergyman, having no prospect of being able to marry. A line of conduct somewhat surprising in a sentimental novelist.

Lafontaine now became tutor to the son of Colonel von Thadden, a Prussian officer in garrison at Halle. He there formed an intimate connexion with a set of literary and learned men, who first induced him to attempt authorship. He had indeed early discovered a talent for story-telling that had delighted his brothers and sisters at home, and his companions at school and college, and which, through life, seems to have formed one of the charms of his conversation: he had even, as a student, written a novel, but it failed, and he had abandoned all thoughts of the kind. But at one of the literary *soirees* at Halle, Arnaud's *Euphémie* was read; and upon Lafontaine vehemently criticising the conduct of the drama, his friends said, "Mend it." Hereupon he wrote his tragedy of *Antonie, oder das Klostergebet* (Antonie, or the Conventual Vow); and the approbation it elicited encouraged him to persevere. But he soon found that his genius was better adapted to narrative than to the drama; and in 1791 he published, under the title of *Gewalt der Liebe*, (Power of Love,) a collection of tales, which attracted general favour, and first laid the foundation of his reputation, although a somewhat earlier publication, entitled *Scenen*, (Scenes,) which was not much read and which we have never met with, had called forth the following qualified eulogium from Schiller.

"In one of his letters Schiller said, 'Read the accompanying book: it is by a young, unfledged writer, who will assuredly come to good. There is already character in the language, a flowing dialogue, soft feelings, especially in the Cleomenes, together with much dross, it must be confessed.'"

Whilst these literary pursuits were beginning, war was threatening with Austria; the Prussian army was completed in all its

departments, and Lafontaine's fortune assumed a new aspect.

"The chaplaincy of Von Thadden's regiment was vacant; but the most distant idea of asking for it had not occurred to Lafontaine, especially as the colonel, now a major-general, had spoken to him upon the subject, without appearing to think of him. But when, in the year 1789, Prussia armed against Austria, and the Thadden regiment was ordered to hold itself in marching order, the general one day said to Lafontaine, 'I wish you could accompany me.' Lafontaine, in whose fancy these words called up lively images of a camp life, of distant countries, and men to be known, of new experience to be acquired, and who was warmly attached to the general, answered abruptly, 'I am ready.' 'Indeed?' said the general, 'I am glad of it, and you *shall* accompany me—but how?' 'Why not as your chaplain, if you like it,' returned Lafontaine. The general stared at him, and then said, smilingly, 'but, my dear Lafontaine, are you a theologian, then?' This is the first word I have heard of it. Have patience, and we will talk further of the matter."

"The general wished to proceed upon a certainty, and that Lafontaine should first preach, but not at Halle, that he might not be disgraced in case of failure. It was therefore arranged, without Lafontaine's knowledge, that he should be asked to preach at Piesdorf, where the general's lady, being on a visit, might hear him; the general would not be present himself, for fear of an accident. All passed as the general and his wife had planned; and, to his patron's cordial delight, Lafontaine's sermon gained the most unanimous approbation. A few days afterwards the general informed him that he should certainly be his regimental chaplain."

He was appointed, and devoted himself heart and soul to his pastoral duties. Indeed, considering what a favourite companion he speedily became with the officers, we might wonder how he found leisure both for these new occupations and his literary pursuits. He constantly taught in the schools established by the late King Frederick William II. for the children of soldiers, and was equally beloved and revered by his little pupils. He preached regularly, in general extemporaneously; and in his sermons vigorously attacked whatever faults he had observed, either in soldier or officer, and this often so successfully, as to induce the conscience-stricken culprit to undertake, at least, his own reformation. And his pastoral boldness, far from offending the higher ranks of his military flock, seems only to have superadded respect to the cordial liking produced by his wit, good humour, and what the Germans call *gemüthlichkeit*, or geniality of disposition. The following passage will show both his convivial character, and the light in which he was considered in the regiment.

"From the nobles with whom he was brought into relation he had nothing to apprehend. He observed all the laws of *etiquette*, not with fawning humility—which he called a dog's virtue, but with gentlemanly propriety; was never forward, but always frank; not obtru-

sive, but familiar; never transgressed the due bounds, but by his natural dignity kept others likewise within bounds." (It will be remembered that in Germany, at the period in question, the line of demarcation between the noble and the commoner was drawn with a strictness of which we, in England, have little idea.) "Besides, his skill in adapting his tone to circumstances and giving every one his full value, and his agreeable conversation, made his society delightful, even to such as feared his wit, which, though generally playful, could be bitterly sarcastic. Was an attempt made to match wit against wit, nothing was more certain than that he would, in the end have the laughs on his side, and few therefore engaged in such a contest with him. One day he gained the victory in such an encounter by a strange device. A major of the regiment received a visit from his brother, who was also feared as a wit, but chiefly because his jests were apt to be personal and offensive. Having heard of Lafontaine, he was seized with a desire to try a bout with him, and told his brother so. The major, who loved Lafontaine, tried for awhile to keep them apart, and when this became impossible, said to the chaplain, 'Dearest Lafontaine, do me the kindness not to engage in a dispute with my brother, for I must own to you that he always ends by growing warm, and then he becomes coarse.' 'I will not begin, I promise you,' returned Lafontaine; 'but, if your brother begins!' 'That is the very thing; he will begin. Do me the kindness—' 'Not to become coarse in my turn! Of that I give you my word. I will try whether we cannot part laughing.' The major shook his head; and at dinner the encounter began. At first they skirmished with light witticisms on either side. The major's brother, when he saw that he should not thus gain the victory, advanced his heavy artillery, whilst Lafontaine still contented himself with skirmishing. But just what should have prevented warmth produced it. Lafontaine was now silent; but his antagonist heated himself more and more, and became coarsely personal. Lafontaine then had recourse to his pantomimic talent, (he was a good actor.) At the first offensive speech he assumed an air of silliness; a second coarseness followed, and yet a sillier countenance; and so it went on, until Lafontaine sat there, the very personification of idiocy. The long-repressed laughter of the company now became uncontrollable, and burst forth in loud and universal peals, whilst Lafontaine sat by unmoved and immovable. The major's brother could not but laugh with the rest; and the major, starting up joyously, embraced Lafontaine, who held out his hand to the brother. The discomfited wit shook it heartily, and never more attempted to challenge him."

Soon after Lafontaine was established in a situation then considered as insuring future church preferment, and consequently a permanent provision, he married his long-loved Sophie, to whom, it should seem, he had never written since their parting, until he formally offered her his hand and a competence. His honeymoon lasted not long; for war was declared against revolutionary France, and General von Thadden's regiment formed part of the invading army un-

der the Duke of Brunswick. And here, although it belong not specifically to the novelist's life, we cannot omit what Gruber states, seemingly upon Lafontaine's authority, respecting the notorious manifesto, which has remained so grievous a blemish upon the princely commander's character.

"Lafontaine did not anticipate a certain and easy victory, especially after the publication of that manifesto, which the Duke of Brunswick himself, under whose name it appeared, termed a fatal one; and justly was he so exasperated as to tear it, inasmuch as the famous passage which wrought so much mischief had been inserted *without his knowledge*, by a fanatical emigre, who thus gave him to the world the air of a hectoring Vandal."

We purpose not to pain our readers or ourselves by dwelling upon all the miseries of the campaigns against revolutionary France, although our chaplain endured more than his full share of these miseries, since he often gave the scanty meal he had with difficulty procured for himself, to officer or soldier, countryman or emigre, who seemed yet more in want of it. With an anecdote or two, we will take leave of his military career.

"Some adventures arose from a total ignorance, or an insufficient knowledge, of foreign languages, that prevented people from understanding each other. Lafontaine once found a crowd assembled round several travelling carriages, from the first of which a man was haranguing with the utmost energy, whilst a guard stood by under arms, and Lieutenant von R. strode backwards and forwards, repeating, 'No passing! None! Strict orders!' Lafontaine inquires what is the matter, and hears that the stranger cannot be allowed to pass, because nobody knows who he is. 'Have you not asked him?—he must declare himself,' Lafontaine insists.—'Master Chaplain, I understand a good many languages, but the devil himself could not understand that fellow's gibberish.' Lafontaine saw, from the carriage and the suite, that this was no ordinary traveller, and going up to the carriage, asked a question in French. The answer was in French, but with an English accent. He now addressed the stranger in English; and to his utter amazement learned that he was an English ambassador on his way to the royal headquarters, and had been detained there upwards of an hour. Lafontaine now took the lieutenant aside, and said, 'This may be an ugly business for you, lieutenant, since you have detained an English ambassador on his way to headquarters.' 'The devil take him,' rejoined the officer, 'I could not make out a word he said.' 'Well, well, let him proceed now; I will inquire further, and apologize for you.' Lafontaine now pleads that the officer had not understood his English French, and hears, to his surprise, that the ambassador had given him his card. He now questions the lieutenant again, who replies, 'I can read all hands, but those pot-hooks the devil may read,' and shows him the card. The characters that the officer could not decipher were Gothic (black letter, we presume); and Lafontaine now informs *Master Gay* that he may proceed, expresses the lieutenant's regrets for the inconvenience occasion-

ed him, and advises him to provide himself with an interpreter and a card printed in more familiar characters."

We will not presume to decide whether *Master Gay's* English French, or Lieutenant von R.'s German ears were here most in fault, but proceed to another incident that occurred in peace time, and betrays the novelist under the clerical garb.

"Lafontaine never made a display of dignity, but maintained it where requisite, and then knew how to inspire awe by his commanding air. He thereby once even expelled a devil. A Catholic soldier had adopted the monomaniac idea that he was possessed with a devil. Neither medical treatment, nor the arguments of his priest had proved of any use, when General von Thadden expressed to Lafontaine his concern for the brave man; and his hearer conceived the notion that relief could, perhaps, only be afforded by psychological remedies. He offered to make the attempt, and next day visited the patient. After long gazing at him earnestly and piercingly, in profound silence, he at last spoke. 'Yes, I see what it is thou needest. But be thou comforted, my son, thou shalt be relieved.' He then solemnly pronounced a short prayer. A pause ensued;—and now he assumed a commanding attitude, and exclaimed, in awe-stricken accents. 'In the name of the Triune God, I, as his appointed servant, to whom might and power over thee are given, I bid thee begone, thou unclean spirit!' He stood for a minute's space with out-stretched arm, then laid his hand, in act of benediction, on the patient's head, and said, 'thou art relieved!' whereupon he solemnly withdrew. It may be said that the dramatist here helped the pastor, and it may be so; but the relief was effectual. The sufferer had a fever, after his recovery from which, no trace of monomania remained."

It is not for us to inquire how far the treatment for the fever might add to the efficacy of the psychological remedy.

In 1800, Lafontaine, to please his wife, who was of a retired disposition, gave up his chaplaincy, bought a villa near Halle, and resided there, trusting for their future support to his pen. And well might he do so; for at this epoch he was the most popular living novelist, not in Germany only, but throughout Europe, into almost all the languages of which his tales, as fast as they appeared, were translated. And here a few words touching the grounds of a popularity, not many years since so great and now well nigh forgotten, may not be unsuitable.

Lafontaine himself considered a novel not as a prose work, but as

"A creation of poetry, that fairer sister of truth, and her interpreter."

His own novels were nevertheless essentially prose. He had none of the loftier qualities of poetic genius. There was neither idealism nor elevation, scarcely even romance in his lively imagination. He copied nature faithfully, painted men and women as they are, with all their petty weaknesses, and did not even indulge our propensity to believe in the lasting constancy of first love. He drew from personal experience, and

meant to give an exact representation of life, often saying, that novels ought to supply women with that experience which men gather in the real world. The soundness of these views we shall not here discuss; but merely observe, that he makes his characters so simply good, battling so honestly against their faults, and repenting them so deeply—that his pictures of domestic happiness are so sweet—that a morality so pure, a benevolence so genuine, a piety so heartfelt, shine through the whole, as the reflection of the author's own soul, that whilst reading we forget the absence of the poetic dignity belonging to a work of art. Perhaps, too, part of the charm which we confess to have felt in many of these novels may, unknown to us, have lain in the degree to which the author, as we now learn, identified himself with his personages, whilst writing.

"When he came to the conduct of his characters, out of which their fortunes were to grow, he lived with them, so transforming himself into them that he felt their sorrows and joys, not as a friend, but as his own. Cold-blooded he could not remain; but laughed heartily over his comic scenes, and wrote pathetic parts with tears in his eyes. . . . The fire with which he wrote, and his deep sympathy with his own creations, often hurried him beyond what he had intended, and produced situations that he had not contemplated. This brought no thought of alteration; he would rather laugh and say, 'I wonder how I am to get my people out of this scrape.' . . . The only person who could induce him to make any alteration, was his wife, to whom alone, indeed, he communicated any part of a work prior to its completion. When he read to her the newly-written sheets of an unfinished novel, she would sometimes say, if misfortune seemed to threaten a character that had won her affection, 'but, Lafontaine, you are not going to make *her* miserable?' If the thing was irremediable, he answered—'Yes: I myself am very sorry for her, but really cannot save her. I had rather make people happy than unhappy; but what God himself cannot do, still less can I. And even in a novel all things are not possible.' But if he saw a glimmering of hope, a possibility of escape, he invariably replied, 'well, Fieckchen, (the German affectionate abbreviation of Sophia,) we will see; and he then exerted every power of invention to save her favourite."

Such were the charms of Lafontaine's writings; but they gradually lost their power over the public mind. For this there might be many reasons. The manners he painted grew old-fashioned, some of the characters obsolete, whilst others became too much repetitions of their predecessors; but more than all, perhaps, Walter Scott arose—a higher, a more poetical species of novel appeared, and Lafontaine was first felt to be tame, then forgotten.

But we must hasten to conclude. The wane of his popularity probably joined with the abundance of his productions to weary his inventive faculties; for Lafontaine's latter years were devoted to a task, which we should never have anticipated his under-

taking, that of a critical editor. He assiduously laboured to correct the errors and solve the difficulties that impeded the comprehension of Æschylus, upon a new principle of his own, to our mind somewhat of the boldest. In 1821 he published an edition of the *Agamemnon* and the *Choephora*, thus amended.

In 1822 he lost his wife, after many years of a perfectly happy, though childless marriage. He survived her nine years, and gradually recovered his cheerfulness, but became more and more absorbed in Æschylus, and other old Greek writers. He sold his villa, returned to Halle, and there, in classico-critical pursuits, and the society of a circle of attached and admiring friends, he passed his time, until, age stealing on, he gradually sank; and on the 20th of April, 1831, at the age of 73, expired almost without illness.

From the Metropolitan Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.*

By the Author of Newton Foster.

"Bound 'prentice to a waterman,

I learnt a bit to row;

And, bless your heart, I always was so gay."

ABOUT half past eight the next morning, I was called up by Tom to assist in getting the lighter under weigh. When I came on deck I found old Tom as fresh as if he had not drunk a drop the night before, very busily stumping about the windlass, with which we hoave up first the anchor, and then the mast. "Well, Jacob, my boy, had sleep enough? Not too much, I dare say; but a bout like last night don't come often, Jacob—only once and away; now and then I do believe it's good for my health. It's a great comfort to me, my lad, to have you on board with me, because, as you never drinks, I may now indulge a *little* oftener. As for Tom, can't trust him—too much like his father—had nobody to trust to for the look-out except the dog Tommy till you came with us. I can trust Tommy as far as keeping off the river sharks: he'll never let them take a rope-yarn off the deck, night or day; but a dog's a dog a'ter all. Now we're brought to, so clap on, my boy, and let us heave up with a will."

"How's the old gentleman, father?" said Tom, as we paused a moment from our labour at the windlass.

"Oh! he's got a good deal more to sleep off yet. There he lies, flat on his back, blowing as hard as a grampus. Better leave him as long as we can. We'll rouse him as soon as we turn the Greenwich reach. Tom, didn't you think his nose loomed devilish large yesterday?"

"Never seed such a devil of a cutwater in my life, father."

"Well, then, you'll see a larger when he gets up, for it's swelled bigger than the brandy bottle. Heave and haul! Now bring

*Continued from p. 605.

He ascended the mast, and up with the mast, boys, while I goes aft and takes the helm."

Old Tom went aft. During the night the wind had veered to the north, and the frost had set in sharp, the rime covered the deck of the barge, and here and there floating ice was to be seen coming down with the tide. The banks of the river and fields adjacent were white with hoar frost, and would have presented but a cheerless aspect, had not the sun shone out clear and bright. Tom went aft to light the fire, while I coiled away and made all snug forward. Old Tom as usual carolled forth—

"Oh! for a soft and gentle wind,
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the roaring breeze,
And white waves beating high,
And white waves beating high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,
The world of waters is our own,
And merry men are we.

"A nice morning this for cooling a hot head, that's sartain. Tommy, you rascal, you're like a court lady, with her velvet gown, covered all over with diamonds," continued old Tom, looking at the Newfoundland dog, whose glossy black hair was besprinkled with little icicles, which glittered in the sun. "You and Jacob were the only sensible ones of the party last night, for you both were sober."

"So was I, father. I was as sober as a judge," observed Tom, who was blowing up the fire.

"May be, Tom, as a judge a'ter dinner; but a judge on the betch be one thing, and a judge over a bottle be another, and not had judges in that way either. At all events, if you wasn't *sewed up*, it wasn't your fault."

"And I suppose," replied Tom, "it was only your misfortune that you were."

"No, I don't say that; but still when I look at the dog, who's but a beast by nature, and thinks of myself who wasn't meant to be a beast, why then I blushes, that's all."

"Jacob, look at father—now, does he blush?" cried Tom.

"I can't say that I perceive it," replied I, smiling.

"Well, then, if I don't, it's the fault of my having no legs. I'm sure when they were knocked off, I lost half the blood in my body, and that's the reason, I suppose. At all events, I meant to blush, so we'll take the will for the deed."

"But do you mean to keep sober infuture, father?" said Tom.

"Never do you mind that—mind your own business, Mr. Tom. At all events, I sha'n't get tipsy till next time, and that's all I can say with safety, 'cause d'ye see, I knows my falling. Jacob, did you ever see that old gentleman sail too close to the wind before?"

"I never did—I do not think he was ever tipsy before last night."

"Then I pities him—his headache, and his repentance. Moreover there be his nose and the swallow tail of his coat to make him

unhappy. We shall be down abreast of the hospital in half an hour. Suppose you go and give him a shake, Jacob. Not you, Tom, I won't trust you—you'll be doing him a mischief; you havn't got no fellow feeling, not even for dumb brutes."

"I'll thank you not to take away my character that way, father," replied Tom. "Didn't I put you to bed last night when you were speechless?"

"Suppose you did—what then?"

"Why, then, I had a fellow feeling for a dumb brute. I only say that, father, for the joke of it, you know," continued Tom, going up to his father and patting his rough cheek.

"I know that, my boy, you never were unkind, that's sartain; but you must have your joke—"

"Merry thoughts are linked with laughter,

Why should we bury them,

Sighs and tears may come hereafter,

No need to hurry them:

They who through a spying-glass,

View the minutes as they pass,

Make the sun a gloomy mass,

But the fault's their own, Tom."

In the meantime I was vainly attempting to rouse the Domine. After many fruitless attempts, I put a large quantity of snuff on his upper lip, and then blew it up his nose. But, merciful powers! what a nose it had become, larger than the largest pear that I ever saw in my life. The whole weight of old Tom had fallen on it, and instead of being crushed by the blow, it appeared as if, on the contrary, it had swelled up, indignant at the injury and affront which it had received. The skin was as tight as the parchment of a drum, and shining as if it had been oiled, while the colour was a bright purple. Verily, it was the Domine's nose in a rage.

The snuff had the effect of partially awakening him from his lethargy. "Six o'clock—did you say, Mrs. Bately? Are the boys washed—and in the school-room? I will rise speedily—yet am I o'ercome with much heaviness. *Delapsus Somnus ab*——" and the Domine snored again. I renewed my attempts, and gradually succeeded. The Domine opened his eyes, stared at the deck and carlines above him, then at the cupboard by his side; lastly, he looked at and recognised me. "*Eheu, Jacob!*—where am I? And what is that which presses upon my brain? What is it so loadeth my cerebellum, even as if it were lead? My memory—where is it? Let me recall my scattered senses." Here the Domine was silent for some time. "Ah me; yea, and verily, I do recollect—with pain of head and more pain of heart—that which I would fain forget, which is, that I did forget myself; and indeed have forgotten all that passed the latter portion of the night. Friend Dux hath proved no friend, but hath led me into the wrong path; and as for the potation called *Grog*—*Eheu, Jacob!* how have I fallen—fallen in my own opinion—fallen in thine—how can I look thee in the

face! O Jacob! what must thou think of him who hath hitherto been thy preceptor and thy guide!" Here the Domine fell back on the pillow, and turned away his head.

"It was not your fault, sir," replied I, to comfort him; "you were not aware of what you were drinking—you did not know that the liquor was so strong. Old Tom deceived you."

"Nay, Jacob, I cannot lay that flattering unction to my wounded heart. I ought to have known, nay, now I recall to my mind, that thou wouldst have warned me—even to the pulling off of the tail of my coat—yet I heeded thee not, and I am humbled—even I, the master over seventy boys."

"Nay, sir, it was not I who pulled off the tail of your coat, it was the dog."

"Jacob, I have heard of the wonderful sagacity of the canine species, yet could not I ever have believed that a dumb brute would have perceived my folly, and warned me from intoxication. *Mirabile dictu!* Tell me, Jacob, thou who hast profited by those lessons which thy master could give—although he could not follow up his precept by example—tell me, what did take place? Let me know the full extent of my back-sliding."

"You fell fast asleep, sir, and we put you to bed."

"Who did me that office, Jacob?"

"Young Tom and I, sir; as for old Tom, he was not in a state to help anybody."

"I am humbled, Jacob."

"Nonsense, old gentleman, why make a fuss about nothing?" said old Tom, who overbearing our conversation, came into the cabin. "You had a drop too much, that's all, and what o' that? It's a poor heart that never rejoiceth. Rouse a bit, wash your face with cold Thames water, and in half an hour you'll be as fresh as a daisy."

"My head acheth!" exclaimed the Domine, "even as if there was a ball of lead rolling from one temple to the other; but my punishment is just."

"That is the punishment of making too free with the bottle, for sartain; but if it is an offence, then it carries its own punishment, and that's quite sufficient. Every man knows that when the heart's over light at night, that the head's over heavy in the morning. I have known and proved it a thousand times. Well, what then? I puts the good against the bad, and I takes my punishment like a man."

"Friend Dux, for so I will still call thee, thou lookest not at the offence in a moral point of vision."

"What's moral?" replied old Tom.

"I would point out that intoxication is sinful."

"Intoxication sinful! I suppose that means that it's a sin to get drunk. Now, master, it's my opinion that as God Almighty has given us good liquor, it was for no other purpose than to drink it; and therefore it would be ungrateful to him, and a sin not to get drunk, that is, with discretion."

"How canst thou reconcile getting drunk with discretion, good Dux?"

"I mean, master, that when there's work to be done, the work should be done; but when there's plenty of time, and every thing is safe, and all ready for a start the next morning, I can see no possible objection to a jollification. Come, master, rouse out; the lighter's abreast of the Hospital almost by this time, and we must put you on shore."

The Domine, whose clothes were all on, turned out of his bed-place, and went with us on deck. Young Tom, who was at the helm, as soon as we made our appearance, wished him a good morning very respectfully. Indeed, I always observed that Tom, with all his impudence and wagery, had a great deal of consideration and kindness. He had overheard the Domine's conversation with me, and would not further wound his feelings with a jest. Old Tom resumed his place at the helm, while his son prepared the breakfast, and I drew a bucket of water for the Domine to wash his face and hands. Of his nose, not a word was said; and the Domine made no remarks to me on the subject, although I am persuaded it must have been very painful, from the comfort he appeared to derive in bathing it with the freezing water. A bowl of tea was a great comfort to him, and he had hardly finished it when the lighter was abreast of the Hospital stairs. Tom jumped into the boat and hauled it alongside. I took the other oar, and the Domine shaking hands with old Tom, said, "Thou didst mean kindly, and therefore I wish thee a kind farewell, good Dux."

"God be with you, master," replied old Tom; "shall we call for you as we come back?"

"Nay, nay," replied the Domine, "the travelling by land is more expensive, but less dangerous. I thank thee for thy songs, and ——— for all thy kindness, good Dux. Are my paraphernalia in the boat, Jacob?"

I replied in the affirmative. The Domine stepped in, and we pulled him on shore. He landed, took his bundle and umbrella under his arm, shook hands with Tom and then with me without speaking, and I perceived the tears start in his eyes as he turned and walked away.

"Well, now," said Tom, looking after the Domine. "I wish I had been drunk instead of he. He does so take it to heart, poor old gentleman!"

"He has lost his self-esteem, Tom," replied I. "It should be a warning to you. Come, get your oar to pass."

"Well, some people be fashioned one way and some another. I've been tipsy more than once, and I never lost any thing but my reason, and that came back as soon as the grog left my head. I can't understand that fretting about having had a glass too much. I only frets when I can't get enough. Well, of all the noses I ever saw, his beats them by chalks; I did so want to laugh at it, but I knew it would pain him."

"It was very kind of you, Tom, to hold your tongue, and I thank you very much."

"And yet that old dad of mine swears I've got no fellow feeling, which I consider

a very undutiful thing for him to say. What's the reason, Jacob, that sons be always cleverer than their fathers?"

"I didn't know that was the case, Tom." "But it is so now, if it wasn't in olden time. The proverb says, 'Young people think old people to be fools, but old people know young people to be fools.' We must alter that, for I say, 'Old people think young people to be fools, but young people know old people to be fools.'"

"Have it your own way, Tom, that will do, rowed off all."

We tossed in our oars, made the boat fast, and gained the deck, where old Tom still remained at the helm. "Well," said he, "Jacob, I never thought I should be glad to see the old gentleman clear of the lighter, but I was—devilish glad; he was like a load on my conscience this morning; he was trusted to my charge by Mr. Drummond, and I had no right to persuade him to make a fool of himself. But, however, what's done can't be helped, as you say sometimes; and it's no use crying; still it was a pity, for he be, for all the world, like a child. There's a fancy kind of lass in that wherry, crossing our bows, look at the streamers from her top-gallant bonnet.

"Come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul,
Burns the same wherever it goes.
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden, with me."

"See you d—d first, you underpinned old hulk," replied the female in the boat, which was then close under our bows.

"Well, that be civil, for sartain," said old Tom laughing.

"So you won't be half-manned, my dear?"

"Go along, you old razeze, you're like a young magpie, all gab and gut," replied the female.

"There you had it, father, right in your breadbasket," cried young Tom, laughing. "I say, young woman, are *sprats* in season, that you're so confounded saucy?"

"No, they ar'n't; but scalpins like you fetch a farthing a bushel. There's news for you."

"Oh!" cried Tom, "I've better news for you."

"What's that?" replied the female.

"Why, they say, the *devil's dead*, and *hell is full of water*. Sold her a bargain that time, father, didn't I?" And Tom and his father burst into a loud laugh, while the fair one shook her fist with rage. These elegant conversations are very frequent on the river, and although I do not intend to repeat all I heard, yet I must say that young Tom was invariably the victor in any trial of skill in what is termed *slang*.

We arrived at Sheerness the next morning, landed the bricks, which were for the government buildings, and returned in ballast to the wharf. My first inquiry was for the Domine, but he had not yet returned;

and Mr. Drummond further informed me, that he had been obliged to send away his under clerk, and wished me to supply his place until he could procure another. The lighter therefore took in her cargo, and sailed without me, which was of no consequence, as my apprenticeship still went on. I now lived with Mr. Drummond as one of his own family, and wanted for nothing. His continual kindness to me made me strive all I could to please him by diligence and attention, and I soon became very expert at accounts, and, as he said, very useful. The advantages to me, I hardly need observe, were considerable, and I gained information every day. Still, although I was glad to be of any use to Mr. Drummond, the confinement to the desk was irksome, and I anxiously looked for the arrival of the new clerk to take my place, and leave me free to join the lighter. Mr. Drummond did not appear to be in any hurry; indeed, I believe that he would have retained me altogether, had he not perceived that I still wished to be on the river. "At all events, Jacob, I shall keep you here until you are master of your work; it will be useful to you hereafter," he said to me one day, "and you do not gain much by sailing up and down the river." This was true; and I also derived much advantage from the evenings spent with Mrs. Drummond, who was a very sensible, good woman, and would make me read aloud to her and little Sarah as they sat at their needle. I had no idea, until I was employed posting up the books, that Mr. Drummond's concerns were so extensive, or that there was so much capital employed in the business. The Domine returned a few days after my arrival. When we met, his nose had resumed its former appearance, and he never brought up the subject of the evening on board of the lighter. I saw him frequently, mostly on Sundays after I had been to church with the family, and half an hour at least was certain to be dedicated to our reading together one of the classics.

As I was on shore several months, I became acquainted with many families, one or two of which were worth noticing. Among the foremost was Captain Turnbull, at least such was his appellation until within the last two months previous to my making his acquaintance, when Mrs. Turnbull sent out his cards, *George Turnbull, Esq.* The history of Captain Turnbull was as follows. He had with his twin brother, been hung up at the knocker, and afterwards been educated at the Foundling Hospital; they had both been apprenticed to sea, grown up thorough-bred, capital seamen, in the Greenland fishery, rose to be mates, then captains, had been very successful, owned part, then the whole, of a ship, afterwards two or three ships, and had wound up with handsome fortunes. Captain Turnbull was a married man without a family, his wife, fine in person, vulgar in speech, a would-be fashionable lady, against which fashion Captain T. had for years pleaded poverty; but his brother, who had remained a bachelor, died, leaving him forty thousand pounds, a

fact which could not be concealed. Captain Turnbull had not allowed his wife to be aware of the extent of his own fortune, more from a wish to live quietly and happily, than from any motive of parsimony, for he was liberal to excess; but now he had no further excuse to plead, and Mrs. Turnbull insisted upon *fashion*. The house they had lived in was given up, and a marine villa on the borders of the Thames, to a certain degree, met the views of both parties. Mrs. Turnbull, anticipating dinners and fetes, and the captain content to watch what was going on in the river, and amuse himself in a wherry. They had long been acquaintances of Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, and Captain Turnbull's character was such as always to command respect of Mr. Drummond, as he was an honest, friendly man. Mrs. Turnbull had now set up her carriage, and she was, in her own opinion, a very great personage. She would have cut all their former acquaintance, but on that point the captain was inflexible, particularly as regarded the Drummonds. As far as they were concerned, Mrs. Turnbull gave way, Mrs. Drummond being a lady-like woman, and Mr. Drummond universally respected as a man of talent and information. Captain, or rather, Mr. Turnbull, was a constant visiter at our house, and very partial to me. He used to scold Mr. Drummond for keeping me so close to my desk, and would often persuade him to give me a couple of hours' run. When this was obtained, he would call a waterman, throw him a crown, and tell him to get out of his wherry as fast as he could. We then embarked, and amused ourselves pulling up and down the river, while Mrs. Turnbull, dressed in the extremity of the fashion, rode out in the carriage and left her cards in every direction.

One day Mr. Turnbull called upon the Drummonds, and asked them to dine with him on the following Saturday: they accepted the invitation. "By the bye," said he, "I've got, what my wife calls, a *remind* in my pocket;" and he pulled out of his coat-pocket a large card, "with Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull's compliments," &c. which card had been doubled in two by his sitting down upon it, shortly after he came in. Mr. Turnbull straightened it again as well as he could, and laid it on the table. "And Jacob," said he, "you'll come too. You don't want a remind, but if you do, my wife will send you one."

"I replied, that I wanted no remind for a good dinner."

"No, I dare say not, my boy, but recollect that you come an hour or two before the dinner-hour, to help me; there's so much fuss with one thing or another, that I'm left in the lurch; and, as for trusting the keys of the spirit-room to that long-togged rascal of a butler, I'll see him harpoon'd first; so do you come and help me, Jacob."

This having been promised, he asked Mr. Drummond to lend me for an hour or so, as he wished to take a row up the river. This was also consented to; we embarked and pulled away for Kew Bridge. Mr. Turnbull was as good a hand at a yarn as old

Tom, and many were the adventures he narrated to me of what had taken place during the vicissitudes of his life, more especially when he was employed in the Greenland fishery. He related an incident that morning, which particularly bore upon the marvellous, although I do not believe that he was at all guilty of indulging in a traveller's license.

"Jacob," said he, "I recollect once when I was very near eaten alive by foxes, and that in a very singular manner. I was then mate of a Greenland ship. We had been on the fishing ground for three months, and had twelve fish on board. Finding we were doing well, we fixed our ice-anchors upon a very large iceberg, drifting up and down with it, and taking fish as we fell in with them. One morning we had just cast loose the carcass of a fish which we had cut up, when the man in the crow's nest, on the look out for another 'fall,' cried out that a large polar bear and her cub were swimming over to the iceberg, against the side of which, and about half a mile from us, the carcass of the whale was beating. As we had nothing to do, seven of us immediately started in chase; we had intended to have gone after the foxes, which had gathered there also in hundreds, to prey upon the dead whale. It was then quite calm; we soon came up with the bear, who at first was for making off, but as the cub could not get on over the rough ice, as well as the old one, she at last turned round to bay. We shot the cub to make sure of her, and it did make sure of the dam not leaving us till either she or we perished in the conflict. I never shall forget her moaning over the cub, as it lay bleeding on the ice, while we fired bullet after bullet into her. At last she turned round, gave a roar and a gnashing snarl, which you might have heard a mile, and, with her eyes flashing fire, darted upon us. We received her in a body, all close together, with our lances to her breast; but she was so large and so strong, that she beat us all back, and two of us fell; fortunately the others held their ground, and as she was then an end, three bullets were put into her chest, which brought her down. I never saw so large a beast in my life. I don't wish to make her out larger than she really was, but I have seen many a bullock at Smithfield which would not weigh two-thirds of her. Well, after that, we had some trouble in despatching her; and while we were so employed, the wind blew up in gusts from the northward, and the snow fell heavy. The men were for returning to the ship immediately, which certainly was the wisest thing for us all to do; but I thought that the snow storm would blow over in a short time, and not wishing to lose so fine a skin, resolved to remain and flay the beast; for I knew that if left there a few hours, as the foxes could not get hold of the carcass of the whale, which had not grounded, that they would soon finish the bear and cub, and the skins be worth nothing. Well, the other men went back to the ship, and as it was, the snow storm came on so thick, that they lost their way, and would never have found her, if it was

not that the bell was kept tolling for a guide to them. I soon found that I had done a very foolish thing: instead of the storm blowing over, the snow came down thicker and thicker; and before I had taken a quarter of the skin off, I was becoming cold and numbed, and then I was unable to regain the ship, and with every prospect of being frozen to death before the storm was over. At last, I knew what was my only chance. I had flayed all the belly of the bear, but had not cut her open. I ripped her up, tore out all her inside, and then contrived to get into her body, where I lay, and, having closed up the entrance hole, was warm and comfortable, for the animal heat had not yet been extinguished. This manoeuvre, no doubt, saved my life; and I have heard that French soldiers did the same in their unfortunate Russian campaign, killing their horses, getting inside to protect themselves from the dreadful weather. Well, Jacob, I had not lain more than half an hour, when I knew by sundry jerks and tugs at my new invented hurricane-house, that the foxes were busy—and so they were, sure enough. There must have been hundreds of them, for they were at work in all directions, and some pushed their sharp noses into the opening where I had crept in; but I contrived to get out my knife and saw their noses across whenever they touched me, otherwise I should have been eaten up in a very short time. There were so many of them, and they were so ravenous, that they soon got through the bear's thick skin, and were tearing away at the flesh. Now I was not so much afraid of their eating me, as I thought that if I jumped up and discovered myself, they would have all fled. No saying, though: two or three hundred ravenous devils take courage when together; but I was afraid that they would devour my covering from the weather, and then I should perish with the cold; and I also was afraid of having pieces nipped out of me, which would of course oblige me to quit my retreat. At last daylight was made through the upper part of the carcass, and I was only protected by the ribs of the animal, between which every now and then their noses dived and nipped my seal-skin jacket. I was just thinking of shouting to frighten them away, when I heard the report of half a dozen muskets, and some of the bullets struck the carcass, but fortunately did not hit me. I immediately hallooed as loud as I could, and the men hearing me, ceased firing. They had fired at the foxes, little thinking that I was inside of the bear. I crawled out, the storm was over, and the men of the ship had come back to look for me. My brother, who was also a mate on board of the vessel, who had not been with the first party, had joined them in the search, but with little hopes of finding me alive. He hugged me in his arms, covered as I was with blood, as soon as he saw me. He's dead now, poor fellow!—That's the story, Jacob."

"Thank you, sir," replied I; but perceiving that the memory of his brother affected

him, I did not speak again for a few minutes. We then resumed our conversation, and pulling back with the tide, landed at the wharf.

On the day of the dinner party, I went up to Mr. Turnbull's at three o'clock, as he had proposed. I found the house in a bustle. Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull, with the butler and footman, in the dining-room, debating as to the propriety of *this* and *that* being placed *here* or *there*, both servants giving their opinion, and arguing on a footing of equality, contradicting and insisting. Mr. Turnbull occasionally throwing in a word, and each time snubbed by his wife, although the servants dare not take any liberty with him. "Do, pray, Mr. Turnbull, leave *hus* to settle these matters. Get *hup* your wine, that is your department. Leave the room, Mr. Turnbull, *hif* you please. Mortimer and I know what we are about, without your *hinterference*."

"Oh! by the Lord, I don't wish to interfere; but I wish you and your servants not to be squabbling, that's all. If they gave me half the *cheek*—"

"Do, pray, Mr. Turnbull, leave the room, and allow me to regulate my own *ousehold*."

"Come, Jacob, we'll go down in the cellar," said Mr. Turnbull; and accordingly we went.

I assisted Mr. Turnbull in his department as much as I could, but he grumbled very much. "I can't bear all this nonsense, all this finery and foolery. Every thing comes up cold, every thing is out of reach. The table's so long, and so covered with uneatables, that my wife is hardly within hail; and, by jingo, with her the servants are masters. Not with me, at all events; for if they spoke to me as they do to Mrs. Turnbull, I would kick them out of the house. However, Jacob, there's no help for it. All one asks for is quiet, and I must put up with all this sometimes, or I should have no quiet from one year's end to another. When a woman will have her way, there's no stopping her: you know the old verse,

"A man's a fool who strives by force or skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman's will;
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't!—and there's an end on't."

"Now let's go up into my room, and we will chat while I wash my hands."

As soon as Mr. Turnbull was dressed, we went down into the drawing-room, which was crowded with tables, loaded with every variety of ornamental articles. "Now this is what my wife calls fashionable. One might as well be steering through an ice floe as try to come to an anchor here without running foul of something. It's *hard* a port or *hard* a starboard every minute; and if your coat-tail *jibes*, away goes something, and whatever it is that smashes, Mrs. T. always swears it was the *most valuable* thing in the room. I'm like a bull in a china-shop. One comfort is,

that I never come in here except when there's company. Indeed I'm not allowed, thank God. Sit on a chair, Jacob, one of those spider-like French things; for my wife won't allow *blacks*, as she calls them, to come to an anchor upon her sky-blue silk sofas. How stupid to have furniture that one's not to make use of! Give me comfort, but it appears that's not to be bought for money."

Six o'clock was now near at hand, and Mrs. Turnbull entered the drawing-room in full dress. She certainly was a very handsome woman, and had every appearance of being fashionable; but it was her language which exposed her. She was like the peacock. As long as she was silent you could but admire the plumage, but her voice spoilt all. "Now, Mr. Turnbull," said she, "I wish to *hexplain* to you that there are certain *himpropieties* in your behaviour which I cannot put *hup* with, particularly that *hof* talking about when you were before the mast."

"Well, my dear, is that any thing to be ashamed of?"

"Yes, Mr. Turnbull, that *his*—one *hal*—ways sinks them ere perticulars in fashionable society. To *wirtuperate* in company a'n't pleasant, and *Hive* thought of a plan which may *haet* as an *himpediment* to your vulgarity. Recollect, Mr. T., whenever I say that *Hive* an *Eadache*, it's to be a sign for you to old your tongue; and Mr. T. *hoblige* me by wearing kid gloves all the evening."

"What, at dinner time, my dear?"

"Yes, at dinner time; your *'ands* are not fit to be touched."

"Well, I recollect when you thought otherwise."

"When," Mr. T.; "ave I not often told you so?"

"Yes, lately; but I referred to the time when one Poll Bacon of Wapping took my hand for better or for worse."

"Really, Mr. T., you quite shock me. My name was Mary, and the Bacons are a good old *Hinglish* name. You *'ave* their *harms* quartered on the carriage in right o' me. That's something, I can tell you."

"Something I had to pay for pretty smartly, at all events."

"The payment, Mr. T., was on account of granting *harms* to you who never *ad* any."

"And never wished for them. What do I care for such stuff?"

"And when you did choose, Mr. Turnbull, you might have consulted me instead of making yourself the laughing-stock of Sir George Naylor and all the *'eralds*. Who but a madman would have chosen three harpoons *saluins* and three barrels *couchants*, with a spouting whale for a crest? Just to point out to every body what should never be buried in *hoblivion*; and then your beastly motto—which *would* have changed—"Blubber for ever! Blubber indeed! *he*nough to make *hany* one *blubber* for ever."

"Well, the *heralds* told me they were just what I ought to have chosen, and very apposite, as they termed it."

"They took your money and laughed at you. Two pair of griffins, a lion, half a dozen leopards, and a hand with a dagger, wouldn't 'ave cost a farding more. But what can you *hexpect* from an *og*? But I won't demean myself."

"That's right, my dear, don't. Recollect the motto you chose in preference to mine."

"Well, and a very proper one—'too much familiarity breeds contempt'—is it not, Master Faithful?"

"Yes, madam, it was one of our copies at school."

"I beg your pardon, sir, it was my *hown* invention."

Rap tap, rap tap tap, tap tap.

"Mr. and Mrs. Peters, of Petercumb Hall," announced the butler. Enter Mrs. Peters first, a very diminutive lady, and followed by Mr. Peters, six feet four inches without his shoes, deduct for stooping and curved shoulders seven inches. Mr. Peters had retired from the Stock Exchange with a competence, bought a place, named it Petercumb Hall, and set up his carriage. Another knock, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were announced. Compliments exchanged, and a pastile lighted by Mrs. Turnbull.

"Well, Drummond," said Mr. Turnbull, "what are coals worth now?"

"Mr. Turnbull, I've got such an *'eadache*."

This was of course a matter of condolence from all present, and a stopper upon Mr. Turnbull's tongue.

Another sounding rap, and a pause.

"Monsieur and Madame de Tagliabue coming up." Enter Monsieur and Madame de Tagliabue. The former a dapper little Frenchman, with a neat pair of legs, and a stomach as round as a pea. Madame sailing in like an outward-bound East Indian, with studding sails below and aloft; so large in her dimensions, that her husband might be compared to the pilot-boat plying about her stern.

"Charmie de vous voir, Madame Tom-bulle. Vous vous portez bien n'est ce pas?"

"*Fe*," replied Mrs. Turnbull, who thus exhausted her knowledge of the French language; while the Monsieur tried in vain, first on one side, and then on the other, to get from under the lee of his wife and make his bow. This was not accomplished until the lady had taken possession of a sofa, which she filled most comfortably.

Who these people were, and how they lived, I never could find out; they came in a fly from Brenford.

Another announcement. "My Lord Babbleton and Mr. Smith coming up." Mr. T. pray go down and receive his lordship, (there are two wax candles for you to light on the hall table, and you must walk up with them before his lordship," said the lady, aside.)

"I'll be hanged if I do," replied Mr. Turnbull; "let the servants light him."

"O Mr. T., I've such an *'eadache*!"

"So you may have," replied Mr. T. sitting down doggedly.

In the mean time Mr. Smith entered,

leading thirteen ed, and tor. M who was charged pose to her o to bring sprung a prep cub, an the hat fire? is lordshi eye. A ship's dame a Mrs. I Lord W Turnbull unwor for dim "Sne Mr. T. "O, This T. forg he his Mrs. T. he char Mortim to call "Dinn bue, up consid Lord L Turnbull took his Before ship h folds of more u rival at all arra wishes and chue cedence French Turnbull guage, the dis Mortim was alw who, n course to eat. "Mrs there? "Com lordship which h His looked some s takes s right h bull's s "Mac "Men "Don cook; y Mrs. T

leading Lord Babbleton, a boy of twelve or thirteen years old, shy, awkward, red haired, and ugly, to whom Mr. Smith was tutor. Mrs. T. had found out Mr. Smith, who was residing near Brentford with his charge, and made his acquaintance on purpose to have a lord on her visiting list, and, to her delight, the leader had not forgotten to bring his bear with him. Mrs. Turnbull, sprung to the door to receive them, making a prepared courtesy to the aristocratical cub, and then shaking him respectfully by the hand, "Won't your lordship walk to the fire? isn't your lordship cold? I hope your lordship's sty is better in your lordship's eye. Allow me to introduce to your lordship's notice, Mr. and Mrs. Peters—Madame and Mounsheer Tagleebue—Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton." As for Mr. Turnbull and myself, we were left out, as unworthy of introduction. "We are ready for dinner, Mr. Turnbull."

"Snobbs, get dinner dressed up," said Mr. T. to the butler.

"O, Mr. T., I've such an 'eadache."

This last headache was produced by Mr. T. forgetting himself, and calling the butler by his real name, which was Snobbs, but Mrs. Turnbull had resolved that it should be changed to *Mortimer*—or rather, to *Mr. Mortimer*, as the household were directed to call him, on pain of expulsion.

Dinner was announced. Madame Tagleebue, upon what pretence I know not, was considered the first lady in the room, and Lord Babbleton was requested by Mrs. Turnbull to hand her down. Madame rose, took his lordship's hand, and led him away. Before they were out of the room, his lordship had disappeared among the ample folds of madame's gown, and was seen no more until she pulled him out, on their arrival at the dinner-table. At last we were all arranged according to Mrs. Turnbull's wishes, although there were several chops and changes about, until the order of precedence could be correctly observed. A French cook had been sent for by Mrs. Turnbull, and not being mistress of the language, she had a card with the names of the dishes to refresh her memory. Mr. Mortimer having informed her that such was always the custom among great people, who, not ordering their own dinners, of course they could not tell what there was to eat.

"Mrs. Turnbull, what soup have you there?"

"*Consummy* soup, my lord. Will your lordship *make use* of that or of this here, which is *o'juss*."

His lordship stared, made no answer; looked foolish; and Mr. Mortimer placed some soup before him. "Lord Babbleton takes soup," said Mr. Smith; and the little right honourable ate, much to Mrs. Turnbull's satisfaction.

"Madame, do you soup? or do you fish?"

"Merci, no soup—*poisson*."

"Don't be afraid, madame; we've a French cook; you won't be *poisoned* here," replied Mrs. Turnbull, rather annoyed.

"Comment, ma chere madame, I mean to say that I *prefer de cod*."

"Mr. T., some fish for madame. John, a clean plate for Lord Babbleton. What will your lordship condescend to *make use of* now?" (Mrs. Turnbull thought the phrase, *make use*, excessively refined and elegant.)

"Ah! madame, votre cuisine est superbe," exclaimed Monsieur Tagleebue, tucking the corner of his napkin into his button-hole, and making preparations for well filling his little rotundity.

"*Ve*," replied Mrs. Turnbull. "Mrs. Peters, will you try the dish next Mr. Turnbull? 'What is it?' (looking at her card) —'Agno rotg. Will you, my lord? If your lordship has not yet got into your French—it means roast quarter of lamb.'"

"His lordship is very partial to lamb," said Mr. Smith.

"Mr. Turnbull, some lamb for Lord Babbleton and for Mr. Peters."

"Directly, my dear.—Well, Jacob, you see, when I was first mate—"

"Dear Mr. Turnbull—I've such an 'eadache. Do pray cut the lamb. (*Aside*) Mr. Mortimer, do go and whisper to Mr. Turnbull, that I beg he will put on his gloves."

"Mrs. Peters, you're doing nothing. Mr. Mortimer 'and round the side dishes, and let John serve out the champagne."

"Mrs. Peters, there's a *vollee vent o' weathers*. Will you make use of some? Mrs. Drummond, will you try the dish coming round? it is—let me see—it is *chev farsy*. My Lord Babbleton, I 'ope the lamb's to your liking?"

"Monshere Tagleebue—William, give Monshere a clean plate. What will you take next?"

"Vraiment, madame, tout est excellent, superbe! Je voudrais embrasser votre cuisinier—c'est un artiste comme il n'y a pas?"

"*Ve*," replied Mrs. Turnbull.

The first course was removed; and the second, after some delay, made its appearance. In the interim, Mr. Mortimer landed round one or two varieties of wine.

"Drummond, will you take a glass with me?" said Mr. Turnbull. "I hate your sour French wines. Will you take Madeira? I was on shore at Madeira once, for a few hours, when I was before the mast, in the —"

"Mr. Turnbull, I've such an 'eadache," cried his lady, in an angry tone. "My lord, will you take some of this?—it is—a ding dong o' turf—a turkey, my lord."

"His lordship is fond of turkey," said Mr. Smith.

Monsieur Tagleebue, who sat on the other side of Mrs. T., found that the turkey was in request—it was some time before he could help himself.

"C'est superbe!" said Monsieur, thrusting a truffle into his mouth. "Apparemment, madame, n'amie pas la cuisine Anglaise?"

"*Ve*," replied Mrs. Turnbull. "Madame, what will you be *hassisted to*?" continued Mrs. T.

"Tout est bon, madame."

"*Ve*; what are those by you, Mr. Peters?" inquired the lady, in continuation.

"I really cannot exactly say; but they are fritters of some sort."

"Let me see—ho! bidet du poms. Madame, will you eat some bidet du poms?"

"Comment, madame, je ne vous comprend pas—"

"*Ve*,"
"Monsieur Tagliabue, expliquez donc;" said the foreign lady, red as a quarter of beef.

"Permettez," said Monsieur, looking at the card. "Ah c'est impossible, ma chere," continued he laughing. "Madame Turnbull se trompoit, elle voudroit din *Beignets des Pommes*."

"Vous trouvez notre langue fort difficile n'est ce pas?" continued madame, who recovered her good humour, and smiled graciously at Mrs. T.

"*Ve*," replied Mrs. Turnbull, who perceived that she had made some mistake, and was anxiously awaiting the issue of the dialogue. It had, however, the effect of checking Mrs. T., who said little more during the dinner and dessert.

At last the ladies rose from the dessert, and left the gentlemen at the table; but we were not permitted to remain long, before coffee was announced, and we went up stairs. A variety of French liqueurs were handed about; and praised by all the company, except Mr. Turnbull, who ordered a glass of brandy, as a *settler*.

"Oh! Mr. Turnbull, I've such an 'ead-ache!"

After that the party became very dull. Lord Babbleton fell asleep on the sofa. Mr. Peters walked round the room admiring the pictures, and asking the names of the masters.

"I really quite forget; but, Mr. Drummond, you're a judge of paintings I hear. Who do you think this is painted by?" said the lady, pointing to a very inferior performance. "I'm not quite sure; but I think it is Van—Van *daub*."

"I should think so too," replied Mr. Drummond, dryly; "we have a great many pictures in England by the same hand."

The French gentleman proposed *ecarte*, but no one knew how to play it except his wife; who sat down with him to pass away the time. The ladies sauntered about the room, looking at the contents of the tables. Mrs. Peters occasionally talking of Petercumb Hall; Mr. Smith played at patience in a corner; while Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Drummond sat in a corner in close conversation; and the lady of the house divided her attentions, running from one to the other, and requesting them not to talk so loud as to awake the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Babbleton. At last the vehicles were announced, and the fashionable party broke up, much to the satisfaction of every body, and to none more than myself.

I ought to observe, that all the peculiar absurdities I have narrated, did not strike me so much at the time, but it was an event to me to dine out, and the scene was well impressed upon my memory. After what

occurred to me in my after life, and when I became better able to judge of fashionable pretensions, the whole was vividly brought back to my recollection.

I remained with Mr. Drummond about eight months, when at last the new clerk made his appearance—a little fat fellow, about twenty, with a face as round as a full moon, thick lips, and red cheeks. During this time I frequently had the pleasure of meeting with old and young Tom, who appeared very anxious that I should rejoice them; and I must say, that I was equally willing to return to the lighter. Still Mr. Drummond put his veto on it, and Mrs. Drummond was constantly pointing out the very desirable situation I might have on shore as a clerk in the office; but I could not bear it—seated nearly the whole day—perched on a high stool—turning over Dr. contra Cr., and only occasionally interrupted by the head clerk, with his attempts to make rhymes. When the new clerk came, I expected my release, but I was disappointed. Mr. Drummond discovered him to be so awkward, and the head clerk declared that the time was so busy, that he could not spare me. This was true; Mr. Drummond has just come to a final arrangement, which had been some time pending, by which he purchased a wharf and large warehouses, with a house adjoining, in Lower Thames Street—a very large concern, for which he had paid a considerable sum of money. What with the valuations, winding up of the Brentford concern on the old account, &c., there was much to do, and I toiled at the desk until the removal took place; and when the family were removed, I was still detained, as there was no warehouseman to superintend the unloading and hoisting up of goods. Mr. Tomkins, the head clerk, who had been many years a faithful servant to Mr. Drummond, was admitted as a partner, and had charge of the Brentford wharf, a species of promotion which he and his wife resolved to celebrate with a party. After a long debate, it was resolved that they should give a ball, and Mrs. Tomkins exerted all her taste and ingenuity on the occasion. My friend Tomkins lived a short distance from the premises, in a small house, surrounded with half an acre of garden, chiefly filled with gooseberry bushes, and perambulated by means of four straight gravel walks. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond were invited, and accepted the invitation, which was considered by the Tomkinses as a great mark of condescension. As a specimen of Mr. Tomkins's poetical talents, I shall give his invitation to Mr. Drummond, written in the very best German text.

"Mr. and Mrs. T—
Sincerely hope to see
Mr. and Mrs. Drum-
mond, to a very hum-
ble party that they in-
tend to ask their kin
To, on the Saturday
Of the week ensuing;
When fiddles they will play,
And other things be doing."

Belle Vue House.

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To which *jeu d'esprit* Mr. Drummond answered with a pencil on a card—

"Mr. and Mrs. Drummond intend to come."

"Here, give Tomkins that, Jacob, it will please him better than any formal acceptance." Mr. and Mrs. Turnbull were also asked; the former accepted, but the latter indignantly refused.

When I arrived with Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, many of the company were there; the garden was what they called illuminated, that is, every gooseberry bush had one variegated lamp suspended about the centre, and as Mr. Tomkins told me afterwards, the lamps were red and yellow, according to the fruit they bore. It was a cold, frosty, clear night, and the lamps twinkled as brightly among the bare boughs of the gooseberry trees, as the stars did in the heavens. The company in general were quite charmed at the novelty. "Quite a *minor Wauxhall*," cried one lady, whose exuberance of fat kept her warm enough to allow her to stare about in the open air. The entrance porch had a dozen little lamps, backed with laurel twigs, and looked very imposing. Mrs. Tomkins received her company upon the steps outside, that she might have the pleasure of hearing their praises of their external arrangements; still it was freezing, and she shivered not a little. The drawing-room, fourteen feet by ten, was fitted up as the ball-room, with two fiddlers and a fifer sitting in a corner, and a country dance was performing when we arrived. Over the mantle-piece was a square of laurel twigs, enclosing, as a frame, this couplet, from the poetical brain of the master of the house, cut out in red paper, and bespangled with blue and yellow tinsel—

"Here we are to dance so gay,
While the fiddles play away."

Other appropriate distiches, which I have now forgotten, were framed in the same way on each of the other compartments. But the dining-room was the *chef d'œuvre*. It was formed into a bower, with evergreens, and on the evergreen boughs were stuck real apples and oranges in all directions, so that you could help yourself.

"Vell, I do declare, this is a paradise!" exclaimed the fat lady who entered with me.

"In all but one thing, ma'am," replied Mr. Turnbull, who with his coat off was squeezing lemons for the punch—"there's no forbidden fruit. You may help yourself."

This bon-mot was repeated by Mr. Tomkins to the end of his existence, not only for its own sake, but because it gave him an opportunity of entering into a detail of the whole *fete*—the first he had ever given in his life. "Ah, Jacob, my boy, glad to see you—come and help here—they'll soon be thirsty, I'll warrant," said Mr. Turnbull, who was in his glory. The company, al-

though not so very select, were very happy; they danced, drank punch, laughed, and danced again; and it was not till a late hour, long after Mr. and Mrs. Drummond had gone home, that I quitted the "festive scene." Mr. Turnbull, who walked away with me, declaring that it was worth a dozen of his party, although they had not such grand people as Mrs. Tagliabue, or the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Bableton. I thought so too; every one was happy, and every one at their ease; and I do believe they would have stayed much longer, but the musicians took so much punch, that one fiddler broke his fiddle, the other broke his head in going down the steps into the garden, and the fifer swore he could blow no longer; so as there was an end to the music, elogs, patters, and lantorns were called for, the shawls were brought out of the kitchen, and every one went away. Nothing could *go off better*. Mrs. Tomkins had a cold and rheumatism the next day, but that was not surprising, a *minor Wauxhall* not being seasonable in the month of December.

A week after this party, we removed to Thames Street, and I performed the duty of warehouseman. Our quantity of lighters were now much increased, and employed in carrying dry goods, &c. One morning old Tom came under the crane to discharge his lighter, and wishing to see me, when the fall had been overhauled down, to heave up the casks with which the lighter was laden, instead of hooking on a cask, held on by his hands, crying "Hoist away," intending to be hoisted himself up to the floor of the warehouse where I was presiding. Now there was nothing unusual in this whim of old Tom's, but still he ran a very narrow chance, in consequence of an extra whim of young Tom's, who, as soon as his father was suspended in the air, caught hold of his two wooden stumps, to be hoisted up also; and as he caught hold of them, standing on tiptoe, they both swung clear of the lighter, which could not approach within five feet of the buildings. The crane was on the third story of the warehouse, and very high up. "Tom, Tom, you rascal, what the devil are you about?" cried the old man, when he felt the weight of his son's body hanging to him.

"Going up along with you, father—hope we shall go to heaven the same way."

"More likely to go to the devil together, you little fool; I never can bear your weight. Hoist away there, quick."

Hearing the voices, I looked out of the door, and perceiving their situation ordered the men to hoist as fast as they could, before old Tom's strength should be exhausted; but it was a compound movement crane, and we could not hoist very fast, although we could hoist very great weights. At last, as they were wound up higher and higher, old Tom's strength was going fast. "O Tom, Tom, what must be done? I can't—I can't hold on but a little longer, and we shall both be dashed to pieces. My poor boy!"

"Well, then, I'll let go, father; it was all my folly, and I'll be the sufferer."

"Let go!" cried old Tom; "no, no, Tom—don't let go, my boy, I'll try a little longer. Don't let go, my dear boy—don't let go!"

"Well, father, how much longer can you hold on?"

"A little—very little longer," replied the old man, struggling.

"Well, hold fast now," cried young Tom, who, raising his head above his arms, with a great exertion shifted one of his hands to his father's thigh, then the other; raising himself as before, he then caught at the seat of his father's trousers with his teeth; old Tom groaned, for his son had taken hold of more than the garments; he then shifted his hands to round his father's body—from thence he gained the collar of his jacket—from the collar he climbed on his father's shoulders, from whence he seized hold of the fall above, and relieved his father of his weight. "Now father, are you all right?" cried Tom, panting as he clung to the fall above him.

"I can't hold on ten seconds more, Tom—no longer—my clutch is going now."

"Hang on by your eyelids, father, if you love me," cried young Tom, in an agony.

It was indeed an awful moment; they were now at least sixty feet above the lighter, suspended in the air; the men whirled round the wheel, and I had at the last pleasure of hauling them both in on the floor of the warehouse, the old man so exhausted that he could not speak for more than a minute; young Tom, as soon as all was safe, laughed immoderately. Old Tom sat upright. "It might have been no laughing matter, Mr. Tom," said he, looking at his son.

"What's done can't be helped, father, as Jacob says. After all, you're more frightened than hurt."

"I don't know that, you young scamp," replied the old man, putting his hand behind him, and rubbing softly; you've bit a piece clean out of my *stern*. Now let this be a warning to you, Tom. Jacob, my boy, couldn't you say that I've met with an *accident*, and get a drop of something from Mr. Drummond?"

I thought, after his last observation, I might honestly say that he had met with an accident, and I soon returned with a glass of brandy, which old Tom was drinking off, when his son interrupted him for a share.

"You know, father, I shared the danger."

"Yes, Tom, I know you did," replied his father; "but this was sent to me on account of my *accident*, and as I had that all to myself, I shall have all this too."

"But, father, you ought to give me a drop, if it were only to take the taste out of my mouth."

"Your own flesh and blood, Tom," replied his father, emptying his glass.

"Well, I always heard it was quite unnatural not to like your own flesh and blood," replied Tom; "but I see now that there may be reasons for it."

"Be content, Tom," replied his father, putting down the glass; we're now just

square. You've had your *raw nip*, and I've had mine."

Mr. Drummond now came up, and asking what had been the matter. "Nothing, sir—only an accident. Tom and I had a bit of a hoist."

As this last word had a double meaning, Mr. Drummond thought that a cask had surged, when coming out of the lighter, and struck them down. He desired old Tom to be more careful, and walked away, while we proceeded to unload the lighter. The new clerk was a very heavy, simple young man, plodding and attentive certainly, but he had no other merit; he was sent into the lighter to take the marks and numbers of the casks as they were hoisted up, and soon became a butt to young Tom, who gave him the wrong marks and numbers of all the casks, to his interrogations.

"What's that, boy?" cried the pudding-faced fellow, with his pencil in one hand, and his book in the other.

"Pea soup, 13," replied Tom; "ladies' bonnets, 24. Now then, master, chalk again: pipe-clay for sodgers, 3; red herrings, 26." All of which were carefully noted down by Mr. Gubbins, who, when the lighter was cleared, took the memoranda to Mr. Drummond.

Fortunately we had checked the number of the casks as they were received above—their contents were flour. Mr. Drummond sent for young Tom, and asked him how he dared play such a trick. Tom replied very boldly, "That it was meant as a good lesson to the young man, that in future he did his own work, and did not trust to others." To this Mr. Drummond agreed, and master Tom was dismissed without punishment.

As the men had all gone to dinner, I went down into the lighter, to have a little chat with my old shipmates. "Well, Jacob," said old Tom, "Tom's not a bit wiser than he was before—two scrapes to-day, already."

"Well, father, if I prove my folly by getting into scrapes, I prove my wit by getting out of them."

"Yes, that may be true, Tom; but suppose we had both come down with a run, what would you have thought then?"

"I suspect, father, that I should have been past all thinking."

"I once did see a thing of that kind happen," said old Tom, calling to mind former scenes in his life; "and I'll tell you a yarn about it, boys, because they say danger makes friends." Tom and I sat down by old Tom, who narrated as follows.

"When I was captain of the main-top in the *Le Minerve*, forty-four gun frigate, we were the smartest ship up the Mediterranean; and many's the exercise we were the means of giving to other ship's companies, because they could not beat us—no, not even hold a candle to us. In both fore and main-top we had eight-and-twenty as smart chaps as ever put their foot to a rattling, or slid down by the a'ter backstay. Now the two captains of the fore-top were both prime young men, active as monkeys, and bold as lions. One was named Tom Her-

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bert, from North Shields, a dark, good-looking chap, with teeth as white as a nigger's, and a merry chap he was, always showing them. The other was a Cockney chap. Your Lunnunners arn't often good seamen, but when they are seamen, there's no better; they never allow any one to show them the way, that's for sartain, being naturally spunky sort of chaps, and full of tricks and fun. This fellow's name was Bill Wiggins, and between him and Herbert there was always a jealousy, who should be the smartest man. I've seen both of them run out on the yard, in fine weather, without holding on nothing, seize the lift and down to their station, haul up the earing, in no time; up by the lift again, and down on deck, by the backstay, before half the men had time to get clear of the top. In fact, they often risked their lives in bad weather, when there was no occasion for it, that one might outdo the other. Now this was all very well, and a good example to the other men; the captain and officers, too, appeared to like these contests for superiority, but it ended in their hating each other, and not being even on speaking terms, which, as the two captains of the top, was bad. They had quarrelled often and fought five times, neither proving the better man; either both done up, or parted by the master-at-arms, and reported to the first lieutenant; so that at last they were not so much countenanced by the officers, and were out of favour with the captain, who threatened to disrate them both if ever they fought again.

"We were cruising off the Gulf of Lyons, where sometimes it blows hard enough to blow the devil's horns off, though the gales never last very long. We were under close-reefed fore and maintop sail, storm stay sail and trysail, when there was a fresh hand at the bellows, and the captain desired the officer of the watch, just before dinner, to take in the fore-top sail. Not to disturb the watch below, the main-top men were ordered up forward, to help the fore-top men of the watch; and I was of course aloft, ready to lie out on the lee yard-arm—when Wiggins, who had the watch below, came up in the top, not liking that Herbert should be at work in such weather, without he being there too.

"Tom," says Wiggins to me, 'I'll take the yardarm.'

"Very well," says I, 'with all my heart, then I'll look to the bunt.'

"Just at that time there came on a squall with rain, which almost blinded us; the sail was taken in very neatly, clew-lines chock-a-block, bunt-lines and lee-line well up, reef-tackles overhauled, rolling tackles taut, and all as it should be. The men lied out on the yard, the squall wore worse and worse, and they were handing in the lee of the sail, when snap went one bunt-line, then the other, the sail flapped and flagged, till away went the lee-line, and the men dived to the yards for their lives; for the sail mastered them, and they could do nothing. At last it split like thunder, buffeting the men on the yardarms, till they were almost senseless, until to windward it wore

away into long coach-whips, and the whole of the canvas left was at the lee yardarm. The men laid in at last with great difficulty, quite worn out by fatigue and clinging for their existence; all but Wiggins, who was barred by the sail to leeward from making his footing good on the horse; and there he was, poor fellow, completely in irons, and so beaten by the canvas that he could hardly be said to be sensible. It takes a long while to tell all this, but it wasn't the work of a minute. At last he made an attempt to get up by the lift, but was struck down, and would have been hurled overboard, if it hadn't been that his leg fell over the horse, and there he was head downwards, hanging over a raging sea, ready to swallow him up as soon as he dropt into it. As every one expected he would be beat off before any assistance could be given, you may guess that it was an awful moment to those below who were looking up at him, watching for his fall and the roll of the ship, to see if he fell clear into the sea or was dashed to pieces in the fore-chains.

"I couldn't bear to see a fellow-creature, and good seaman in the bargain, in that state, (and although the captain dared not order any one to help him, yet there were one or two midshipmen hastening up the fore-rigging, with the intent, I have no doubt, of trying to save him, for midshipmen don't value their lives a quid of tobacco,) so I seized the studding-sail halyards, and runs up the topmost rigging, intending to go down by the lift, and pass a bowling knot round him before he fell, when who should I meet at the cross-trees but Tom Herbert, who snatched the rope out of my hand, bawling to me through the gale,

"This is my business, Tom."

"Down he goes by the lift, the remainder of the canvas flapped over him, and I seed no more until I heard a cry from all below, and away went Herbert and Wiggins, both together, flying to leeward just as the ship was taking her recovery to windward. Fortunately they both fell clear of the ship about two feet, not more, and as their fall was expected, they had prepared below. A master's mate, of the name of Simmonds, and the captain of the fore-castle, both went overboard in bowling knots, with another in their hands, and in a minute or two they were all four on board again; but Herbert and Wiggins were both senseless, and a long while coming to again. Well, now, what do you think was the upshot of it? why, they were the best friends in the world ever afterwards, and would have died for one another; and if one had a glass of grog from the officers for any little job, instead of touching his fore-lock and drinking it off to the officer's health, he always took it out of the gun-room, that he might give half of it to the other. So, d'ye see, my boys, as I said before I began my yarn, that danger makes friends.

"Tis said we venturous dies hard,—

When we leave the shore,
Our friends may mourn, lest we return
To bless their sight no more.

But this it is a notion,
 Bold Jack can't understand,
 Some die upon the ocean,
 And some upon dry land."

"And if we had tumbled, father, we should have just died betwixt and between, not water enough to float us. It would have been *woolez vous parlez vous* plump in the mud, as you say sometimes."

"Why yes, Tom. I've a notion that I should have been planted too deep, ever to have struck root," replied the old man, looking at his wooden stumps.

"Why yes, father, *legs* are *legs*, when you tumble into six foot of mud. How you would have *dibbled* down, if your *daddles* hadn't held on."

"Well then, Tom, recollect that you never *sell* your father for a *lark* again."

Tom laughed, and catching at the word, although used in a different sense, sung,

"Just like the *lark*, high poised in air.

"And so were you, father, only that you didn't sing as he does, and you didn't leave your young one below in the nest."

"Aye, it is the young uns which prevent the old ones from rising in the world—that's very true, Tom. Hallo, who have we got here? My service to you, at all events."

"We've no *sarrice* in our country, I've a notion, my old bob-tail roarer. When do you come along-side of my schooner, for t'other lading, with this craft of yours? Not to-night, I guess."

It was the captain of the American schooner, from out of which we were then taking the casks of flour.

"Well, you've guessed right this time," replied old Tom, "we shall lie on the mud till to-morrow morning, with your permission."

"Yes, for all the world like a Louisiana alligator. You take things coolly, I've a notion, in the old country. I don't want to be hanging head and starn in this little bit of a river of yourn. I must be back to New York afore fever time."

"She be a pretty craft, that little thing of yours," observed old Tom: "how long may she take to make the run?"

"How long? I expect in just no time; and she'd go as fast again, only she won't wait for the breeze to come up with her."

"Why don't you heave-to for it?" said young Tom.

"Lose too much time, I guess. I've been chased by an easterly wind all the way from your Land's End to our Narrows, and it never could overhaul me."

"And I presume the porpusses give it up in despair, don't they?" replied old Tom, with a leer; "and yet I've seen the creatures playing across the bows of an English frigate at her speed, and laughing at her."

"They never play their tricks with me, old snapper; if they do, I cuts them in halves, and a-starn they go, head part floating on one side, and tail part on the other."

"But don't they join together again when they meet in your wake?" inquired Tom.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied the American captain.

"Pray, captain, what may be that vessel they talk so much about at New York?" Old Tom referred to the first steam vessel, whose qualities at that time had been tried, and an exaggerated report of which had been copied from the American papers. "That ship, or whatever she may be, that sails without masts, yards, or canvas; it's quite above my comprehension."

"Old country heads can't take it in. I'll tell you what—she goes slick through the water, a-head or a-starn, broadside on, or up or down, or any way; and all you have to do is to poke the fire and warm your fingers; and the more you poke, the faster she goes, 'gainst wind and tide."

"Well, I must see that, to believe it, though," replied old Tom.

"No fear of a capsize, I calculate. My little craft did upset with me one night, in a pretty considerable heavy gal; but she's smart, and came up again on the other side in a moment, all right as before. Never should have known any thing about it, if the man at the wheel had not found his jacket wet, and the men below had a round turn in all the clues of their hammocks."

"After that round turn, you may belay," cried Tom, laughing.

"Yes, but don't let's have a stopper over all, Tom," replied his father. "I consider all this excessively *divarting*. Pray, captain, does every thing else go fast in the new country?"

"Every thing with us *clean slick*, I guess."

"What sort of horses have you in America?" inquired I.

"Our Kentucky horses, I've a notion, would surprise you. They're almighty goers, at a trot, beat a N. W. gal of wind. I once took an Englishman with me in a gig up Allibama country, and he says, 'What's this great church-yard we are passing through?' 'And stranger,' says I, 'I calculate it's nothing but the milestones, we are passing so *slick*.' But I once had a horse, who, I expect, was a deal quicker than that. I once seed a flash of lightning chase him for half an hour round the clearance, and I guess it couldn't catch him. But I can wait no longer. I expect you'll come alongside to-morrow afore meridian."

"Aye, aye, master," replied old Tom, tuning up.

"Twas post meridian, half-past four,
 By signal I from Nancy parted,
 At five she lingered on the shore,
 With uplift eyes and broken-hearted."

"I calculate you are no fool of a screamer," said the American, shoving off his boat from the barge, and pulling to his vessel.

"And I calculate you're no fool of a liar," said young Tom, laughing.

"Well, so he is; but I do like a good lie, Jacob, there's some fun in it. But what the devil does the fellow mean by calling a gale of wind—a gal?"

"I don't know," replied Tom, "unless for

the sailing." Our by Mr. whom came Mr. sea w to me day, a of his out of desk. Come. "I s do yo eye-sa "Y perting guard. "W story, as for ed." Mr. by this also u young to take the he "Why to the mean "I away time." "V viour know "Tr tricks. wheel up to "Ch do you in a ra "My pose. This peeted than e "Yo Tom, I lunde "Yo write, alter t thing. and I don't u when I Bartle "An "W mark There quiet a ere lon Tom not tal minute comme Vol.

the same reason that we call a girl—a *blowing*."

Our conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Hodgson, the new head-clerk, of whom I have hitherto said nothing. He came into the establishment in the place of Mr. Tomkins, when we quitted the Battersea wharf, and had taken an evident dislike to me, which appeared to increase every day, as Mr. Drummond gave fresh marks of his approbation. "You, Faithful, come out of that barge directly, and go to your desk. I will have no eye-servers under me. Come out, sir, directly."

"I say, Mr. Quilldriver," cried old Tom, "do you mean for to say, that Jacob is an eye-server?"

"Yes, I do; and want none of your impertinence, or I'll unship you, you old black-guard."

"Well, then, for the first part of your story, my service to you, and you *lies*; and as for the second, that remains to be proved."

Mr. Hodgson's temper was not softened by this reply of old Tom's. My blood was also up, for I had borne much already; and young Tom was bursting with impatience to take my part. He walked carelessly by the head-clerk, saying to me as he passed by, "Why I thought, Jacob, you were 'prentice to the river; but it seems that you're bound to the counting-house. How long do you mean to sarve?"

"I don't know," replied I, as I walked away sulkily; "but I wish I was out of my time."

"Very well, sir, I shall report your behaviour to Mr. Drummond. I'll make him know your tricks."

"Tricks! you won't let him know his tricks. His duty is to take his trick at the wheel," replied old Tom; "not to be brought up to your cheating tricks at the desk."

"Cheating tricks, you old scoundrel, what do you mean by that?" replied Mr. Hodgson, in a rage.

"My father means *legerdemain*, I suppose," replied young Tom.

This repartee, from a quarter so little expected, sent off the head-clerk more wrath than ever.

"You seemed to hit him hard there, Tom," said his father; "but I can't say that I understand how."

"You've had me taught to read and write, father," replied young Tom; "and after that a lad may teach himself every thing. I pick up every day, here and there; and I never see a thing or a word that I don't understand, but I find out the meaning when I can. I picked up that hard word at Bartlemy fair."

"And very hard you hit him with it."

"Who wouldn't to serve a friend? But mark my words, father, this won't last long. There's a squall blowing up, and Jacob, quiet as he seems to be, will show his teeth ere long."

Tom was correct in his surmise. I had not taken my seat at my desk more than a minute, when Mr. Hodgson entered and commenced a tirade of abuse, which my

pride could no longer allow me to submit to. An invoice perfectly correct and well written, which I had nearly completed, he snatched from before me, tore into fragments, and ordered me to write over again. Indignant at this treatment, I refused, and throwing down my pen, looked him determinedly in the face. Irritated at this defiance, he caught up a Directory, and threw it at my head. No longer able to command myself, I seized a ruler and returned the salute. It was whizzing through the air as Mr. Drummond entered the room; and, he was just in time to witness Mr. Hodgson struck on the forehead and felled to the ground, while I remained with my arm raised standing upon the cross bar of my high stool, my face glowing with passion.

Appearances were certainly against me. Assistance was summoned, and the head-clerk removed to his chamber, during all which time I remained seated on my stool before the desk, my breast heaving with tumultuous feelings. How long I remained there I cannot say, it might have been two hours; feelings long dormant had been aroused, and whirled round and round in a continual cycle in my feverish brain. I should have remained probably much longer in this state of absorption, had I not been summoned to attend Mr. Drummond. It appeared that in the mean time Mr. Hodgson had come to his own senses, and had given his own version of the fracas, which had been to an unjustifiable degree corroborated by the stupid young clerk, who was no friend of mine, and who sought favour with his principal. I walked up to the drawing-room, where I found Mr. and Mrs. Drummond, and little Sarah, whose eyes were red with crying. I entered without any feeling of alarm, my breast was too full of indignation. Mrs. Drummond looked grave and mournful, Mr. Drummond severe.

"Jacob Faithful, I have sent for you to tell you, that in consequence of your disgraceful conduct to my senior clerk, you can no longer remain under my roof. It appears that what I have been a witness to this day, has been but a sequel to behaviour equally improper and impertinent; that so far from having, as I thought, done your duty, you have constantly neglected it; and that the association you have formed with that drunken old man and his insolent son, has led you into this folly. You may say that it was not your wish to remain on shore, and that you preferred being on the river. At your age, it is too often the case that young people consult their wishes rather than their interest; and it is well for them if they find those who are older, and wish them well, to decide for them. I had hoped to have been able to place you in a more respectable situation in society, than was my original intention when you were thrown upon me a destitute orphan; but I now perceive my error. You have proved yourself not only deceitful, but ungrateful."

"I have not," interrupted I, calmly.

"You have. I have been a witness myself to your impropriety of conduct, which

it appears has long been concealed from me; but no more of that. I bound you apprentice to the river, and you must now follow up your apprenticeship; but expect nothing further from me. You must now work your own way up in the world, and I trust that you will reform and do well. You may return to the lighter until I can procure you a situation in another craft, for I consider it my duty to remove you from the influence of those who have led you astray, and with that old man and his son you shall not remain. I have one thing more to say. You have been in my counting-house for some months, and you are now about to be thrown upon the world. There is ten pounds for your services," (and Mr. Drummond laid the money on the table.) "You may also recollect, that I have some money belonging to you, which has been laid by until you should be out of your apprenticeship. I consider it my duty still to retain that money for you; as soon as your apprenticeship is expired, you may demand it, and it shall be made over to you. I trust, sincerely trust, Jacob, that the severe lesson you are now about to receive, will bring you to a sense of what is right, and that you will forget the evil counsel you have received from your late companions. Do not attempt to justify yourself, it is useless," Mr. Drummond then rose, and left the room.

I should have replied had it not been for this last sentence of Mr. Drummond's, which again roused the feelings of indignation which, in their presence, had been gradually giving way to softer emotions. I therefore stood still, and firmly met the glance of Mr. Drummond, as he passed me. My looks were construed into hardness of heart.

It appeared that Mr. Drummond had left the room by previous arrangement that he might not be supposed to be moved from his purpose, and that Mrs. Drummond was then to have talked to me, and have ascertained how far there was a chance of my pleading guilty, and begging for a mitigation of my sentence; but the firm composure of innocence was mistaken for defiance; and the blood mounting to my forehead from a feeling of injustice—of injustice from those I loved and venerated—perhaps the most poignant feeling in existence to a sensitive and generous mind—was falsely estimated as proceeding from impetuous and disgraceful sources. Mrs. Drummond looked upon me with a mournful face, sighed, and said nothing; little Sarah watching me with her large black eyes, as if she would read my inmost soul.

"Have you nothing to say, Jacob," at last observed Mrs. Drummond, "that I can tell Mr. Drummond, when his anger is not so great?"

"Nothing, madam," replied I; "except that I'll try to forgive him."

This reply was offensive even to the mild Mrs. Drummond. She rose from her chair. "Come, Sarah," said she, and she walked out of the room, wishing me in a kind, soft

voice, a "good bye, Jacob," as she passed me.

My eyes swam with tears. I tried to return the salutation, but I was too much choked by my feelings; I could not speak, and my silence was again looked upon as contumacy and ingratitude. Little Sarah still remained—she had not obeyed her mother's injunctions to follow her. She was now nearly fourteen years old, and I had known her as a companion and a friend for five years. During the last six months that I had resided in the house, we had become more intimately acquainted. I joined her in the evening in all her pursuits, and Mr. and Mrs. Drummond appeared to take a pleasure in our intimacy. I loved her as a dear sister. My love was based on gratitude. I had never forgotten her kindness to me when I first came under her father's roof, and a long acquaintance with the sweetness of her disposition had rendered the attachment so firm, that I felt that I could have died for her. But I never knew the full extent of the feeling until now that I was about to leave her, perhaps for ever. My heart sunk when Mr. Drummond left the room—a bitter pang passed over it as the form of Mrs. Drummond vanished from my sight; but now was the bitterest of all. I felt it, and I remained with the handle of the door in my hand, gasping for breath—blinded with the tears that coursed each other rapidly down my cheeks. I remained a minute in this state, when I felt that Sarah touched my other listless hand.

"Jacob!" she would have said, but before half my name was out, she burst into tears, and sobbed on my shoulder. My heart was too much surcharged not to take the infection—my grief found vent, and I mingled my sobs with those of the affectionate girl. When we were more composed, I recounted to her all that had passed, and one, at least, in the world acknowledged that I had been treated unjustly. I had but just finished, when the servant interrupted us with a message to Sarah, that her mother desired her presence. She threw herself into my arms, and bade me farewell. When I released her, she hastened to obey her mother, but perceiving the money still upon the table, she pointed to it. "Your money, Jacob."

"No, Sarah, I will not accept it. I would accept of any thing from those who treat me kindly, and feel more and more grateful to them; but that I will not accept—I cannot, and you must not let it be left here. Say that I could not take it."

Sarah would have remonstrated, but perceiving that I was firm, and at the same time, perhaps, entering into my feelings, she again bade me farewell, and hastened away.

The reader may easily imagine that I did not put off my departure. I hastened to pack up my clothes, and in less than ten minutes after Sarah had quitted me, I was on board the lighter, with old Tom and his son, who were then going to supper. They knew a part of what had happened, and I

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narrated the rest. "Well," replied old Tom, after I had finished my story, "I don't know that I have done you any harm, Jacob, and I'm sorry that Mr. Drummond should suppose so. I'm fond of a drop, that's true; but I appeals to you, whether I ever force it on you—and whether I don't check that boy as much as I can; but then, d'ye see, although I preach, I don't practice, that's the worst of it; and I know I've to answer for making Tom so fond of grog; and though I never says any thing about it, I often think to myself, that if Tom should chance to be pressed some of these days, and be punished for being in liquor, he'll think of his old father, and curse him in his heart, when he eyes the cat flourishing round before it strikes."

"I'll curse the cat, father, or the boat-swain's mate, or the officer who complained of me, or the captain who flogs me, or my own folly, but I'll be hanged if ever I curse you, who have been so kind to me," replied Tom, taking his father's hand.

"Well, we must hope for the best, my dear boy," replied old Tom; "but, Jacob, you've not had fair play, that's sartain. It's very true, that master did take you as an orphan, and help you to an education, but that's no reason why he should take away your free will, and after binding you 'prentice to the river, perch you up on a high stool, and grind your nose down to a desk. If so be he was so kind to you only to make you a slave, why then there was no kindness at all, in my opinion; and as for punishment without hearing what a man has to say in his own defence—there's ne'er a Tartar in the service but will allow a man to speak before he orders him to strip. I recollect a story about that in the service, but I'm in no humour to spin a yarn now. Now you see, Jacob, Master Drummond had done a great deal for you, and now he has undone a great deal. I can't pretend to balance the account, but it does appear to me, that you don't owe him much; for what thanks is there if you take a vessel in tow, and then cast her off, half way, when she most needs your assistance? But what hurts me most, is his saying that you sha'n't stay in the lighter with us; if you had, you shouldn't have wanted, as long as pay and pension are forthcoming. Never mind Tom, my boy, bring out the bottle—hang care, it killed the cat."

The grog did not, however, bring back old Tom's spirits; the evening passed heavily, and we retired to our beds at an early hour, as we were to drop down to the schooner early the next morning. That night I did not close my eyes. I ran over, in my mind, all that had passed, and indignation took full possession of my soul. My whole life passed in review before me. I travelled back to my former days, to the time which had been almost obliterated from my memory, when I navigated the barge with my father. Again was the scene of his and my mother's death presented to my view; again I saw him disappear, and the column of black smoke ascend to the sky. The Domine, the matron, Marables, and Fleming, the scene

in the cabin—all passed in rapid succession. I felt that I had done my duty, and that I had been unjustly treated; my head ached with tumultuous and long-suppressed feelings. Reader, I stated that when I was first taken in hand by Mr. Drummond, that I was a savage, although a docile one, to be reclaimed by kindness, and kindness only. You may have been impressed at the rapid change which took place in a few years; that change was produced by kindness. The conduct of Mr. Drummond, of his amiable wife and daughter, had been all kindness; the Domine and the worthy old matron had proved equally beneficent. Marables had been kind; and although now and then, as in the case of the usher at the school, and Fleming on board the lighter, I had received injuries, still, these were but trifling checks to the uninterrupted series of kindness with which I had been treated by every body. Thus was my nature rapidly changed from a system of kindness assisted by education; and had this been followed up, in a few years my new character would have been firmly established. But the blow was now struck, injustice roused up the latent feelings of my nature, and when I rose the next morning I was changed. I do not mean to say that all that precept and education had done for me was overthrown, it was so shaken to the base, so rent from the summit to the foundation, that, at the slightest impulse, in a wrong direction, it would have fallen in and left nothing but a mixed chaos of ruined prospects. If any thing could hold it together, it was the kindness and affection of Sarah, to which I would again and again return in my revolving thoughts, as the only and bright star to be discovered in my clouded horizon.

How dangerous, how foolish, how presumptuous, is it in adults to suppose that they can read the thoughts and the feelings of those of a tender age! How often has this presumption, on their part, been the ruin of a young mind, which, if truly estimated and duly fostered, would have blossomed and produced good fruit! The blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt—and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear—the firmness of conscious innocence is but too often mistaken as the effrontery of hardened vice—and the tears springing from a source of injury, the tongue tied from the oppression of a wounded heart, the trembling and agitation of the little frame convulsed with emotion, have often and often been ascribed by prejudging and self-opinionated witnesses, to the very opposite passions to those which have produced them. Youth should never be judged harshly, and even when judged correctly, should it be in an evil course, may always be reclaimed;—those who decide otherwise, and leave it to drift about the world, have to answer for the *cast-away*.

"Hollo! in the lighter there—I say, you *lighter boy!*" were the words I heard, as I was pacing the deck of the vessel in deep cogitation. Tom and his father were both in the cabin; there could be no doubt but

that they were addressed to me. I looked up and perceived the grinning, stupid, sneering face of the young clerk, Gubbins. "Why don't you answer when you're called to, heh?" continued the numscull. "You're wanted up here; come up directly."

"Who wants me?" replied I, reddening with anger.

"What's that to you? Do you mean to obey my order or not?"

"No, I do not," replied I; "I'm not under the orders of such a fool, thank God; and if you come within my reach, I'll try if I can't break your head, thick as it is, as well as your master's."

The lout disappeared, and I continued to pace up and down.

As I afterwards discovered, the message was from Mrs. Drummond, who requested to speak to me. Sarah had communicated the real facts of my case, and Mrs. Drummond had been convinced that what I had said was correct. She had talked with her husband; she pointed out to him that my conduct under Mr. Tomkins had been so exemplary, that there must have been some reason for so sudden a change. Sarah had gone down into the counting-house, and obtained the invoice which the senior clerk had torn up. The correctness of it established the fact of one part of my assertions, and that nothing but malice could have warranted its having been destroyed. Mr. Drummond felt more than he chose to acknowledge: he was now aware that he had been too precipitate; even my having refused the money assumed a different appearance; he was puzzled and mortified. Few people like to acknowledge that they have been in error. Mr. Drummond therefore left his wife to examine further into the matter, and gave his permission to send for me. The message given, and the results of it, have been stated. The answer returned was, that I would not come, and that I had threatened to break the clerk's head as well as that of Mr. Drummond; for although the scoundrel knew very well that in making use of the word "master," I referred to the senior clerk, he thought it proper to substitute that of Mr. Drummond. The effect of this reply may easily be imagined. Sarah was astonished, Mrs. Drummond shocked, and Mr. Drummond was almost pleased to find that he could not have been in the wrong. Thus was the breach even wider than before, and all communication broken off. Much depends in this world upon messages being correctly given.

In half an hour we had hauled out of the tier and dropped down to the American schooner, to take out a cargo of flour, which old Tom had directions to land at the Battersea wharf; so that I was, for the time, removed from the site of my misfortune. I cannot say that I felt happy, but I certainly felt glad that I was away. I was reckless to a degree that was insupportable. I had a heavy load on my mind which I could not shake off—a preying upon my spirits—a disgust at almost every thing. How well do I

recollect with what different feelings I looked upon the few books which Mr. Drummond and the Domine had given me to amuse my leisure hours. I turned from them with contempt, and thought I would never open them again. I felt as if all ties on shore were now cut off, that I was again wedded to the Thames; my ideas, my wishes extended no further, and I surveyed the river and its busy scene, as I did before I had been taken away from it, as if all my energies, all my prospects, were in future to be bounded by its shores. In the course of four-and-twenty hours, a revulsion had taken place, which again put me on the confines of barbarism.

My bargemates were equally dull as I was; they were too partial to me, and had too much of kindness of heart, not to feel my situation, and anger at the injustice with which I had been treated. Employment, however, for a time relieved our melancholy thoughts. Our cargo was on board of the lighter, and we were again tiding it through the bridges.

We dropped our anchor above Putney Bridge a little after twelve o'clock, and young Tom with the wish of amusing me, proposed that we should go on shore and walk. "Ah! do, my lads, do—it will do you good, Jacob; no use moping here a whole tide. I'll take care of the 'barkey. Mind you make the boat well fast, and take the sculls into the public-house there. I'll have the supper under weigh when you come back, and then we'll have a night on't. It's a poor heart that never rejoices; and Tom, take a bottle on shore, get it filled, and bring it off with you. Here's the money. But I say, Tom, honour bright."

"Honour bright, father;" and to do Tom justice, he always kept his word, especially after the word had passed of "honour bright." Had there been gallons of spirits under his charge, he would not have tasted a drop after that pledge.

"Haul up the boat, Jacob, quick," said Tom, as his father went into the cabin to fetch an empty bottle. Tom hastened down below forward, and brought up an old gun, which he put under the stern sheets before his father came out on the deck. We then received the bottle from him, and Tom called out for the dog Tommy.

"Why, you're not going to take the dog. What's the use of that? I want him here to keep watch with me," said old Tom.

"Pooh! father; why can't you let the poor devil have a run on shore. He wants to eat grass, I'm sure, for I have watched him this day or two. We shall be back before dark."

"Well, well, just as you please, Tom." Tommy jumped into the boat, and away we went.

"And now, Tom, what are you after?" said I, as soon as we were ten yards from the lighter.

"A'ter, Jacob, going to have a little shooting on Wimbledon Common; but father can't bear to see a gun in my hand, because I once shot my old mother. I did popper

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her sure enough; her old flannel petticoat was full of shot, but it was so thick that it saved her. Are you any thing of a shot?"

"Never fired a gun in my life."

"Well, then, we'll fire in turns, and toss up, if you like, for first shot."

We landed, carried the skulls up to the public-house, and left the bottle to be filled, and then, with Tommy bounding before us, and throwing about his bushy tail with delight, ascended Putney Hill, and arrived at the Green Man public-house at the corner of Wimbledon Common. "I wonder where green men are to be found?" observed Tom, laughing; "I suppose they live in the same country with the blue dogs my father speaks about sometimes."

"Now, then, it's time to load." The bowl of a tobacco-pipe full of powder was then inserted, with an equal dose of shot, and all being ready, we were soon among the furze. A halfpenny decided it was my first shot, and fate further decided that a water-wag-tail should be the mark. I took good aim as I thought, at least I took sufficient time, for I followed him with the muzzle of the gun for three or four minutes at least, as he ran to and fro; at last I fired, Tommy barked with delight, and the bird flew away. "I think I must have hit it," said I, "I saw it wag its tail."

"More proof of a miss than a hit," replied Tom. "Had you hit it, he'd never have wagged his tail again."

"Never mind," said I, "better luck next time."

Tom then knocked a blackbird off a furze bush, and loading the gun, handed it to me. I was more successful; a cock sparrow three yards distant yielded to the prowess of my arm, and I never felt more happy in my life than in this first successful attempt at murder.

Gaily did we trudge over the common, sometimes falling in with gravel pits half full of water, at others bogs and swampy plains, which obliged us to make a circuit. The gun was fired again and again, but our game-bag did not fill very fast. However, if we were not quite so well pleased when we missed as when we hit, Tommy was, every shot being followed up with a dozen bounds, and half a minute's barking. At last we began to feel tired, and agreed to repose awhile in a cluster of furze bushes. We sat down, pulled out our game, and spread it in a row before us. It consisted of two sparrows, one greenfinch, one blackbird, and three tomtits. All of a sudden we heard a rustling in the furze, and then a loud squeal. It was the dog, who scenting something, had forced his way into the furze, and had caught a hare, which having been wounded in the loins by some other sportsman, had dragged herself there to die. In a minute we had taken possession of it much to the annoyance of Tommy, who seemed to consider that there was no copartnership in the concern, and would not surrender his prize until after sundry admonitory kicks. When we had fairly beaten him off we were in an ecstasy of delight. We laid the animal out between us, and were admiring it

from the ear to the tip of his tail, when we were suddenly saluted with a voice close to us. "Oh! you blamed young poachers, so I've caught you, have I?" We looked up and beheld the common-keeper. "Come—come along with me; we've a nice clink at Wandsworth to lock you up in. I've been looking a'ter you some time. Hand your gun here."

"I should rather think not," replied I. "The gun belongs to us and not to you;" and I caught up the gun, and presented the muzzle to him.

"What! do you mean to commit murder? Why, you young villains."

"Do you mean to commit a robbery?" retorted I fiercely; "because if you do, I mean to commit murder. Shall I shoot him, Tom?"

"No, Jacob, no; you mustn't shoot men," replied Tom, who perceived that I was in a humour to keep my word with the common-keeper. "Indeed you can't," continued he, whispering to me, "the gun's not loaded."

"Do you mean to refuse to give me up your gun?" repeated the man.

"Yes, I do," replied I, cocking the lock: "so, keep off."

"Oh! you young reprobates—you'll come to the gallows before long, that's certain. Then do you refuse to come with me?"

"I should rather think we do," replied I. "You refuse, do you? Recollect I've caught you in the fact, poaching, with a dead hare in your possession."

"Well, its no use crying about it. What's done can't be helped," replied I.

"Don't you know that all the game, and all the turf, and all the bog, and all the gravel, and all the furze on this common, belong to the Right Hon. Earl Spenser?"

"And all the blackbirds, and all the greenfinches, and all the sparrows, and all the tomtits too, I suppose?" replied I.

"To be sure they do—and I'm common-keeper. Now you'll give me up that hare immediately."

"Look you," replied Tom, "we didn't kill that hare, the dog caught it, and it is his property. We shan't interfere in the matter. If Tommy chooses to let you have it, well and good. Here, Tommy, this here gentleman says," (and Tom pointed to the keeper,) "that this hare," (and Tom pointed to the hare,) "is not yours; now will you 'watch it,' or let him have it."

At the word, "watch it," Tommy laid down with his fore-paws over the hare, and showing a formidable set of ivory, looked fiercely at the man, and growled.

"You see what he says; now you may do as you please," continued Tom, addressing the man.

"Yes—very well—you'll come to the gallows, I see that; but I'll just go and fetch half a dozen men to help me, and then we'll have you in jail."

"Then be smart," replied I, jumping up and levelling the gun. Tommy jumped up also to fly at the man, but Tom caught him by the neck, and restrained him. The common-keeper took to his heels, and as soon

as he was out of gun shot, turned round, shook his fist, and then hastened away to obtain the reinforcement he desired.

"I wish the gun had been loaded," said I. "Why, Jacob, what's come over you? Would you have fired at him? The man is only doing his duty—we have no business here."

"I think otherwise," replied I. "A hare on a common is as much mine as Lord Spenser's. A common belongs to every body."

"That's my opinion too; but, nevertheless, if he gets hold of us, he'll have us in jail; and therefore I propose we make off as fast as we can in the opposite way to which he is gone."

We started accordingly, and as the keeper proceeded in the direction of Wandsworth, we took the other direction; but it so happened, that on turning round, after a quarter of an hour's walk, we perceived the man coming back with three or four others. "We must run for it," cried Tom, "and then hide ourselves." After ten minutes' hard run, we descended into a hollow and swampy place, looking round to see if they could perceive us, and finding that they were not in sight, we plunged into a thick bunch of furze bushes, which completely concealed us. Tommy followed us, and there we lay. "Now they never will find us," said Tom, "if I can only keep the dog quiet. Lie down, Tommy. Watch, and lie down." The dog appeared to understand what was required; he laid between us perfectly still.

We had remained there about half an hour when we heard voices. I motioned to Tom to give me the powder to load the gun, but he refused. The voices came nearer. Tommy gave a low growl. Tom held his mouth with his hands. At last they were close to the bushes, and we heard the common-keeper say, "They never went over the hill, that's for certain, the little wagrants; they can't be far off—they must be down in the hollow. Come along."

"But I'm blessed if I'm not up to my knees in the bog," cried one of the men. "I'll not go further down, dang me if I do."

"Well, then, lets try the side of the bog," replied the keeper, "I'll show you the way." And the voices retreated, fortunately for us, for there had been a continual struggle between us and the dog for the last minute. I holding his fore-paws, and Tom jamming up his mouth. We were now all quiet again, but dare not leave our hiding-place.

We remained there for half an hour, when it became nearly dark, and the sky, which had been quite clear when we set out clouded over. Tom put up his head, looked all round, and perceiving nobody, proposed that we should return as fast as we could, to which I agreed. But we were scarcely clear of the furze in which we had been concealed, when a heavy fall of snow commenced, which, with the darkness, prevented us from distinguishing our way. Every minute the snow storm increased, the wind rose, and hurled the flakes into our faces until we were blinded. Still we

made good way against it, and expected every minute to be on the road, after which our task would be easy. On we walked in silence, I carrying the gun, Tom with the hare over his shoulder, and Tommy at our heels. For upwards of an hour did we thread our way through the furze, but could find no road. Above us all was dark as pitch, the wind howled, our clothes were loaded with the snow, and we began to feel no inconsiderable degree of fatigue.

At last, quite tired out, we stopped. "Tom," said I, "I'm sure we've not kept a straight course. The wind was on our starboard side, and our clothes were flaked with snow on that side, and now you see we've got it on our quarter. What the devil shall we do?"

"We must go on till we fall in with something, at all events," replied Tom.

"And I expect that will be a gravel-pit," replied I; "but never mind better luck next time." I only wish I had that rascal of a common-keeper here. Suppose we turn back again, and keep the wind on the starboard side of us as before; we must pitch upon something at last."

We did so, but our difficulties increased every moment; we floundered in the bogs, we tumbled over the stumps of the cut furze, and had I not caught hold of Tom as he was sliding down, he would have been at the bottom of a gravel-pit. This obliged us to alter our course, and we proceeded for a quarter of an hour in another direction, until, worn out with cold and fatigue, we began to despair.

"This will never do, Tom," said I, as the wind rose and roared with double fury. "I think we had better get into the furze, and wait till the storm is over."

Tom's teeth chattered with the cold, but before he could reply, they chattered with fear. We heard a loud scream *overhead*.

"What was that?" cried he. I confess that I was as much alarmed as Tom. The scream was repeated, and it had an unearthly sound. It was no human voice—it was between a scream and a creak. Again it was repeated, and carried along with the gale. I mustered up courage sufficient to look up to where the sound proceeded from, but the darkness was so intense, and the snow blinded me so completely, that I could see nothing. Again and again did the dreadful sound ring in our ears, and we remained fixed and motionless with horror; even the dog crouched at our feet trembling. We spoke not a word—neither of us moved; the gun had fallen from my hand, the hare laid at Tom's feet; we held each other's hand in silence, and there we remained more than a quarter of an hour, every moment more and more sinking under the effects of cold, fatigue, and horror. Fortunately for us, the storm, in which, had it continued much longer, we should in all probability have perished, was by that time over, the snow ceased to fall, the clouds were rolled away to leeward, and a clear sky, bespangled with a thousand twinkling lights, roused us from our state of bodily and mental suffering. The first object which caught my

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eye was a post within two yards of us; I looked at it, followed it up with my eyes, and, to my horror, beheld a body suspended and swinging in chains over our heads.

As soon as I recovered from the shock, which the first view occasioned, I pointed it out to Tom, who had not yet moved. He looked up, started back, and fell over the dog—jumped up again, and burst out into as loud a laugh as his frozen jaws would permit.

"It's old Jerry Abershaw," said he, "I know him well, and now I know where we are." This was the case; Abershaw had, about three years before, been hung in chains on Wimbledon Common, and the unearthly sound we had heard was the creaking of the rusty iron as the body was swung to and fro by the gale.

"All's right, Jacob," said Tom, looking up at the brilliant sky, and then taking up the hare, "We'll be on the road in five minutes." I shouldered the gun, and off we set. "By the Lord, that rascally common-keeper was right," continued Tom, as we renewed our steps; "he prophesied we should come to the gallows before long, and so we have. Well, this has been a pretty turn out. Father will be in a precious stew."

"Better luck next time, Tom," replied I, "it's all owing to that turf-and-bog rascal. I wish we had him here."

"Why would you would you do with him?"

"Take down old Abershaw, and hang him up in his place, as sure as my name's Jacob."

We soon recovered the road, and in half an hour were at Putney Bridge; cold, wet, and tired, but not so bad as when we were stationary under the gallows; the quick walking restored the circulation. Tom went in for the bottle of spirits, while I went for the seals and carried them down to the boat, which was high and dry, and nearly up to the thwarts with snow. When Tom joined me, he appeared with two bottles under his arms. "I have taken another upon tick, Jacob," said he, "for I'm sure we want it, and so will father say, when he hears our story. We launched our boat, and in a couple of minutes were close to the lighter, on the deck of which stood old Tom."

"Boat ahoy! is that you, lads?" cried he.

"Yes, father, all's right," replied Tom, as we laid in our oars.

"Thank God!" replied the old man. "Boys, boys, how you frightened me! where have you been? I thought that you had met with some disaster. How have I been peeping through the snow storm these last two hours, watching for the boat, and I'm as wet as a shag, and as cold as charity. What has been the matter? Did you bring the bottle, Tom?"

"Yes, father; brought two, for we shall want them to-night, if we go without for a week; but we must all get on dry rigging as fast as possible, and then you shall have the story of our cruise."

In a few minutes we had changed our wet clothes and were seated at the cabin-table, eating our supper and narrating our adventures to the old man. Tommy, poor fellow, had his share, and now laid snoring at our

feet, as the bottles and pannikins were placed upon the little table.

"Come, Jacob, a drop will do you good," said old Tom, filling me one of the pannikins. "After all, it's much better being snug here in this little cabin, than shivering with fear and cold under old Abershaw's gallows; and Tom, you scamp, if ever you go gunning again, I'll disinherit you."

"What have you got to leave, father, except your wooden legs?" replied Tom. "Your's would be but a wooden leg-acy."

"How do you know but what I can 'post the coal?'"

"So you will, if I boil a pot o' 'tatoes with your legacy—but it will only be char-coal."

"Well, I believe you are about right, Tom; still, somehow or another, the old woman always picks out a piece or two of gold when I'm rather puzzled how to raise the wind. I never keeps no 'count with her. If I follow my legs before she, I hope the old soul will have saved something; for you know when a man goes to kingdom come, his pension goes with him. However, let me only hold on another five years, and then you'll not see her want; will you, Tom?"

"No, father, I'll sell myself to the king, and stand to be shot at, at a shilling a day; and give the old woman half."

Well, Tom, 'tis but natural for a man to wish to serve his country; so here's to you, my lad, and may you never do worse! Jacob, do you think of going on board of a man-of-war?"

"I'd like to serve my apprenticeship first, and then I don't care how soon."

"Well, my boy, you'll meet more fair play on board of a king's ship, than you have from those on shore."

"I should hope so," replied I bitterly.

"And I hope to see you a man before I die, yet, Jacob. I shall very soon be laid up in ordinary—my toes pain me a good deal, lately."

"Your toes!" cried Tom and I, both at once.

"Yes, boys; you may think it odd, but sometimes I feel them just as plain as if they were now on, instead of being long ago in some shark's maw. At nights I has the cramp in them till it almost makes me hallow out with pain. It's a hard thing that when one has lost the service of his legs, that all the feelings should remain. The doctor says as how it's nervous. Come, Jacob, shove in your pannikin. You seem to take it more kindly than you did."

"Yes," replied I, "I begin to like grog, now." The *more*, however, might be comprehended within the space of the last twenty-four hours. My depressed spirits were raised with the stimulus, and for the time I got rid of the eternal current of thought which pressed upon my brain.

"I wonder what your old gentleman, the Domine, as you call him, thought, after he got on shore again," said old Tom. "He seemed to be mighty cut up. I suppose you'll give him a hail, Jacob?"

"No," replied I, "I shall not go near him, nor any body else, if I can help it. Mr.

Drummond may think I wish to make it up again. I've done with the shore. I only wish I knew what is to become of me; for you know I am not to serve in the lighter with you."

"Suppose Tom and I look out for another craft, Jacob? I care nothing for Mr. Drummond. He said t'other day I was a drunken old swab—for which, with my service to him, he lies. A drunken fellow is one who can't for the soul of him, keep from liquor, when he can get it, and who's overtaken before he is aware of it. Now that's not the case with me; I keep sober when there's work to be done; and when I know that every thing is safe under hatches, and no fear of nothing, why then I gets drunk like a rational being, with my eyes open—'cause why—'cause I chooses."

"That's exactly my notion of the thing," observed Tom, draining his pannikin, and handing it over to his father for a fresh supply.

"Mind you keep to that notion, Tom, when you gets in the king's service, that's all; or you'll be sure to have your back scratched, which I understand is no joke, a'ter all. Yet I do remember once, in a ship I was in, when half a dozen fellows were all fighting who should be flogged."

"Pray give us that yarn, father; but before you begin, just fill my pannikin. I shoved it over half an hour ago, just by way of a hint."

"Well, then," said old Tom, pouring out some spirits into Tom's pannikin, "it was just as follows. It was when the ship was lying at anchor in Bermuda harbour, that the purser sent a breaker of spirits on shore, to be taken up to some lady's house, whom he was very anxious to splice, and I suppose he found that a glass of grog helped the matter. Now there were about twenty of the men who had liberty to go on shore to stretch their limbs—little else could they do, poor fellows, for the first lieutenant looked sharp after their kits, to see that they did not sell any of their rigging, and as for money, we had been five years without touching a farthing of pay, and I don't suppose there was a matter of three-pence among the men before the mast. However, liberty's liberty, a'ter all; and if they couldn't go ashore and get glorious, rather than not go on shore at all—they went ashore, and kept sober per force. I do think, myself, it's a very bad thing to keep the seamen without a farthing for so long—for you see a man who will be very honest with a few shillings in his pocket, is often tempted to help himself, just for the sake of getting a glass or two of grog, and the temptation's very great, that's sartin, ticularly in a hot climate, when the sun scorches you, and the very ground itself is so heated, that you can hardly bear the naked foot to it. But to go on. The yawl was ordered on shore for the liberty men, and the purser gives this breaker, which was at least half full, and I dare say there might be three gallons in it, under my charge, as coxswain, to deliver to madam at the house. Well, as soon as we landed,

I shoulders the breaker, and starts with it up the hill.

"What have you there, Tom?" said Bill Short.

"What I wish I could share with you, Bill," says I; 'it's some of old Nipcheese's eighths, that he has sent on shore to bowse his jib up with, with his sweetheart.'

"I've seen the madam," said Holmes to me—for you see all the liberty men were walking up the hill at the same time—and I'd rather make love to the breaker than to her. She's as fat as an ox, as broad as she's long, built like a Dutch schuyt, and as yellow as a nabob."

"But old Tummings knows what he's about," said a Scotch lad, of the name of M'Alpine; 'they say she has lots of gold dust, more ducks and ingnions, and more inches of water in her tank, than any one on the island.'

"You see, boys, Bermuda, be a queer sort of a place, and water very scarce, all they get there is a God-send, as it comes from heaven; and they look sharp out for the rain, which is collected in large tanks, and an inch or two more of water in the tank is considered a great catch. I've often heard the ladies there talking after a shower:—

"Good morning, marm. How you do dis fine morning?"

"Pretty well, I thank you, marm. Charming shower hab last night."

"Yes, so all say, but me not very lucky. Cloud not come over my tank. How many inches you get last night, marm."

"I get good seven inches, and I tink a little bit more, which make me very happy."

"Me no so lucky, marm; so help me God, me only get four inches, and dat noting."

"Well, but I've been yawning again, so now to keep my course. As soon as I came to the house I knocked at the door, and a little black girl opens the jalousies, and put her finger to her thick lips.

"No make noise; missey sleep."

"Where am I to put this?"

"Put down there; by-and-by I come fetch it; and then she closed the jalousies, for fear her mistress should be woke up, and she get a hiding, poor devil. So I puts the breaker down at the door, and walks back to the boat again. Now you see these liberty men were all by when I spoke to the girl, and seeing the liquor left with no one to guard it, the temptation was too strong for them. So they looked all about them, and then at one another, and caught one another's meaning by the eye; but they said nothing. 'I'll have no hand in it,' at last says one, and walked away. 'Nor I,' said another, and he walked away too. At last all of them walked away except eight, and then Bill Short walks up to the breaker, and says,

"I won't have no hand in it either; but he gave the breaker a kick, which rolls it away two or three yards from the door.

"Nor more will I," said Holmes, giving the breaker another kick, which rolled it

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out in the road. So they all went on, without having a hand in it, sure enough, till they had kicked the breaker down the hill to the beach. Then they were at a dead stand, as no one would spile the breaker. At last a black carpenter came by, and they offered him a glass, if he would bore a hole with his gimlet, for they were determined to be able to swear, every one of them, that they had *no hand in it*. Well, as soon as the hole was bored, one of them borrowed a couple of little mugs from a black woman, who sold beer, and then they let it run, shoving one mug under as soon as the other was full, and drinking as fast as they could. Before they had half finished, more of the liberty men came down; I suppose they scented the good stuff from above, as a shark does any thing in the water, and they soon made a finish of it; and when it was all finished, they were all drunk, and made sail for a cruise, that they might not be found too near the empty breaker. Well, a little before sunset. I was sent on shore with the boat to fetch off the liberty men, and the purser takes this opportunity of going ashore to see his madam, and the first thing he falls athwart of, is his own empty breaker.

"How's this?" says he, 'didn't you take this breaker up as I ordered you?'

"Yes, sir," replied I, 'I did, and gave it in charge to the little black thing; but madam was asleep, and the girl would not allow me to put it inside the door.' At that he began to storm, and swore that he'd find out the malefactors, as he termed the liberty men, who had emptied his breaker, and away he went to the house. As soon as he was gone, we got hold of the breaker, and made a *bull* of it.

"How did you manage that?" inquired I.

"Why, Jacob, a *bull* means putting a quart or two of water into a cask which has had spirits in it; and what with the little that may be left, and what has soaked in the wood, if you roll it and shake it well, it generally turns out pretty fair grog. At all events it's always better than nothing. Well, to go on,—but suppose we fill up again, and take a fresh departure, as this is a tolerable long yarn, and I must wet the threads, or they may chance to break."

Our pannikins, which had been empty, were all replenished, and then old Tom proceeded.

"It was a long while before we could pick up the liberty men, who were reeling about every corner of the town, and quite dark before I came on board. The first lieutenant was on deck, and had no occasion to ask me why I waited so long, when he found they were all lying in the stern sheets. 'Where the devil could they have picked up the liquor?' said he, and then ordered the master-at-arms to keep them under the half-deck till they were sober. The next morning the purser comes off, and makes his complaint on the quarter-deck, as how somebody had stolen his liquor. The first lieutenant reports to the captain, and the captain orders up all the men who came off tipsy."

"Which of you took the liquor?" said he. They all swore they had no hand in it. "Then how did you get tipsy? Come now, Mr. Short, answer me, you came off beastly drunk—who gave you the liquor?"

"A black fellow, sir," replied Short; which was true enough, as the mugs were filled by the black carpenter, and handed by him.

"Well, they all swore the same, and then the captain got into a rage, and ordered them all to be put down on the report. The next day the hands were turned up for punishment, and the captain said,

"Now, my lads, if you won't tell who stole the purser's grog, I will flog you all round. I only want to flog those who committed the theft, for it is too much to expect of seamen, that they would refuse a glass of grog when offered to them."

"Now, Short and the others had had a parley together, and had agreed how to act; they knew the captain could not bear flogging, and was a very kind-hearted man. So Bill Short steps out, and says, touching his forelock to the captain,

"If you please, sir, if all must be flogged, if nobody will peach, I think it better to tell the truth at once. It was I who took the liquor."

"Very well, then, said the captain—strip, sir." So Bill Short pulls off his shirt, and is sazed up. 'Boatswain's mate,' said the captain, 'give him a dozen.'

"Beg your honour's pardon," said Jack Holmes, stepping out of the row of men brought out for punishment; 'but I can't bear to see an innocent man punished, and since one must be flogged, it must be the right one. It warn't Bill Short that took the liquor, it was I.'

"Why how's this?" said the captain, 'didn't you own that you took the liquor, Mr. Short?'

"Why, yes, I did say so, 'cause I didn't wish to see *every body* flogged—but the truth's the truth, and I had no hand in it."

"Cast him loose.—Holmes, you'll strip, sir," Holmes stripped and was tied up. 'Give him a dozen,' said the captain; when out steps M'Alpine, and swore it was him, and not Holmes; and axed leave to be flogged in his stead. At which the captain bit his lips to prevent laughing, and then they knew all was right. So another came forward, and says it was him, and not M'Alpine; and another contradicts him again, and so on. At last the captain says, 'One would think flogging was a very pleasant affair, you are all so eager to be tied up; but, however, I sha'n't flog to please you. I shall find out who was the real culprit, and punish him severely. In the mean time, you keep them all on the report, Mr. P—,' speaking to the first lieutenant. 'Depend upon it, I'll not let you off, although I do not choose to flog innocent men.' So they piped down, and the first lieutenant, who knew that the captain never meant to take any more notice of it, never made no inquiries, and the thing blew over. One day, a month or two after, I told the officers how it all was managed, and they laughed heartily.

We continued our carouse till a late hour, old Tom constantly amusing us with his long yarns; and that night, for the first time, I went to bed intoxicated. Old Tom and his son assisted me into my bed-place, old Tom observing,

"Poor Jacob, it will do him good; his heart was heavy, and now he'll forget it all, for a little time at all events."

"Well, but father, I don't like to see Jacob drunk," replied young Tom. "It's not like him—it's not worthy of him; as for you or me, it's nothing at all; but I feel Jacob never was meant to be a toper. I never saw a lad so altered in a short time, and I expect bad will come of it, when he leaves us."

I awoke, as might be supposed, after my first debauch, with a violent headache, but I had also a fever, brought on by previous anxiety of mind. I rose, dressed, and went on deck, where the snow was nearly a foot deep. It now froze hard, and the river was covered with small pieces of floating ice. I rubbed my burning forehead with the snow, and felt relief. For some time I assisted Tom to heave it overboard, but the fever pressed upon me, and in less than half an hour I could no longer stand to the exertion. I sat down on the water cask, and pressed my hands to my throbbing temples.

"You are not well, Jacob?" inquired Tom, coming up to me with the shovel in his hand, and glowing with health and exercise.

"I am not, indeed, Tom," replied I, "feel how hot I am."

Tom went to his father, who was in the cabin, padding, with extra flannel, his stumps, to defend them from the cold, which always made him suffer much, and then led me into the cabin. It was with difficulty I could walk: my knees trembled, and my eyesight was defective. Old Tom took my hand as I sunk on the locker.

"Do you think that it was taking too much last night?" inquired Tom of his father.

"There's more here than a gallon of liquor would have brought about," replied old Tom. "No, no—I see it all. Go to bed again, Jacob."

They put me into bed, and I was soon in a state of stupor, in which I remained until the lighter had arrived at the Brentford Wharf, and for many days afterwards.

When I recovered my senses, I found myself in bed, and Captain Turnbull sitting by my side. I had been removed to his house when the lighter had arrived at the wharf; Captain Turnbull was then talking with Mr. Tomkins, the former head clerk, now in charge: Old Tom came on shore and stated the condition I was in, and Mr. Tomkins having no spare bed in his house, Captain Turnbull immediately ordered me to be taken to his residence, and sent for medical advice. During the time I had remained in this state, old Tom had informed Captain Turnbull, the Domine, and Mr. Tomkins, of the circumstances which had occurred, and how much I had been misrepresented to Mr. Drummond; and not say-

ing a word about the affair at Wimbledon Common, or my subsequent intemperance, had given it as his opinion that ill-treatment had produced the fever. In this, I believe he was nearly correct, although my disease might certainly have been aggravated and hastened by those two unmentioned causes. They all of them took my part, and Mr. Turnbull went to London to state my condition to Mr. Drummond, and also to remonstrate at his injustice. Circumstances had since occurred, which induced Mr. Drummond to lend a ready ear to my justification, but the message I had sent was still an obstacle. This, however, was partly removed by the equivocating testimony of the young clerk, when he was interrogated by Captain Turnbull and Mr. Drummond; and wholly so by the evidence of young and old Tom, who, although in the cabin, had overheard the whole of the conversation; and Mr. Drummond desired Captain Turnbull to inform me as soon as I recovered, that all was forgotten and forgiven. It might have been on his part, but not on mine; and when Captain Turnbull told me so, with the view of raising my spirits, I shook my head as I laid on the pillow. As the reader will have observed, the feeling roused in me by the ill usage I had received was a vindictive one—one that must have been deeply implanted in my heart, although, till then, it had never been roused into action, and now, once roused, was not to be suppressed. That it was based on pride was evident, and with it my pride was raised in proportion. To the imitation of Captain Turnbull, I therefore gave a decided dissent. "No, sir, I cannot return to Mr. Drummond: that he was kind to me, and that I owe much to his kindness, I readily admit; and now that he has acknowledged his error in supposing me capable of such ingratitude, I heartily forgive him; but I cannot and will not receive any more favours from him. I cannot put myself in a situation to be again mortified as I have been. I feel I should no longer have the same pleasure in doing my duty as I once had, and I never could live under the same roof with those who at present serve him. Tell him all this, and pray tell little Sarah how grateful I feel to her for all her kindness to me, and that I shall always think of her with regret, at being obliged to leave her." And at the remembrance of little Sarah, I burst into tears, and sobbed on my pillow. Captain Turnbull, whether he rightly estimated my character, or felt convinced that I had made up my mind, did not renew the subject.

"Well, Jacob," replied he, "we'll not talk of that any more. I'll give your messages just in your own words. Now, take your draught, and try to get a little sleep."

I complied with this request, and nothing but weakness now remaining, I rapidly regained my strength, and, with my strength, my feelings of resentment increased in proportion. Nothing but the very weak state that I was in when Captain Turnbull spoke to me, would have softened me down to give the kind message that I did, but my

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vindictive mind was subdued by disease, and better feelings predominated. The only effect this had was to increase my animosity against the other parties who were the cause of my ill treatment, and I vowed that they, at least, should one day repent their conduct.

The Domine called upon me the following Sunday. I was dressed and looking out of the window when he arrived. The frost was now intense, and the river was covered with large masses of ice, and my greatest pleasure was to watch them as they floated down with the tide. "Thou hast had a second narrow escape, my Jacob," said he, after some preliminary observations. "Once again did death, (*pallida mors*,) hover over thy couch, but thou hast arisen, and thy fair fame is again established. When wilt thou be able to visit Mr. Drummond, and thank him for his kindness?"

"Never, sir," replied I. "I will never again enter Mr. Drummond's house."

"Nay, Jacob, this savourerth of enmity. Are we not all likely to be deceived—all likely to do wrong? Did not I, even I, in thy presence, backslide into intemperance and folly? Did not I disgrace myself before my pupil—and shalt thou, in thy tender years, harbour ill-will against one who hath cherished thee when thou wert destitute, and who was deceived with regard to thee by the base and evil speaking?"

"I am obliged to Mr. Drummond for all his kindness, sir," replied I, "but I never wish to enter his house. I was turned out of it, and never will again go into it."

"*Eheu Jacob*, thou art in error; it is our duty to forgive, as we hope to be forgiven."

"I do forgive, sir, if that is what is requested; but I cannot, and will not, accept of further favours."

The Domine urged in vain, and left me. Mr. Tomkins also came, and argued the point without success. I was resolved. I was determined to be independent; and I looked to the river as my father, mother, home, and every thing. As soon as my health was reinstated, Captain Turnbull one day came to me. "Jacob," said he, "the lighter has returned, and I wish to know if you intend to go on board again, and afterwards go into the vessel into which Mr. Drummond proposes to send you?"

"I will go into no vessel through Mr. Drummond's means or interest," replied I. "What will you do, then?" replied he.

"I can always enter on board a man-of-war," replied I, "if the worst comes to the worst; but if I can serve out my apprenticeship on the river, I should prefer it."

"I rather expected this answer, Jacob, from what you have said to me already; and I have been trying if I cannot help you to something which may suit you. You don't mind being obliged to me?"

"O no; but promise you will never doubt me—never accuse me. My voice faltered, and I could say no more."

"No, my lad, that I will not; I know you. I think, pretty well, and the heart that feels a false accusation as yours does, is sure

to guard against committing what you are so angry at being accused of. Now, Jacob, listen to me. You know old deaf Stapleton, whose wherry we have so often pulled up and down the river? I have spoken to him to take you as his help, and he has consented. Will you like to go? He has served his time, and has a right to take a 'prentice."

"Yes," replied I, "with pleasure, and with more pleasure, from expecting to see you often."

"O, I promise you all my custom, Jacob," replied he, laughing. "We'll often turn old Stapleton out and have a row together. Is it agreed?"

"It is," replied I; "and many thanks to you."

"Well, then, consider it settled. Stapleton has a very good room, and all that's requisite on shore, at Fulham. I have seen his place, and I think you will be comfortable."

I did not know at the time how much Captain Turnbull had been my friend; that he had made Stapleton take better lodgings, and had made up the difference to him, besides allowing him a trifle per week, and promising him a gratuity occasionally if I was content with my situation. In a few days I had removed all my clothes to Stapleton's, had taken my leave of Mr. Turnbull, and was established as an apprentice to a waterman on the Thames. The lighter was still at the wharf when I left, and my parting with old Tom and his son was equally and sincerely felt on both sides.

"Jacob," said old Tom, "I like your pride after all, 'cause why, I think you have some right to be proud; and the man who only asks fair play, and no favour, always will rise in this world. But look you, Jacob, there's sometimes a current 'gainst a man, that no one can make head against; and if so be that should be your case for a time, recollect the old house, the old woman, and old Tom, and there you'll always find a hearty welcome, and a hearty old couple, who'll share with you what they have, be it good, bad, or indifferent. Here's luck to you, my boy; and recollect, I mean to go to the expense of painting the sides of my craft blue, and then you'll always know her as she creeps up and down the river."

"And Jacob," said young Tom; "I may be a wild one, but I'm a true one; if ever you want me, in fair weather or in foul—good or bad—for fun or for mischief—for a help, or for a friend in need, through thick or thin, I'm yours—even to the gallows; and here's my hand upon it."

"Just like you, Tom," observed his father; "but I know what you mean, and all's right." I shook hands with them both, and we parted.

Thus did I remove from the lighter, and at once take up the profession of a waterman. I walked down to the Fulham side, where I found Stapleton at the door of the public house, standing with two or three others, smoking his pipe. "Well, lad, so you're chained to my wherry for two or three years; and I'm to initiate you into all the rules and regulations of the company. Now, I'll tell you one thing, which is, d'y'a

see, when the river's covered with ice as it is just now, haul your wherry up high and dry, and smoke your pipe till the river is clear, as I do now."

"I might have guessed that," replied I, bawling in his ears, "without your telling me."

"Very true, my lad; but don't bawl in my ear quite so loud, I hear none the better for it; my ears require coaxing, that's all."

"Why, I thought you were as deaf as a post."

"Yes, so I be with strangers, 'cause I don't know the pitch of their voice; but with those about me I hear better when they speak quietly—that's human natur. Come, let's go home, my pipe is finished, and as there's nothing to be done on the river, we may just as well make all tidy there."

Stapleton had lost his wife, but he had a daughter, fifteen years old, who kept his lodgings, and *did for him*, as he termed it. He lived in part of some buildings leased by a boat-builder, his windows looking out on the river; and the first floor a bay window thrown out, so that at high water the river ran under it. As for the rooms, consisting of five, I can only say, that they could not be spoken of as large and small, but as small and smaller. The sitting-room was eight feet square, the two bed-rooms at the back, for himself and his daughter, just held a small bed each, and the kitchen, and my room below, were to match; neither were the tenements in the very best repair, the parlour especially, hanging over the river, being lopsided, and giving you the uncomfortable idea that it would every minute fall into the stream below. Still the builder declared that it would last many years without sinking further, and that was sufficient. At all events, they were very respectable accommodations for a waterman, and Stapleton paid 10*l.* per annum. Stapleton's daughter was certainly a very well-favoured girl. She had rather a large mouth, but her teeth were very fine, and beautifully white. Her hair was auburn—her complexion very fair; her eyes were large, and of a deep blue, and from her figure, which was very good, I should have supposed her to have been eighteen, although she was not past fifteen, as I found out afterwards. There was a frankness and honesty of countenance about her, and an intellectual smile, which was very agreeable.

"Well, Mary, how do you get on?" said Stapleton, as we ascended to the sitting-room. "Here's young Faithful come to take up with us."

"Well, father, his bed's all ready; and I have taken so much dirt from the room, that I expect we shall be indicted for filling up the river. I wonder what nasty people lived in this house before us."

"Very nice rooms, nevertheless; a'n't they, boy?"

"O yes, very nice for idle people; you may amuse yourself looking out on the river, or watching what floats by, or fishing with a pin at high water," replied Mary, looking at me.

"I like the river," replied I, gravely; "I was born on it, and hope to get my bread on it."

"And I like this sitting-room," rejoined Stapleton; "how mighty comfortable it will be to sit at the open window, and smoke in the summer time, with one's jacket off!"

"At all events, you'll have no excuse for dirtying the room, father; and as for the lad, I suppose his smoking days have not come yet."

"No," replied I; "but my days for taking off my jacket are, I suspect."

"O yes," replied she, "never fear that; father will let you do all the work you please, and look on—won't you, father?"

"Don't let your tongue run quite so fast, Mary; you're not over fond of work yourself."

"No; there's only one thing I dislike more," replied she, "and that's holding my tongue."

"Well, I shall leave you and Jacob to make it out together; I am going back to the Feathers." And old Stapleton walked down stairs, and went back to the inn, saying, as he went out, that he should be back to his dinner.

Mary continued her employment, of wiping the furniture of the room with a duster for some minutes, during which I did not speak, but watched the floating ice on the river. "Well," said Mary, "do you always talk as you do now? if so, you'll be a very nice companion. Mr. Turnbull, who came to my father, told me that you was a sharp fellow, could read, write, and do every thing, and that I should like you very much; but if you mean to keep it all to yourself, you might as well not have had it."

"I am ready to talk when I have any thing to talk about," replied I.

"That's not enough. I'm ready to talk about nothing, and you must do the same."

"Very well," replied I. "How old are you?"

"How old am I! O then you consider me nothing. I'll try hard but you shall alter your opinion, my fine fellow. However, to answer your question, I believe I'm about fifteen."

"No more! well, there's an old proverb, which I will not repeat."

"I know it, so you may save yourself the trouble, you saucy boy; but now, for your age?"

"Mine! let me see; well, I believe that I am nearly seventeen."

"Are you really so old! well, now, I should have thought you no more than fourteen."

This answer at first surprised me, as I was very stout and tall for my age; but a moment's reflection told me, that it was given to annoy me. A lad is as much vexed at being supposed younger than he really is, as a man of a certain age is annoyed at being taken for so much older. "Pooh!" replied I; "that shows how little you know about men."

"I wasn't talking about men, that I know of; but still, I do know something about them. I've had two sweethearts already."

"In them!"
"Do!"
"seconding!"
"much in room!"
"can't!"
"W!"
"I sha never!"
"Ha love to!"
"No!"
"Th!"
"upon in that I!"
"you like world;"
"you to the wo and th!"
"An!"
"W!"
"say, ta you in!"
"But!"
"O y!"
"mour,"
"Jacob I!"
"saw yo and wh!"
"may as don't, a half's!"
"brute, I!"
"I mean because!"
"knew L!"
"Lat in form!"
"We!"
"in Latin!"
"And!"
"O, if!"
"But!"
"replied tion."!
"O, if!"
"underst it in you!"
"Very!"
"to begin!"
"Why!"
"sure. V!"
"I wen few wor in my e them."

"Indeed! and what have you done with them?"

"Done with them! I jilted the first for the second, because the second was better looking; and when Mr. Turnbull told me so much about you, I jilted the second to make room for you; but now, I mean to try if I can't get him back again."

"With all my heart," replied I, laughing. "I shall prove but a sorry sweetheart, for I never made love in my life."

"Have you ever had any body to make love to?"

"No."

"That's the reason, Mr. Jacob, depend upon it. All you have to do, is to swear that I'm the prettiest girl in the world, that you like me better than any body else in the world; do any thing in the world that I wish you to do—spend all the money you have in the world in buying me ribands and fairings, and then—"

"And then what?"

"Why, then I shall hear all you have to say, take all you have to give, and laugh at you in the bargain."

"But I shouldn't stand that long."

"O yes you would. I'd put you out of humour, and coax you in again; the fact is, Jacob Faithful, I made my mind up before I saw you, that you should be my sweetheart, and when I will have a thing I will, so you may as well submit to it at once; if you don't, as I keep the key of the cupboard, I'll half starve you; that's the way to tame any brute, they say. And I tell you why, Jacob, I mean that you shall be my sweetheart, it's because Mr. Turnbull told me that you knew Latin; now tell me, what is Latin?"

"Latin is a language which people spoke in former times, but now they do not."

"Well, then, you shall make love to me in Latin, that's agreed."

"And how do you mean to answer me?"

"O, in plain English, to be sure."

"But how are you to understand me?" replied I, much amused with the conversation.

"O, if you make love properly, I shall soon understand you; I shall read the English of it in your eyes."

"Very well, I've no objection; when am I to begin?"

"Why directly, you stupid fellow, to be sure. What a question?"

I went close up to Mary, and repeating a few words of Latin—"Now," says I, "look in my eyes, and see if you can translate them."

"Something impudent, I'm sure," replied she, fixing her blue eyes on mine.

"Not at all, replied I; 'I only asked for this,' and I snatched a kiss, in return for which I received a box on the ear, which made it tingle for five minutes. 'Nay,' replied I, 'that's not fair; I did as you desired, I made love in Latin.'

"And I answered you, as I said I would, in plain English," replied Mary, reddening up to the forehead, but directly after bursting out into a loud laugh. "Now, Mr. Jacob, I plainly see that you know nothing about making love. Why, bless me, a

year's dangling, and a year's pocket-money, should not have given you what you have had the impudence to take in so many minutes. But it was my own fault, that's certain, and I have no one to thank but myself. I hope I didn't hurt you—I'm very sorry if I did; but no more making love in Latin, I've had quite enough of that."

"Well, then suppose we make friends," replied I, holding out my hand.

"That's what I really wished to do; although I've been talking so much nonsense," replied Mary. "I know we shall like one another, and be very good friends. You can't help feeling kind towards a girl you've kissed; and I shall try by kindness to make up to you for the box on the ear; so now sit down, and let's have a long talk. Mr. Turnbull told us that he wished you to serve out your apprenticeship on the river, with my father, so that if you agree, we shall be a long while together. I take Mr. Turnbull's word, not that I can find it out yet, that you are a very good-tempered, good-looking, clever, modest lad; and as any apprentice who remains with my father must live with us, of course I had rather it should be one of that sort, than some ugly awkward brute who—"

"Is not fit to make love to you," replied I.

"Who is not fit company for me," replied Mary. "I want no more love from you, at present. The fact is, that father spends all the time he can spare from the wherry, at the alehouse, smoking; and it's very dull for me, and having nothing to do, I look out of the window, and make faces at the young men as they pass by, just to amuse myself. Now there was no great harm in that a year or two ago; but now, you know, Jacob—"

"Well, now—what then?"

"O, I'm bigger, that's all; and what might be called sauciness in a girl, may be thought something more of in a young woman. So I've been obliged to leave it off; but being obliged to remain at home, with nobody to talk to, I never was so glad as when I heard that you were to come; so you see, Jacob, we must be friends. I daren't quarrel with you long, although I shall sometimes, just for variety, and to have the pleasure of making it up again. Do you hear me—or what are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking that you're a very odd girl."

"I dare say that I am, but how can I help that? Mother died when I was five years old, and father couldn't afford to put me out, so he used to lock me in all day, till he came home from the river; and it was not till I was seven years old, and of some use, that the door was left open. I never shall forget the day when he told me that in future he should trust me, and leave the door open. I thought I was quite a woman, and have thought so ever since. I recollect, that I often peeped out, and longed to run about the world, but I went two or three yards from the door, and felt so frightened, that I ran back as fast as I could. Since that I have seldom quitted the house for an hour, and never have been out of Fulham."

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"Then you have never been at school?"

"O no—never. I often wish that I had. I used to see the little girls coming home, as they passed our door, so merrily, with their bags, from the school-house; and I'm sure, if it were only to have the pleasure of going there and back again for the sake of the run, I would have worked hard, if for nothing else."

"Would you like to learn to read and write?"

"Will you teach me?" replied Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking me earnestly in the face.

"Yes, I will, with pleasure," replied I, laughing. "We will pass the evening better than making love, after all, especially if you hit so hard. How came you so knowing in those matters?"

"I don't know," replied Mary, smiling; "I suppose, as father says, it's human nature, for I never learnt anything; but you will teach me to read and write?"

"I will teach you all I know myself, Mary, if you wish to learn. Every thing but Latin—we've had enough of that."

"Oh! I shall be so much obliged to you. I shall love you so!"

"There you are again."

"No, no, I didn't mean that," replied Mary, earnestly. "I meant that—after all, I don't know what else to say. I mean that I shall love you for your kindness, without your loving me again, that's it."

"I understand you; but now, Mary, as we are to be such good friends, it is necessary that your father and I should be good friends; so I must ask you what sort of a person he is, for I know little of him, and of course wish to oblige him."

"Well, then, to prove to you that I am sincere, I will tell you something. My father, in the first place, is a very good-tempered sort of man. He works pretty well, but might gain more, but he likes to smoke at the public-house. All he requires of me is his dinner ready, his linen clean, and the house tidy. He never drinks too much, and is always civil spoken; but he leaves me too much alone, and talks too much about human nature, that's all."

"But he's so deaf—he can't talk to you."

"Give me your hand—now promise—for I'm going to do a very foolish thing, which is to trust a man—promise you'll never tell it again."

"Well, I promise," replied I; supposing her secret of no consequence.

"Well, then—mind—you've promised. Father is no more deaf than you or I."

"Indeed!" replied I; "why he goes by the name of Deaf Stapleton."

"I know he does, and makes every body believe that he is so; but it is to make money."

"How can he make money by that?"

"There's many people in business who go down the river, and they wish to talk of their affairs without being overheard as they go down. They always call for Deaf Stapleton; and there's many a gentleman and lady, who have much to say to each

other, without wishing people to listen—you understand me?"

"O yes, I understand—Latin!"

"Exactly—and they call for Deaf Stapleton; and by this means he gets more good fares than any other waterman, and does less work."

"But how will he manage now that I am with him?"

"O I suppose it will depend upon his customers; if a single person wants to go down, you will take the sculls; if they call for oars, you will both go; if he considers that Deaf Stapleton only is wanted, you will remain on shore; or, perhaps, he will insist upon your being deaf too."

"But I do not like deceit."

"No, it's not right; although it appears to me that there is a great deal of it. Still I should like you to sham deaf, and then tell me all that people say. It would be so funny. Father never will tell a word."

"So far, your father, to a certain degree, excuses himself."

"Well, I think he will soon tell you what I have now told you, but till then you must keep your promise; and now you must do as you please, as I must go down in the kitchen, and get dinner on the fire."

"I have nothing to do," replied I; "can I help you?"

"To be sure you can, and talk to me, which is better still. Come down and wash the potatoes for me, and then I'll find you some more work. Well, I do think we shall be very happy."

I followed Mary Stapleton down into the kitchen, and we were soon very busy, and very noisy, laughing, talking, blowing the fire, and preparing the dinner. By the time that her father came home, we were sworn friends.

From the Examiner.

A GENUINE AMERICAN STORY.—[From the *Dollar Magazine*].—OF THE LADY WHO TOOK FIRE, AND HOW SHE WAS SAVED.—I was on my way from Baltimore to Philadelphia in the Union line, and you will not find a better in any part of the United States. Well, when we came to Frenchtown, we were very much pleased that instead of having the old stage-coaches to carry us over in four hours, we were to be put into the elegant cars, and be drawn by the locomotive. Now a locomotive is a steam-engine, and carries you across the whole sixteen miles in about one hour. The passengers in our car, which was number four, were Mr. —, of Philadelphia, and half a dozen ladies with him; Major —, an elderly gentleman, whose name I did not learn, but he had a very sweet daughter; myself and two ladies whom I was taking to their friends, gratis. In all there were about twelve ladies, and only us four gentlemen. One lady seemed to have nobody with her. She was dressed in a black silk cloak, but her gown and all her other clothes, so far as I could

see, were of white muslin. I mention this particularly, because it turned out to be a very unfortunate affair. Women ought always to be dressed incombustibly. This lady sat by herself on the front seat but one, it was the best seat for looking at the locomotive, and she had a great curiosity to see all that was doing. I sat almost exactly behind her. After we had gone a great distance, and had got to the top of our speed, I began to smell something burning, and mentioned it to one of the gentlemen, who said it was the wood for the locomotive, and he showed me the sparks which flew past us. I thought it did not smell like wood generally does when it is burning, but as I did not know what difference our going so fast might make, I said no more about it. In a few minutes the lady I have been describing turned partly round, and spreading over her lap, said, "here was the fire, it was my dress burning." There was a hole burnt through her frock or gown (or whatever the name of it is) and she thought the fire was out. But I saw that it had communicated to her other clothes, for just as she had spoken quite a smoke rose up. I have often since admired very much how fresh it came into my mind in an instant to see what was likely to happen. She was sitting in such a draft of air, by our going so fast, that it seemed as if her clothes might blaze in a quarter of a minute, and if they did, the other ladies would blaze too, for ladies are very contagious in case of fire, and if we had had twelve ladies on fire, going as we did like the signs of the Zodiac, the car would have been blazed too, and the fire would have been communicated to the four cars behind us, in which there were about fifty people, and we should have looked "like a comet with a fiery tail,"—or like the heathen goddess Phæbe, who took fire by running against the Sun, and so fell down to the earth in a great conflagration. Pen and ink and paper are slow things when compared with the mind of a quick man. If I had been as long thinking this, as I am writing it, I should have been sent home all crisp to my family, if I had ever got home at all. But I saw it all at once, and in a moment started up, and without any apology to the lady for the privilege I was using, I grabbed as much of the clothes as I could get into my double hand, and they felt quite hot, and I held on I suppose ten minutes. As the heat increased, and the lady said it began to burn her, Major — tried to make the engineer hear him, but there was such a noise it was impossible. Mr. — had out his penknife to cut off the burning clothes, but he did not rightly know what the matter was, as he sat in the back part of the car. I was in an agony for water, for half a tumbler full would have put it out. However, the clothes began to grow colder, and after the poor lady had shuffled herself a little out of the wind, I told her to wrap the silk cloak tight around her, and to sit as close together as she could, and then I let go, and no more smoke came up. It was an awful time, but it was no sooner all over than these three gentlemen began laughing and whispering to each other, and one of them asked me

what was the cause of the fire, I said it was probably a spark that came in and fell in the lady's lap. One of the gentlemen said that it happened almost every day that ladies were set on fire by sparks, and they laughed very much again, especially when I said I had never heard of it before, and that if it were so, ladies would hardly come near any place where they were. But as they said there had been no spark seen to come in, I remembered reading about accidents from spontaneous combustion, but that they laughed at more than ever. I was at first a little vexed at such behaviour, until I remembered that sometimes after people are suddenly delivered from great dangers, they have fallen into hysterics, but if that were the case, the men were more frightened than the women. Having heard of pieces of plate being voted to persons who had rendered great services to shipwrecked people, and to those who have rendered other services to the public, I thought it possible that something would be done in this case, having reference to the accident. It might have been a silver stove, or a gold warming pan, or something else relating to fire. But although I have met the Philadelphia gentleman several times since, and hear that he had some of his family with him, and is a rich man, still he has never said a word about paying me any compliment of the kind. If I had only been paid the value of the clothes of the twelve ladies, it would have been something.

From the same.

AMERICAN NOTION OF ARISTOCRATIC BEHAVIOUR.

A correspondent of the *Dollar Magazine*, published in Philadelphia, gives the following curious information to his brother Republicans as to the characteristics of Aristocracy:—

I have in my travels heard a great deal said at one time and another about Aristocracy; and I have seen people who talked very much against it, and yet could not tell exactly what it is. Now, as I have never been an Aristocrat myself, and will never be so if I can help it, I shall be glad to give some notion of what are the symptoms and character of this so much dreaded monster.

While I was travelling, some years ago, in the middle and back parts of the State of Pennsylvania, I came one night to an inn with another traveller, and after supper, we were both put into a large room, containing three beds. We had just got into two of them, when a very decent looking young man came up, with a candle in his hand, and began to undress himself at the side of the third. I should have mentioned that it was of a Saturday night.

Well, when the young man had undressed himself, he put out the light—and then, *taking his shirt off*, got into bed. We could see this by the moon, which was shining quite bright at the time. My fellow-traveller had shown, even during supper, that he liked to have his own way, and did not care much for anybody's

convenience if it interfered with his. Perhaps I am rather uncharitable in this matter, however, for upon reflection, I don't believe he thought about any body else at all.

Well, as soon as the young man had covered himself with the bed-clothes, my fellow-traveller called out in a very loud and domineering manner, "Are you going to sleep without your shirt?" As no answer was given, he cried out again very boisterously, (for he was more than six feet high, and thick in proportion,) "Do you intend to sleep in the room with me without your shirt, sir?" "I shall do as I like," was the answer now. "I'll be — if you do," says the other, "get up and put on your shirt, or I'll put you out of the room." With that he threw one of his legs out within sight of the young man, that he might have a specimen of the force with which he was threatened. "It's a very hard case," says the young man, "that I can't please myself in a matter that concerns nobody else." But the other persisted that it did concern him to have any body sleep in the same room with him without having a shirt on. At last the young man stated that he had come thus far on a visit to his sweetheart, whom he should see next morning—and knowing, as it seemed, that he should have no chance in resisting his huge adversary, he entreated as a favour, that he might be permitted to reserve his shirt for service next day. I was so much moved by this plea, and the tone of humble entreaty in which it was made, that I had no doubt it would be effectual—but the hard-hearted man was not touched at all—and the poor young fellow was actually obliged to wear his shirt all night.

I think, Mr. Editor, that this was a real piece of aristocratic behaviour.

Yours, respectfully, PETER SIMPLE, JR.

In Aristocracies it is a first principle that "what is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own," and a corollary that in doing what they will with their own, they do what they will with the rights and properties of others. Our Duke of Newcastle or Lord Exeter would regulate the voice of any man in their power, as the bully in the above story regulated the covering; but Aristocracy does the thing more completely in England. As Jonathan Wild would say, "It knows a better trick than that of making a man sleep in his shirt whether he likes it or not;" in England it strips him of his shirt for the maintenance of those in purple and fine linen.

The publication from which the above characteristic anecdote is copied, bears the name of the *Dollar Magazine*, though of the same class as the periodical which in ostentatious England is humbly called the *Penny Magazine*. In frugal America, where there is a Penny President, there is a Dollar Magazine, and where there is a Dollar King there is a Penny Magazine. The name of a Dollar Magazine would scare our people from any publication. The Americans can bear the idea of such a disbursement in lump, but, on the other hand, they would take fright at the thought of a Crown Magistrate. They had him once, and insisted on change.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

THOUGHTS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

By Mrs. Hemans.

I.

TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

WHAT household thoughts around thee, as their shrine,
Cling reverently!—Of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes upon that page divine
Were daily bent; her accents, gravely mild,
Breath'd out thy lore;—whilst I, a dreamy child,
On breeze-like fancies wander'd oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn word,
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost; for which, in darker years,
O Book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart-blessings on the holy Dead, and Thee.

II.

ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST, AN ECCE HOMO BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

I met that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and sinking with a still'd surprise,
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abash'd to mute confession of a sway
Awful, though meek:—and now, that from the strings
Of my soul's lyre, the Tempest's mighty winds
Have struck forth tones which there unawaken'd lay;
Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,
Oft doth the pale bright vision still float by:
But more divinely sweet, and speaking now,
Of one whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
Sounded all depths of Love, Grief, Death—Humanity!

III.

MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

"He went up into a mountain apart to pray."

A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high:—the spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast,
Though then I pray'd not; but deep thoughts
Have press'd
Into my being since I breath'd that air;
Nor could I now one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing in my soul:—No minsters rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto night and day!
—So must the o'erburden'd Son of Man have felt,
When, turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

IV.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

"Consider the lilies of the field."

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant
eye
Fell on your gentle beauty; when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky;
Then in the bosom of your purity
A voice He set, as in a temple-shrine,
That Life's quick travellers ne'er might pass
you by,
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And tho' too oft its low celestial sound
By the harsh notes of work-day care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening haste,
Yet the great Ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in Thought's hushed
hour,
Than yours, meek Lilies! chosen thus and
graced.

V.

THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

"Behold the birds of the air."

Ye too, the glad and fearless Birds of Air,
Were charged that hour, on missionary wing,
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of
Spring.
Sing on, before the storm, and after, sing!
And call us to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
Ev'n than the first, within the awakened mind;
While sweetly, joyously they tell of life
That knows no doubt, no questionings, no
strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resigned.

VI.

THE OLIVE TREE.

The Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath
power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
Wafts Grecian images o'er Fancy's eye.
But thou, pale Olive! in thy branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine—I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that
scene,
When in the garden the Redeemer prayed;
When pale stars looked upon his fainting head,
And Angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling
shade.

VII.

PLACES OF WORSHIP.

"God is a spirit."

Spirit! whose life-sustaining Presence fills
Air, Ocean, central depths, by man untried;
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time;—the silence of the hills
Breathes veneration. Founts and coral rills
Of thee are murmuring—to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy presence thrills,

And there is holiness on every shade!
—Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sounds of earth's unrest,
Hear naught but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heaven-ward;—ne'er may cliff or cave pos-
sess
Their claim on human hearts for solemn ten-
derness.

VIII.

A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

Blessings be round it still!—that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain glen!—old mossy trees
Narrow the sunshine through th' untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms;—yet not alone
For mansions, lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee 'midst thy rocks, gray House of
Prayer!
But for their sakes that unto thee repair,
From the hill-cabins and the ocean shore:
Oh! may the fisher and the mountainer
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore!

IX.

OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK.

Crowning a flowery slope it stood alone,
In gracious sanctity;—a bright rill wound
Caressingly about the holy ground,
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that solemn
gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the
stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was
fraught
With noble memories whispering many a
thought
Of England's Fathers;—awful and serene,
They who had toil'd, watch'd, struggled to se-
cure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reign'd there, th' o'ershadowing spirits of the
scene.

From the same.

FOUR LYRICS. BY DELTA.

No. I.

TO THE SKYLARK.

AWAKE ere the morning dawn—skylark, arise!
The last of the stars hath waned dim in the skies;
The peak of the mountain is purpled in light,
And the grass with the night-dew is diamonded
white;
The young flowers, at morning's call, open their
eyes,—
Then up ere the break of day, skylark, arise!

Earth starts like a sluggard half roused from a dream;
Pale and ghost-like the mist floats away from the
stream,
And the cataract hoarsely, that all the night long
Pour'd forth to the desolate darkness its song,
Now softens to music, as brighten the skies;—
Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Arise from the clover, and up to the cloud,
Ere the sun leaves his chamber in majesty proud,
And, ere his light lowers to earth's meaner things,
Catch the stainless effulgence of heaven on thy
wings.

While thy gaze, as thou soarest and singest, shall
feast

On the innermost shrine of the uttermost east.

Up, up with a loud voice of singing! the bee
Will be out to the bloom, and the bird to the tree,
The trout to the pool, and the par to the rill,
The flock to the plain, and the deer to the hill—
Soon the marsh will resound to the plover's lone
cries;—

Then up ere the dawn of day, skylark, arise!

Up, up with thy praise-breathing anthem! Alone
The drowsyhead, man, on his bed slumbers prone;
The stars may go down, and the sun from the deep
Burst forth, still his hands they are folded in sleep.
Let the least in creation the greatest despise—
Then up to Heaven's threshold, blithe skylark, arise!

No. II.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hoarse chatter'd the crow on the boughs overhead,
And the owl, from a time-ruin'd tower,
Boded forth to my spirit its omens of dread,
And added fresh gloom to the hour:
Earth frown'd like a desert; the clouds roll'd above
In murkier shadows, a desolate throng;
While the stream, as it flow'd through October's
wan grove,
Had turn'd into wailing its song.

Then sunk the red sun o'er the verge of the hill,
The dull twilight breeze roam'd abroad,
And sigh'd—while all sounds of existence were still,
Through the aspens that border'd the road.
'Twas a scene of seclusion—beneath an oak-tree,
All pensive I sat on a moss-cover'd stone,
And thought that, whatever the future might be,
How sweet were the days which were gone!

I mused on the friends who had passed to the grave,
Like spectres they rose on the mind;
Then, listening, I heard but the dull hollow rave
Of the rank grass, bestir'd by the wind.
I thought on the glory, the sunshine of yore,
When Hope roar'd her fairy-built piles to the
view;

Then turn'd to the darken'd plain scowling before,
And the wither'd plants laden with dew.

Thrice happy, I deemed, were the periah'd and
dead,
Since pleasures but wane into woes;
And the friends, with whom youth's sunny morning
was led,
Have left us alone ere its close.
Who longest survive but the longer deplore,
Since Heaven calls its favourites the soonest
away;
The holly-tree smiles through the snows lying hoar,
But the passion-flower fades in a day!

No. III.

HADDON HALL, YORKSHIRE.

Green weeds o'ertop thy ruined wall,
Gray, venerable Haddon Hall,
The swallow twitters through thee;
Who would have thought, when, in their pride,
Thy battlements the storm defied,
That time should thus subdue thee!

While with a famed and far renown,
England's third Edward wore the crown,
Upstart'st thou in thy glory;
And surely thine—if thou couldst tell
Like the old Delphian oracle,—
Would be a wondrous story!

How many a Vernon thou hast seen,
Kings of the Peak, thy walls within;
How many a maiden tender;
How many a warrior stern and steel'd,
In burgonet, and lance, and shield,
Array'd with martial splendour.

Then, as the soft autumnal breeze
Just curl'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
In the blue cloudless weather,
How many a gallant hunting train,
With hawk in hood, and horse in rein,
Forsook thy courts together!

The grandeur of the olden time
Mantled thy towers with pride sublime,
Enlivening all who neared them;
From Hippocras and Sherris sack
Palmer or Pilgrim turn'd not back,
Before thy cellars cheer'd them.

Since thine unbroken early day,
How many a race hath pass'd away,
In charnel vault to moulder,—
Yet Nature round thee breathes an air,
Serenely bright, and softly fair,
To charm the rapt beholder.

The past is but a gorgeous dream,
And Time glides by us like a stream,
While musing on thy story;
And sorrow prompts a deep—Alas!
That, like a pageant, thus should pass
To wreck all human glory.

No. IV.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Farewell! if there can be farewell
To what is graved on Memory's page;
Thine image there undimm'd shall dwell,
And highest, holiest thoughts engage:
When, in the calm of solitude,
I think how pure mere man might be,
How meekly great, how truly good,
My spirit turns to thee!

Thine was the tongue that spake no ill;
Thine was the judgment, ever kind,
That for the erring, lingered still
Benevolent excuse to find;
Pure in thyself, 'twas thine to think
That others,—all mankind were such,
Alive to feel, and quick to shrink
From Sin's polluting touch.

Yea! 'twas no idle, vain pretence,
No frothwork of a feeble mind,
For thine was learning's excellence
With strong and manly sense combined;
The glories of the ancient day
Illumed thy steps with classic light,
The patriot's deed and poet's lay
Bequeath'd thee sweet delight.

And thine was Duty's loftiest sense,
And thine that calm, high, Christian faith,
Which warm'd thee to benevolence,
And soothed the thorny bed of death;
So God hath call'd thee back again,
Back to thy birthright in the sky,
Who ne'er gave cause of grief to men,
Save when 'twas thine to die!

